# THE Canada Canada Men

A Magazine for Canad

March 1928

In this issue:

"How I Thought of

O.00 Title"—by the Winner



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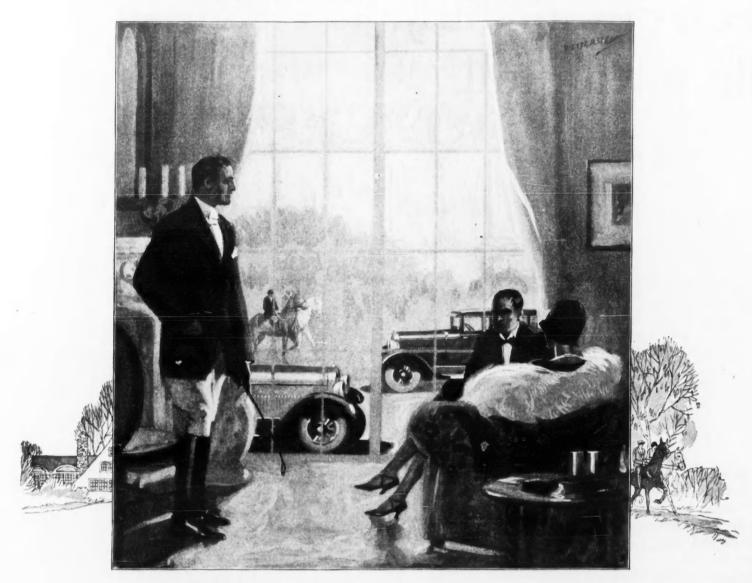
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She was so

radiantly healthy, so clearly enjoying

life to the full

.. and she told us her Thrice-a-day Secret

OROTHY'S health was proverbial. She was one of those lucky people who "never had a day's illness!" She was simply everlastingly full of the happiness and energy that come from perfect health.

Long ago she discovered that Fleischmann's Yeast is a wonderful health food. Eaten three times a day, regularly, it has a stimulating effect on the digestive processes, assisting your body to eliminate waste matter, and giving a general feeling of well-being.

Thousands of healthy Canadians are aided by Fleischmann's Yeast to

\*I WAS A MISSIONARY n Africa for fifteen years, the last four and a half years in the heart of the jungles. I suffered continu-ally from boils and while on various expeditions, I contracted malaria. I was contracted malaria. I was then 1500 miles from either voast, and was forced to make the journey homeward with a high fever. I suffered a complete nervous and constitutional breakdown and returned to Canada a physical wreck.

"About eight months ago I began eating Fleischmann's Yeast. At first I did not see any particular change, but by persistently taking it I finally began to feel better. I have since completely got over my run-down condition, and even my boils. My troubles are at an end, and I cannot but voice my praise for Fleischmann's Yeast."

JOSEPH BLAKENEY, Toronto, Ont.



"I AM A SINGING MASTER, and formerly played many leading roles in Grand Opera. Being confined to my studio in recent years, I began to suffer from constipation.

"One day a pupil of mine remarked: 'Maestro, if you will excuse me for saying so, you do not seem to have the zest behind your work that you formerly had.'

"I decided to take him into my confidence. He immediately told me that he himself had been similarly troubled but had taken Fleischmann's Yeast and had now obtained practically normal action. The pupil's advice has saved me much suffering and thanks to Fleischmann's Yeast I am continuing in my profession and am healthy in mind and body."

Tom Benson, Toronto, Ont.

regulate health habits. Their clear complexions, and bright eyes, are eloquent

testimony to the value of this wholesome health food.

Fleischmann's Yeast, eaten regularly, wards off constipation and all its attendant ills, without the



"I HAVE BEEN a nurse on two continents.

Before the war my work took me through
several countries in Europe, and in 1916 I
nursed the troops overseas. I had always suffered with indigestion
and headaches, but with the strain and improper food my troubles
were intensified. There were times when I felt I could not go on—
12 hours' duty, every day. Then night duty for three months. I
did not want to eat, knowing I would suffer afterward. I tried
various treatments but never had good results.

"Then I came to Canada and heard of Fleischmann's Yeast. Having
tried everything else I began inquiring and one of the doctors sug-

tried everything else I began inquiring and one of the doctors suggested taking it daily. Improvement began very soon after. My headaches went entirely from me and I began to feel really hungry. I still take Fleischmann's Yeast and find its qualities invaluable for indigestion and constipation. I have recommended it to many of my friends."

MRS. HELEN PANNELL, Toronto, Ont.

aid of dangerous cathartics.

Many appetizing ways of eating Yeast are described in the latest Yeast for Health booklet, of which a copy will be sent to you, free, if you will write

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Fleischmann's Yeast is made in Canada

THRICE - A - DAY **BRINGS** HEALTH TO STAY



Volume I.

MARCH, 1928

Number 1.

#### WHAT ARE WE DOING TO KEEP CHILDREN FROM THE REFORMATORY?



It soon became difficult to keep him at home at all, and his mother added to the duties of trying to manage a shabby house and poor farm, the task of making constant trips to the town, three miles distant, to retrieve the runaway.

THE latest complete tabulated returns, those of 1925, show that in that year there were 8,064 convictions against boys, and 675 convictions against girls registered in Canadian criminal courts.

One young man would

wander away from his

home on the outskirts of the

town, go to the business

centre, climb into wagons

or cars of farmers doing

their shopping, investigate

their purchases, and eat

what took his fancy.

The range of offences was great. There were among others the receiving of stolen goods, obtaining of money under false pretences, forgeries, arson, the stealing of goods and money in sums ranging from a few cents to hundreds of dollars, innumerable thefts of motor-cars, breaking and entering, stabbing and wounding, sexual immorality, common, aggravated and criminal assault.

Some of the cases represent the bringing into the world of illegitimate babies, some of the figures stand for follies of unguarded youth

that have filled the blood of children with infection, have crippled, destroyed and killed them. This crime record is not decreasing to any extent. Since the compiling of these statistics, a boy of sixteen

Since the compiling of these statistics, a boy of sixteen and a young man of over twenty-one committed an offence against a fourteen year old girl, were found guilty and sentenced to seven years imprisonment and ten lashes.

sentenced to seven years imprisonment and ten lashes.

An involuntary gasp went up from citizens who read of this penalty as it was felt that the extreme youth of one of the criminals and the fact that he had possibly been influenced by his older companion might have caused the judge to show more leniency in his case.

However, it was hoped that this severity might prove a

However, it was hoped that this severity might prove a deterrent to other youths inclined to like vicious conduct.

Within three months in the same neighborhood two boys

Within three months in the same neighborhood two boys aged sixteen and eighteen were charged with a similar crime. When apprehended they were found to be carrying in their pockets newspaper clippings containing pictures of the first

## As the Twig is Bent

By

A Juvenile Court Probation Officer

two offenders. The second pair were found guilty and given life terms.

Later, an appeal court while conceding the guilt of the accused reduced as sentence to three years.

A Comparison carry published the following paragray.

"" goess this finishes us in this world.' Such is the statement alleged to have been made by \_\_\_\_\_\_\_, one of two youths who had been accused of robbing and assaulting \_\_\_\_\_\_, when told that the latter had died in the General Hospital."

The "two youths" were at the time of the commission

of the crime seventeen years old. They have since been found guilty of murder and were sentenced to be hanged at New Westminster, B.C., on January 27th, 1928. This sentence was upheld by the British Columbia Court of Appeals, but was later commuted to life imprisonment by Federal Order in Council.

It rarely happens that such grave offences as the three quoted are committed by children with unblemished records. Usually they are the culmination of a number of misdeameanors which beginning with trivialities have increased in seriousness until real tragedy has ensued.

If we could discern causes underlying early delinquencies of children

and in any degree remove them we would be taking a step in the direction of eliminating conditions that are sending Canadian children to the lash, penal servitude and the gallows.

Let us look for a while at some young offenders as they are first called to the attention of social agencies and consider the circumstances which surround them at such times.

SHORTLY after eleven o'clock one bleak, rainy autumn night a Juvenile Court officer found a diminutive lad asleep on the sidewalk under the awning of a moving picture theatre. His little legs were stretched out in front of him and on them were a pile of Sunday editions nearly as high as his head. He was waiting to sell his papers to the patrons of the last show which would be over in half an hour.

On rousing the child the man found that he was only five years old. His speech still touched with the lisp of babyhood.

He gave his name as 'Nooky' (Snooky) Eaton, then 'Nooky Barnes, and seemed hardly clear as to which it was. It was found that his father had disappeared, his mother, Mrs. Barnes, worked all day and had a room near her place

of employment.

Theoretically, he lived with his grandmother, Mrs. Eaton. six blocks from his mother's abode. Practically, he shuttled between the two establishments and neither guardian concerned herself specially as to his whereabouts.

He had discovered that his tiny face and fragile figure appealed to the pity of passers-by and he could sell large numbers of papers. For several nights he had carried on a flourishing business without the knowledge of the adult

members of the family.

His mother, when interrupted in the entertaining of a group of friends, and his grandmother, when later aroused from her bed, seemed amused and pleased to find that he had been making money. It was only when it was pointed out to them that they were rendering themselves liable to a fine for allowing him to be on the streets alone at night that they realized there had been anything out of the way in the situation.

There is the beginning of an uncared-for child life, certain, if not rectified, to end in disaster.

A CALL came to a Juvenile Court asking that an attempt be made to locate a girl who was missing from her home. It was found that the father was a responsible business man, the mother a kindly soul who kept her home immaculate and loved her children. But they had allowed their fifteen year old daughter to have almost daily visits from a boy whom she called Cactus. When questioned from a boy whom she called Cactus. When questioned they realized for the first time that they did not know his name, where he lived nor for whom he worked. The previous day Jean and he had gone for a ride on his motor-cycle and had not returned. They could not be found.

Months later word was received that Jean was earning her living on the streets of an American city. By what steps she had gravitated there, where Cactus came from, where he then was, or what has since become of either of them, is not

SOME years ago in a small Nova Scotia town, Murphy, a stalwart policeman, who was walking down Main Street, noticed a large hole in the window of one of the stores.

Inside the pane of glass was the brick by which it had been smashed and also a small boy who was trying unsuccessfully to get a bright red waggon through the company.

trying unsuccessfully to get a bright red waggon through the opening.

Looking at the officer, he said, "I tan't det it out," and picking up the brick was about to enlarge the aperture when Murphy shouted out, "Stop that, you young divil," and dashing through the front door seized the culprit who uttered vigorous howls of protest when forcibly removed from the scene of his depredations.

The constable found the owner of the store in the rear of the premises, showed him the wreck

the rear of the premises, showed him the wreck and exhibited as the destroyer little Jackie

"That boy is a limb of Satan," said the merchant, "and his father is not good for a cent of the damage. He hasn't done a decent day's work for six months."

The officer took the lad to police headquarters and handed him over to the man in charge. The latter gave him some magazines, a pencil and paper and being busy, left him to his own

Mr. Murphy then set out to find the mother. When he located her, they started back to the jail to get her erring son.

As they neared the station, they met Jackie running eagerly towards them, his face alight with joy. "I've dot annuder wadden," he

He had found it on a front lawn. The paint was mostly gone and the wheels wobbled, but they made the most glorious clatter as they travelled over the sidewalk drawn by the happiest

boy in the province.

About this time—he had not yet reached his fourth birthday—this young man would wander away from his home on the outskirts of the town.

go to the business centre, climb into wagons or cars of farmers doing their shopping, investigate the nature of their surphesses and est appething that took his fancy. purchases, and eat anything that took his fancy.

On one occasion, he was found throwing on the sidewalk

one by one, the pieces of a dinner-set that had been left in the back of an automobile. He was shouting with delight at each sharp crash.

at each sharp crash.

It soon became difficult to keep him at h me at all, and his mother added to the duties of trying to manage a shabby house and poor farm, the task of making constant trips to the town three miles distant, to retrieve the runaway. She was usually met by indignant citizens whose property he had destroyed.

When he was about five and a half years old, they moved

to a city and the mother rented a house and sub-let housekeeping rooms.

The attempt to make a living that way was seriously handicapped by Jack's proclivities. No inmate could leave a tid-bit or milk-bottle around without Jack's sampling it. would eat the delicacy and sell the bottle for a nickel

with which he would buy some little treat.

When the nearest dealer was warned not to do business with him, he travelled farther and found other markets.

The roomers complained, quarrelled, left.
Jackie next stole his teacher's watch.
He was found on one occasion with a five-year-old girl whose clothing he had removed. When reasoned with, he said that her brother had told him to do it.

He has since appeared in the Juvenile Court at the foot of a row of boys, the oldest of whom was thirteen. They were charged with stealing tobacco and cigarettes, and seven year old Jack had been put by the older offenders through a window and had handed out the loot.

Psychiatric tests show him to be of average mentality.

He has, however, an abnormal lack of response to other people's emotions. When he gets into difficulty, he views the annoyance of persons concerned and his mother's grief

with an utter passivity.

It was found that Mrs. Blank, orphaned at an early age It was found that Mrs. Blank, orphaned at an early age, was brought up in an institution of which she speaks with great bitterness, and married when a mere child, a heavy drinker years older than herself. Jack was born within a year of the marriage. His mother has never in her life lived with or visited one normal, happy family, and has had no training in managing a home or creating happiness in one.

To a Little Dressmaker By Ronald Everson 0 Poor Amy's dress was drab and grey, When at her old machine She stitched the steady years away; But now her gown is green. Or now her robe is snowy white, Or crimson as a leaf; And silver it must be to-night Beyond her poor belief. Oh I shall go where Amy lies To see the loveliness The silver women of the skies Have wrought upon her dress!

She says that in her childhood she was beaten and kicked indiscriminately and that the only way she knew of handling Jack when he got into trouble was by whipping him. she seems to have done mercilessly.

Although the father's indulgence in liquor has in great easure ceased and the mother has to some degree stabilized, the effects of Jackie's early training are persisting.

NE evening police officers brought to a detention home a girl of thirteen and five boys of from thirteen to sixteen years of age.

The young people admitted that they were members of the Howard Street Apache gang, that the girl was their Queen and that their chief duty and pleasure was to provide

her with gifts. They had carried on a regular campaign of

robbery of chocolates, cheap jewellery and so on.

The boys were charged with theft and the girl with receiving stolen goods, knowing them to be stolen. All be-

The Queen was held until the conditions of her life could The Queen was field until the Colladors of the the best studied. Her father, Mr. Miller, had been killed at the front and had left eight children of whom she was the third. They lived in reasonable comfort on a soldier's widow's pension. The mother, a fat, goodnatured woman, attempted little direction of her lively family.

The Queen was returned to her home under supervision.

A court order was made that she was to be under her own roof not later than half past nine every evening unless she

was in her mother's personal care.

The official who had the case in hand visited the home regularly and found that night after night the doors were open and the house empty and in darkness, the children and

Not being able to work any improvement in this state of affairs, she ordered Mrs. Miller to produce her daughter

When the mother appeared before the judge, she wept copiously, said she was lonesome, went to about five dances a week and spent the other nights with friends.

When she heard of the possibility of two years imprisonment and a fine of five hundred dollars if the child got into further trouble through her neglect, she weakened. An appearance of home life began and the children were not allowed to run so much at loose ends.

Due attention was paid to boy members of the group and

the Apache gang was broken up. But Mrs. Miller could not re-establish the authority she had allowed to lapse. And so one sunny Sunday afternoon the ex-Queen, then fourteen years old, and a chum persuaded two boys to take them for a motor-trip to an American city. While there, the girls disappeared. The lads notified the local police but no trace of their erstwhile companions could be found.

About a month later our young friend wrote to her mother from across the line and told her that she had found

employment in a nickel dance hall, had met a young lad there and had married him after an

eight days acquaintance.
It would probably have been possible to annul the marriage as both contracting parties were minors, but after due thought it was decided to let the matter take its course. The young people have little money and are living in one room in a cheap district.

Two of the Apache Queen's brothers have since been at variance with the law and one of them

has been sent to the reformatory.

RACE was as pretty a sixteen year old miss GRACE was as pretty a sixteen year old miss as the sun ever shone on, a little rosy dumpling with golden hair, crimson cheeks and a rosebud mouth that opened over a perfect set of

She was the second daughter of a tradesman who had six children. She was attending High School and was the most popular girl in her year.

She learned to dance at school and found great delight in this amusement. Knowing that her mother would disapprove, she did not confide in her but went out in the evenings ostensibly study with friends, but in reality to attend public dances.

When the parents found out they were nearly petrified with humiliation and anger, and called in a juvenile court official "to give the girl a good scare."

After a brief chat the visitor said, "Mrs. Harris, you have a wonderful floor here. Why not roll back the carpet and let the children

dance at home?"

The maternal back became, if possible, stiffer than nature had made it.
"Thank you, we've not sunk as low as that

But they have since, or rather Grace has. In spite of all parental attempts at suppression she continued to evade their vigilance, went from one excess to another, drink, irregularity of life, theft. She finally got into a Reform School.

On her release, without family consent, she married. Six months later her young husband received a jail sentence. Of Grace's life, at present, the less said the better.

M.R. BURNS came of honest, hard-working, narrow-minded farmer stock. He moved to a city, got in with a drinking crowd and became a confirmed toper. He had nine children born into the poverty and shame of a drunk-

When he was forty-odd years of age he attended a street corner service, was "converted" and the appetite that had crippled his life, dropped away.

In the joy of his release he told his children of his ex-

Continued on page 57

Clovers in pink and white, or light green and white, are a clipped derivation of the button flower formation so often seen

# Variations on the Wood Flower Theme

HE boutonniere of wool has become established during the past few months as the quaintest and most colorful touch a costume may wear, and the beauty of wool flowers is that they are so simple to make that no dress need go begging for a bit of bloom, so long as there is a ball of wool to be found. So many different types can be created of the same color, to give different effects; so many unusual combinations may be worked out of a few colors—that we make haste to give the

simple directions that make up the several

variations on the wool flower theme.

THE daintiest type, and the easiest to make, of course, is the small single-loop petal, as shown here in the bunch of violets. This bouquet combines but two colors, the soft lavender of the violets and the green of their centres and stems. In making them, the length for each stem should be from seven to ten inches. Double this, and make a smooth knot at one end. Now, with the violet wool, make four small loops or petals, sewing under the knot. Fasten securely underneath and your violet is complete. In yellow or pink this same type produces a little primrose. In any color, this simplest and most delicate of the wool flowers is good to use with other types in adding a light touch to a mixed bouquet. For these small flowers use a fairly fine wool.

THE most generally used type of wool flower is the "wrap around," but, by soft color combinations and judicious clipping, even this more usual treatment may be made uncommon. The method of making these little round button flowers is to lay your stem wool along a pencil, or any smooth, round stick, and, holding it down, proceed to wind your colored wool about both pencil and stem from twenty to forty times, according to the wool's thickness. Take the two ends of the green stem and tie them, catching the wound colored wool together. Slip carefully off the pencil, and your round flower is practically made. Use one of the two ends of the stem to

make a firm French knot

centre, or if you prefer, use another contrasting color for this purpose.

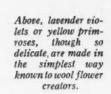
Very striking effects can be secured by using two different colored strands of soft wool together, producing, in yellow, orange and deep red, replicas of the quaint small immortelles or strawflowers. Perhaps the sweetest variation of all is to combine pink and white or white and light green, clip around the loops of the flower, and make a clover!

Still another type of petal formation is produced by laying the stem between two sticks (pencils, knitting needles or orange sticks) and winding the wool around all three. Ten to twenty times round is sufficient. When the stem is caught around the centre of the wound wool and tied, the effect is of two sets of petals on either side.

A CCORDING to size and color, a thick bachelor's button, baby aster, or snowball, is admirably simulated by the old-fashioned pompoms, known these many years to crocheters and knitters. A disc, slightly smaller than the intended size of the pom-pom, is cut from cardboard A small hole in the centre is punched with the scissors, about one-sixteenth inch for a small pom-poms. The size is really determined by the amount of wool to be used. Put the first stitch through the hole and hold end of wool between thumb and finger. Keep on sewing through and over the disc until well covered. The wool should be pulled firm, but not tight.

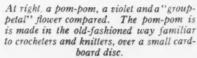
When the disc is covered, cut wool, slipping scissors along outer edge of disc. When cut, only the small centre hole will be holding the wool. Tie firmly near the hole at one side of disc and pull other ends through. Straighten out ends, clip to make even, and shake. A light steaming over a kettle will make the pom-pom fluffier. It is a good idea to use a fresh disc for each pom-

WHEN the bouquets of flowers are finally made up, the stems should be firmly tied with self-colored wool, just as one would arrange a bunch of natural flowers. The length of the stems may be gauged by the type of bouquet desired. For the most part, they are more desirable fairly short, and may be clipped accordingly.

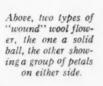




At left, a mixed bouquet of "wound" button flowers, simulating immortelles, the two-group type of blossom, and the dainty little violet-like flower. In different colors and different wools, such a bouquet has all the unconventional charm of a posy of multi-colored wildflowers.









#### What is this Modernist Movement?

An explanation of the new and sometimes bewildering note in decoration

By ANNE ELIZABETH WILSON



every phase of interior

decoration to-day. So, though we may not intentionally accept the new art or its whole influence in furnishing, it is difficult to get away from it. In reality, the new art and the new decoration are not new things, in the sense that a fad might be. Twentieth century furniture be-gan to develop early in the nineteenth century and in England notably it brought forth a

The group at left shows a marbletopped table with beautifully spaced drawn reinforcement rods, glass and metal sidelights by Simonet and a

striking panel of decorative fabric a combination of cotton and kapok.

sincerity of expression. "The designer of to-day has shaken off the tyranny of curves, twists, twiddles and the confusing flow of ornamental line," writes John Cloag, the noted furniture historian, and he voices the basic characteristics of the new furniture age. In sculpture, painting, decorative design

and architecture, this new spirit was coming into its own.

Later developed that riot of cubism, futurism and postimpressionism which bewildered and sometimes disgusted the general public. It resolved itself into many schools and cults. So wild and so varied had its aims become; its march through the years so like a vagabond army, that the decorative forces of the world at last held conclave as to its final destination.

The outcome was the holding, two years ago, of the mammoth Exposition des Arts Decoratifs in Paris, organized upon an international scale and open to all countries, artists, designers and manufacturers, who had some thought to express in the realm of new art. It was the belief that out of the vast chaos of unrestraint some good and

lasting form of decoration would arise to guide the modern age out of the long-travelled paths of conventionality and

At the exposition there were fifty-seven acres covered with exhibits of lavish color and form—and all nations, with very few exceptions, contributed to the great display.

True masters of craft

were represented. Among the fabricants such names as Callot, Jenny, Worth and Poiret, Rodier, De Fosse and Branchini, stood out, and their exhibits demonstrated their best. Rich batiks, on silk and velvet; damasks and brocade, soft and elusive; magnificent and bizarre handblocked linens and printed cottons, were looped and festooned in strange fellowship.

Iron work by Bague and Brandt spread through the world as a result of their fascinating exhibits, and the beautiful modern glass of Lalique soon became an ordinary commodity among discriminating shops on both continents.

Then was the time that isolated little groups of the "new" furniture began to appear on display among its staid contemporaries on this continent, as modern reproductions of old styles and antiques of the vari-

ous periods. It was it was to be admitted, "queer." Mushroom-like little chairs, covered with damask in circular design that looked like nothing so much as the shirtwaist of Mrs. Katzenjammer; large ones peaked and pointed, up-holstered on gilt legs; stunted and bunty semi-circular sofas! Those were the days when a few buyers, understanding very little of the ultimate goal in the new furniture, chose to import sometimes the most outrageous and hideous pieces if for no other reason than to cause sensation and discussion at

These first essays at introduction of the new art, chiefly

At right, is shown a lacquered daven port in black and white, upholstered in blue silk. The cushions are of brown and white calf skin. Other interesting pieces are a metal table with removable and washable shelves, and an advanced conception of the Victorian what-not.

EHAVE been privileged in the twentieth century to see the practical application of a new creative principle. Strange and often bizarre beyond our under-standing, it has often seemed, yet fascinating; and when we have learned to accustom our minds and eyes to the rhythm of cycles, the harmony of planes, the huge design and contrast, even the sharp punctuation of angles, we have been able to see interest, if not beauty in its form and color.

The new art has found its most living demonstration in decoration, living demonstration in decoration, and had its sponsors plotted Sybillike, through the ages to lay upon human kind a spell entirely irresistible, they could have gone about it in no more subtle or surer way. The gateway to the heart of the race is, of a surety, through the home.

"I would not," says the standfast woman-with-tradition, referring to modern furniture. "give it house-

modern furniture, "give it house-room—" and yet, before she has said the words, she will be choosing a lamp for its unusual indirect lighting, or

for its unusual indirect lighting, or buying a cactus in its twisted little pottery bowl—and the new art is upon her!

It has affected almost everything. Fabrics are ablaze with its influence. The very choice of wood in furniture-making has been changed; glass and lighting are seen in weird and wonderful use—while even underfoot the lightning zig-zag (that typical new art line,) swirling curves and symbolic figures, proclaim the rug l'art nouveau. And it is not only in the expensive fabrics and in furniture which is of interest to the collector, or on the individual who has of interest to the collector, or on the individual who has money to spend on whims, that the influence has laid its mark. It is to be seen, in one form or another, in almost

great many original designers of particular distinction. Out of this furniture of a new century sprang the first experiment with new woods which has since come to be so characteristic of the modernistic furniture of to-day. Gordon Russell was a craftsman who employed ebony and such woods as box and laburnum for punctuating the fine natural colorings of his pieces—an experiment which was later to form one of the outstanding characteristics of *l'art moderne* in England.

In France, Sweden, Germany and Austria, the twentieth century designer and maker of furniture developed his own bent. But one thing all had in common—the striving for

French, were unfortunate. They caused justifiable public revulsion and amusement. The problem, of course, was a difficult one, for those who were selecting furniture to bring to this country. That first exhibit was so heterogeneous, there was so much bad mixed with the good, that to formulate a policy of discrimination was almost impossible. Since that time, however, the tendencies that were erstwhile so uncontrolled have been brushed past for something definitive and clear. A recognized and reflective form has crystallized—and it has as definite signs and describable characteristics as any of the great "periods" of design now past. Strangely enough, some of this new furniture of the more delicate type looks not at all out of place among the older

TET us approach it first from the viewpoint of its cubistic tendencies, however. These are represented by the symmetry of angles, the breaking of planes, and the introduction of geometric forms. Really, to appreciate the fundamentals of its design one needs at least an elementary knowledge of higher mathematics—and yet its utter simplicity makes it as elementary as a child's drawing. Its sophistication lies in its absolute reduction to first principles. A table, for instance, will boast an oval top. It will stand on two broad braces joined below by a support of wood in a lightning zig-zag. Under the table will be book-shelves and pigeon-holes for the keeping of ornaments. On the left, there will be one small square pigeon-hole and below it a long perpendicular opening. The other side will be just reversed—the long opening first and the square below. Between them will be a space of an entirely different length and breadth and, below it a small, narrow oblong. There is not one plane opposite another, yet the whole is carefully worked out and balanced, even pleasing!

The same principle applies to many cabinets or groups of shelves. Every compartment is a law unto itself, and there is no repetition of line. When one begins to consider the underlying intention of such a plan, one is faced with the possible monotony of our ordinary line upon line of

THESE same principles come into fabric design, and furniture upholstery. The outline of a chair will sometimes be entirely dissipated by the cutting of stripes, color contrasts and angles in the design of the material with which it is covered. Re-enter the war-time art of

the war-time art of camouflage! I am thinking, as an example, of a chair more or less in the ottoman style which, being heavily uphol-stered, sits almost flat on the floor Great points of triangles of black and white cover it, and the supports of its wooden arms are fashioned of a tier of those expressive circular discs which appear everywhere in the new art.

A room which takes its cue from this simpler type of the new furniture has an air almost of austerity. It is relieved usually by brilliant color and design and unusual lighting, of which more later. In this same spirit are the "skyscraper" pieces, chiefly cabinets, which so vividly express the new age.

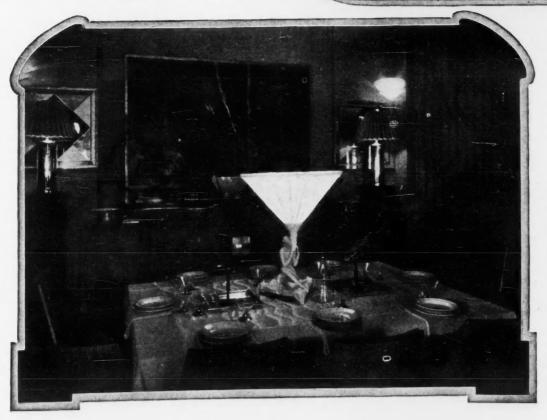
Side by side with this intensely cubistic and almost severe type, is the more imaginative and

imaginative and graceful composition. Nothing more delicate was created in the eighteenth century than some of these designs in exquisite woods. Such imagination and originality as have appeared in their combining! L'art moderne, of course, has had many timbers at its disposal to be resorted to for its most striking effects; Macassar ebony, amboyna, a golden yellow; Indian laurel wood, something like walnut but darker; Australian black bean, in hue and texture somewhere between oak and satinwood; sycamore, creamy white, and amaranth, true purple. Of all these special woods, ebony veneer combined with white composition, ivory, or white wood, seems the most popular. Macassar ebony has black and cream markings in its grain, giving a most unusual black and cream markings in its grain, giving a most unusual

effect. In solid woods or fine ply veneers, however, walnut is plainly the favorite. And in these same pieces one often finds metal entirely substiwood, or comtuting bined with glass. La-lique has even pro-duced some all glass tables

The design of this more delicate furniture is not always futurist though the geometrical feeling often creeps in. It is sometimes only an attenuating or a compacting of the memory of an older style. Sometimes it may be a plan decoration against an utterly simple form -a desk which seems as uncompromising as a perfect square, with side panels of drawers as matter-of-fact as packing cases! But observe the fine outline of ivory which is set in contrast to its beautifully grained wood; the knobs in perfect scale; and the hardly perceptible ease-ment of curve where

The play of natural and artificial light is emphasized by the treatment of a pair of French doors in the picture at right. A tiered table of hollow metal tubing is the setting for lamp. Note the geometrical scrollery of the transoms.

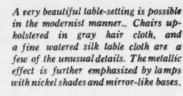


the writer may sit at his work. Or the back of a splay-cornered rectangular chair will take on indescribable finesse when diagonally criss-crossed with four slender splats.

The adaptation of old forms is sometimes most interesting.

You will see a sofa with metal frame and glowing fabric, in shape more like an oil cruse than any other known object. the result of what happens to the Empire sofa when it has been mentally melted and poured into the interpretive bowl of l'art moderne.

Indeed there seems to be quite an affinity between the modernist furniture of the more fanciful kind and the Empire or Regency periods of the early nineteenth century—especially among French designers. One reason for this



undoubtedly is the tendency of both to utilize metals.

Among the more modern English designers, if there is any influence, it seems to be that of the eighteenth century—a strong feeling for fine wood effects and delicate line.

THE use of glass and wrought metal in furniture, however, has become very pronounced in the new art. There is positively a whole decor-ation of lighting effect. In glass, the new feeling seems to have found a particularly apt medium for expressing itself. Glass fixtures adopt geometric line with great aptitude. Cylinders of frosty glass appear half-hidden above wainscotings; tubes of light hang from chandeliers. Great cone-shaped vases throw light to the ceiling from tables and wall sconces. From various points in a room bowls of light send rays obliquely upward. ot light send rays obliquely upward, others obliquely down. Wall brackets composed of metal-bound, glazed glass triangles of varying heights, huddled and grouped, make an aura, here and there. Wall

appliqués, as they are called, may resemble placques—a bas relief in frosted glass with a bowl beneath. One rather amusing effect is a square in the ceiling, from which a short curtain of glass depends, edged with wavy modernistic scallops. Here is a lamp that resembles more than anything a group of chemist's retorts—three great drooping bulbous heads on slender stems. A triangular stack is topped by three frosty globes. A table lamp is a poem for Euclid in an ecsta y of plane geometry. From its base a great semi-circular stand rears up, and from it drops a cluster of circular sheets of glass, one above the other like a weird, stiff-Continued on page 62



Gertrude Huntly
Green the brilliant
Canadian pianist,
whose long-delayed public career
is at last to have
full play, climaxing a series of
events which are
both heroic and
remarkable.

## Gertrude Huntly's Story

A compelling life history

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#### By SHIRA LOMAS

and Beethoven, Bach and Chopin, until the musician and the one who listened felt the presence of the masters very near.

It was the man who broke the spell. Rising, he slowly drew his tall, distinguished figure to its full height and smiled down upon the sweet upturned face of the pianist who now stood before him. Then, with a courteous old-world gesture, taking both her hands in his, he bent his massive head and gravely kissed her brow. As in a dream the heard him saying, "My dear, you have everything. You are an artist." He paused. "A great artist," he repeated with gentle emphasis. It was Paderewski, world-famous piano virtuoso, revered and best loved by the great public, speaking as artist to artist, welcoming Gertrude Huntly to the ranks of the world's great ones.

player at the grand piano and the man reclining in the

depths of a big chair remained motionless, lost in the ebbing

a muffled murmur through the walls of the building, in-

creased the stillness of the secluded room which for the past hour had throbbed with the vital music of Schumann

pulse of a great city, of old London, beating faintly,

WO crashing chords, ring-

ing with finality, brought

that most heart-searching love epic of Chopin's, the Fantaisie in F Minor, to a close.

In the silence that followed, the

mood of the music.

In the ante-room, an influential manager who had arranged this meeting, which later ripened into a warm acquaintanceship between the Polish musical genius and the Canadian pianist, was waiting. As they joined him, Paderewski repeated his verdict, and added "The world must hear her. She has a great future. Nothing can hold her back"

How the London critics, the most conservative in the world, and the severest, with the redoubtable Newman leading the van, acclaimed her and placed her in the foremost ranks of present day world pianists has already been told in Canadian press reports of her triumphant public recital in London last March. A triumph that left no shadow of doubt that Canada has produced a personality whose genius entitles her name to be written high on the scroll of illustrious pianists.

Her conquest, which took an English audience unawares, held it breathless, and left it clamoring for the artist's return, was the more complete by reason of the shattering train of events which followed in the path of that magic afternoon, three years ago, when Paderewski paid her the highest tribute one great artist can offer to another. Like the climax of a play, Gertrude Huntly's English debut, which had been delayed so long by almost insurmountable obstacles was a crowning point in her vital human drama, some episodes of which it shall be the endeavor of the writer to unfold

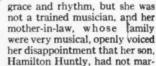
Now the story of genius and success, like a fairy story, should begin at the beginning. For you are either born with inspired gifts of the quality called genius, or you are not. And to bring genius into full flower so that the world in which we live may know and feel its beauty and its power, the musician thus gifted must also possess a capacity for arduous work and the highest degree of concentration to reach the status of artist. To pour out the soul of the old masters into the hearts of the great public, the inspired interpreter has first to be absolute master of the intricacies of the classics and the mechanism of the instrument. And would the artist bend, and win, those two giant taskmasters called Greatness and Success, the heaviest tolls of labor and sacrifice must be paid.

But the true story of Gertrude Huntly has neither beginning nor end. Her destiny was written before her birth, and how far it may lead her may not be told until she has played her last beautiful note and made her final bow before the curtain

Gertrude Huntly was born a musical genius, and if you would know the woman, Gertrude Huntly Green, the mother of Douglas and Trudie, who, that she might keep them with her, six years ago refused a magnificent offer from a powerful New York management to embark upon a

career under the most tempting and favorable conditions, you must know what has gone into the making of the musician. The influences and events surrounding her musical life are submerged and reflected in the vivid, arresting, complex personality of Gertrude Huntly, the artist and Gertrude Huntly Green, the mother. The two are inseparably linked, and beloved wherever she goes.

GENTLE and generous, but high spirited was her mother, Annie Kerr, who had a fine dash of pride and courage in her Highland-Scottish blood. Musical she was, too, in the sense that she loved melody and had exquisite



ried a girl more gifted. Stung to the quick when the criticism reached her, Annie Kerr indignantly cried, "You shall see! I will have a child that shall play before it can walk. That shall be my revenge!" She took her vow seriously, and until her baby was born 'filled her thoughts only with the best and noblest music, and to her utmost joy the child, Gertrude, did actually fulfil her mother's promise by playing little tunes on the piano with her tiny fingers before she could talk! A few years later it was discovered by tests that she had been born with the great gift of absolute pitch. As a very little child she would name the notes of any chord, no matter how unusual it might be, struck by anyone in an adjoining room. This is a very rare sense among musicians, and so perfectly is it developed with Gertrude Huntly that she can tell exactly whether a piano is tuned to concert pitch, or international, or a few sound waves above or below.

"Naming the notes in chords was one of my pet games with the minister, who used to come to visit me in St. Thomas. I was ten years old and I had broken my leg." said Gertrude, to me once in a reminiscent mood. "Oh, my poor Mother, what frights I used to give her! I was such a tomboy, and she was always so worried that I might injure my hands. That was a compound fracture, too. I was swinging on my stomach, having a wonderful time at a picnic—just a lot of girls—I fainted and",—she began to laugh—"Oh, what ridiculous things children will do—but it's perfectly true. The girls were so frightened they didn't know what to do, so they gave me caramel icing and dill pickles to bring me around! I was in terrible pain—and all I could remember afterwards was that I wanted to pull the

doctor's pointed beard when he began to give me chloroform!"

So skating, basketball and the usual games that the average growing girl naturally follows were forbidden, to save her hands from possible injury, but there were other pleasures to make up for it, for little Gertrude Huntly took many roles in the musical activities of St. Thomas and made friends everywhere who brought a lively interest into her young life.

est into her young life.

In her earliest years music was just one of the thousand joys of the happy, interesting world in which she found herself; like sunshine, and flowers, and the pure white snow, and jolly people, babies, and kittens. How she adored



babies! She borrowed and wheeled everybody's babies, and when there wasn't a baby around she would dress up her when there wasn't a baby around sne would dress up ner kitten and wheel it in her doll's pram. Dolls did not interest her much; they were not so real and soft, and funny as kittens. She loved running water, too, and one of her favorite amusements was to follow the little clear streams in the woods, her childish thoughts wandering willy-nilly as she listened with the keenest pleasure to the harmonies

about her.

She absorbed music as she absorbed life, and, as she She absorbed music as she absorbed life, and, as she passed from girlhood to womanhood, the beauties and depths that were revealed to her in her studies. From the beginning, her parents placed her under the best teachers available, and it is characteristic of Gertrude Huntly that she speaks always with generous appreciation of those who encouraged her and brought out her best efforts. Her early teachers recall with affection their gifted, intelligent child pupil who carried off the highest honors in every period of her training, in both violin and piano. in both violin and piano.

To-day, she is the special pride of St. Thomas, where she

always receives a rousing welcome and an enthusiastically crowded house. Last year, after her concert given there on her return from Europe, her "home town" honored her with official recognition in the form of a civic reception and

the presentation of an illuminated address.

Colorful little scenes of her schoolday years stand out on the screen of her memories, captured as they flickered spasmodically through her reminiscences and musings at random moments in the months we spent together in London.

There is the little miss between the years of nine and eleven, playing for the girls' drills at Myrtle Street School—and who so proud as Gertrude when the girls in their white frocks carried off the flag for the third year in a field

day competition for all the city schools.

There is the day when she played for the drills for the last time, having reached the important age of eleven—ready for entrance. They gave her a party at the home of one of the students and presented her with a music holder. And her feelings were so touched that she wept copiously.

The progress made at Myrtle Street School was continued at the Collegiate. There she played for the drills of the Collegiate Cadets under the leadership of Captain Jones, or "Tommy" as they called him, an English ex-army man. After each practice, Tommy, who is still living, would present her with a posy from the collegiate greenhouses. The cadets were noted for their splendid exhibitions, and when they performed publicly, invariably they presented Gertrude with beautiful flowers.

Throughout her collegiate days, she kept up her school

duties as well as her musical studies. She grasped every-thing with lightning ease—except problems. Straight mathematics were simple, but problems floored her! Books she loved, and she lost herself in them as she lost herself in her music. Her power of concentration always has been stupen-

dous, and she now outdid herself. Studying piano at the Conservatory at London, Ontario, she won the Barron gold medal and the Heintzman scholarship when she was twelve years old. That was a landmark in her young career. The presentation was made by Sir Adam Beck, and the judges at the competition were Professor H y tenrauch,

Mitcheltnee, the blind pianist, and A. D. Jordan. In the same month she entered High School Every week, at this time, she was going to Detroit for a violin lesson from Wilhelm Yunck, a noted violinist, and that year she played the Mendelssohn concerto for violin, and virtuoso solos, at a graduate recital in St. Thomas.

So, from child-hood, when she played in her holidays like any normal little girl on her Grandfather Huntly's farm on the riverside at Law-rence, and through her girlhood, some-times assisted by her sister Winifred, who sang charmingly, she carried on her musi-cal activities in the life of the community until her sixteenth year when she was sent to Paris.

Over the ground which her Loyalist forefathers, the Bowmans and Spohns, had helped to develop as early settlers after the hardships and privations of war in the struggle to maintain British supremacy in Canada, Gertrude Huntly

WAS Cavon Barron, then director of the London, Ontario, Conservatory of Music, who, recognizing the genius of Gertrude, who had passed through his hands and genius of Gertrude, who had passed through his hands and won the highest honors, advised her parents to send her abroad, and arrangements were made for her to go to Paris under the chaperonage of friends. There she began her studies with Victor Staub, whose lovely little woodland "Sous Bois" she introduced to Canada when she returned, after her Paris debut, several years later. She included it as an encore when she played in joint recital at Massey Hall with Blanche Marchesi, daughter of the famous Madame Marchesi, and it brought her dozens of letters from teachers asking her for the composer's name. from teachers asking her for the composer's name.

Before she left for Paris it had not been finally decided whether Gertrude should become a pianist or a violinist. Her family wished to see her become a violin virtuoso, but although she was a gifted and well trained fiddler, she herself always felt that the piano was her greatest medium of expression and that she was not intended to take her career as a violinist. To please her mother, however, whose favorite instrument was the violin, for a while she also went to Viardot, at one time conductor of the Paris opera, for violin lessons. As a son of Madame Pauline Garcia Viardot, the once famous mezzo-soprano, who, in her girlhood, had the distinction of singing at Chopin's funeral, Viardot was a personality of interest. But even a musician of high standing, such as Viardot was, may not possess the qualities that make a great teacher, and, discovering this, Gertrude seized

Mars 1908, d 9 h

CONCERT

**Gertrude Huntley** 

PROGRAMME

Albert Géloso

Maurice Moszkowski

Téléphone 211-5.

an opportunity which arose a little later to make a change, and went to Albert Geloso to continue her violin studies Geloso, a pupil of Massard and a high graduate of the Paris Conservatory, was a great master as well as a fine musician, and the keen interest he took in her contributed much to her musical and artistic development, while she found the greatest delight and satisfaction in the hours she spent in his studio playing piano accompaniments for his pupils. The master, appreciating her gifts as a pianist, then made her his own accompanist for his concerts, which later led to offers, which she accepted, from noted singers and musicians to accompany them at their recitals.

Her musical association with Geloso was splendid

experience for the young Canadian, and when she attracted the attention of Maurice Moszkowsky, the great Polish composer-pianist, who accepted her immediately as artist-pupil, she was in the seventh heaven of delight. For, at

pupil, she was in the seventh heaven of delight. For, at that time Moszkowsky would accept very few pupils. A deep and sympathetic understanding seemed to exist between these two. She reminded him of his much loved daughter whose death, not long before, had left him with his only son, and Gertrude's sweet and lovable ways seemed to soften his loss, which he was feeling deeply. On her side, she found constant pleasure in the rich charm of his person little his wit and speakling humor, and his great kindliness. ality, his wit and sparkling humor, and his great kindliness.

Those were happy days in that natural environment of art

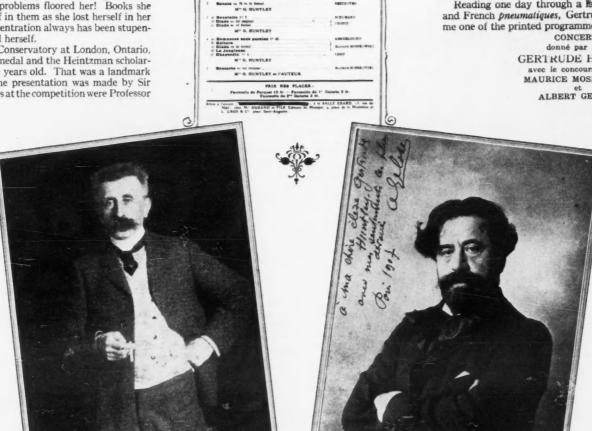
and music that belongs to Paris, made doubly rich for the young student by the influence of Geloso and Moszkowsky who, strangely enough, had never met one another until brought together by Gertrude Huntly, their favorite pupil. Her musical studies were a source of even greater happiness to her as she watched the development of their new friendship which she had brought about, and which seemed to culminate in her debut recital at the Salle Erard. Under Moszkowsky's careful guidance, arrangements were com-pleted for her to appear under the most auspicious conditions. The maestro, wishing to show his faith in her musical powers, publicly announced his intention to appear with her, after eleven years retirement from the concert platform, playing with her his own Concerto in E Minor. This unusual honor brought the introduction of the new young artist to the public into prominence as a significant musical event. Geloso also announced his intention of appearing with her in the Schumann Sonata in A Minor for piano and violin, and Gertrude Huntly had the unique experience of violin, and Gertrude Huntiy had the unique expenence of seeing herself advertised to give her debut recital with the assistance of her two distinguished masters, Maurice Moszkowsky and Albert Geloso. How well she acquitted herself was told in the press reports in which the critics predicted a brilliant future for the young artist, the applause of the audience that filled the Salle Erard, and best of all the praises she received from her two masters.

Reading one day through a large package of old letters and French pneumatiques, Gertrude unfolded and handed me one of the printed programmes announcing-

CONCERT donné par Mile GERTRUDE HUNTLY avec le concours de Ms.
MAURICE MOSKOWSKY ALBERT GELOSO

"Think of it, Shira—little me, in my teens!" she exclaimed With the assistance of those two big artists, and Mosz-kowsky's first ap-pearance after eleven years' retirement from concert work! But he was so kind to me, so genuine, so real—a great character. And oh, the confidence of youth! How little able we are when we are so young to realize anything fully then-and think we know so much!"

She sat very still, her brown eyes hold-ing the memories of those days. Then she said thoughtfully, "A few years ago, before Moszkowsky died, when he was ill in Paris, a big benefit concert was given for him in New York. Eighteen of the world's present-day great pianists played Schumann's "Carneval" on eighteen Continued on page 54



Gertrude Huntly's debut programme and her two distinguished "assistants." Left, Maurice Moszkowsky, the great composer who broke an eleven-year retirement from the concert stage to present Gertrude Huntly. Right, Albert Geloso, the master violinist

too late."
"What? I didn't hear you."

the morning train?"
"You bet I can!" And the rest of the brief conversation was such as to make the listening switch-board girl remark with a sigh to the desk-clerk, "And they're married! Can you beat it?

K ATE ate her dinner with divided feelings. That Mark thought her capable of revenging herself upon Gil's fickle heart at this late date both flattered and saddened her. sickle heart at this late date both hattered and saddened her. She had everything, she thought, but the gift to make the years stand still. Who has this gift but a few ageless actresses? And even they lose it in the end. Yet it would have been pleasant to have been able to arouse Gil's ready passion,

only to flout him finally as he so richly deserved.

An ingratiating voice broke up this interesting dream.
"Save me some dances to-night?"

She looked up in surprise at Clarry's smiling face.
"Why, I'm not going to the dance. I don't know anyone,"
she said.

"You know me," he told her sweetly. "How about all the fox-trots—for a start?"

If Kate's mouth had not been such a pretty mouth it might almost have been said to have gaped. For there was Gill drawing near with every appearance of haste. "Don't give away all your dances, Kate," he called.
"Only the fox-trots," Clarry replied with a grin.
"Just half the dances, eh? Congratulations, Brown,"

said Gil, looking black.

d Gil, looking black.
"First come, first served," retorted Clarry, turning red.
"Which makes me sound like a pudding," Kate put in "Which makes me sound like a pudding," Kate put in hastily. It was like old times to have two handsome men glaring at each other over her head-but whatever had got

'The waltzes, Kate, and the one-steps," said Gil imperi-

In after years he was to puzzle over the strange wild look she threw up at him. How could he know that she had heard in his voice that proprietary tone he used to wear when he filled her programme at dances?

"Con it he though is life in the old girl yeat?" she thought

"Can it be there is life in the old girl yet?" she thought incredulously. None the less she knew she was going to the dance, and that she would do her hair in the new, meek

way Mark so admired and wear the silver and blue bouffante.
Gil was lingering on the verandah when she came out in her cloak. Naturally, he walked with her along the flagged path to the combined boat house and dance hall that stood out over the water. As they ascended the stairs, they heard the measures of a fox-trot. Clarry spied them from the doorway, minced out upon the balls of his feet, reproached Kate briefly for having already missed one humdinger. caught her to him, and minced away with her, leaving Gil standing with Kate's cloak over his arm, looking, it must be confessed, very foolish. For the next five dances she saw little of him. There was a Paul Jones, a tag-dance, and every other dance was a fox-trot.

Taking the floor with Clarry for the fourth time, she saw, in that clever way women do see things without looking, Gil shrug his shoulders and go out upon the verandah alone, presumably to smoke. She danced that dance with a song upon her lips, and though she sometimes fancied his eyes

were upon her through the door, she looked his way no more. "Let's sit outside," Clarry suggested, after the third encore. They chatted gayly on a settee on the other side of the verandah from Gil.

"Don't you think we might slip in a one-step or two?" Clarry asked in her ear. "It seems a waste for you to dance half the evening with an old married man like Gil."

"But I'm an old married woman, for that matter," she said laughing.

He snatched up her left hand, stared at it, and dropped it eavily. "That's one on me," he managed to enunciate. "You knew I was married," she said, half-offended. "Yes, I didn't! Gil introduced you as Miss Slater." heavily.

"Did he? I didn't notice. Force of habit, I suppose. I wasn't married when I was engaged to him."

Clarry burst out laughing. "You're good!—What is your name now may I ask?"

name now, may I ask?"
"At present," she said\_demurely, "I'm known as Mrs.

"Well," he said, "I'll let Gil find that out for himself. But some fellows have all the luck, I must

say."
"Meaning? "I leave that one for your husband," he replied with rueful gal-

lantry. The next dance had He excused begun. himself and went away with an expressive smile and a quirk of his eyebrow at Gil's broad back. He had served his turn, nice boy, and

She laughed, murmured, "I'm afraid it's about ten years oo late."

"What? I didn't hear you."

"Oh, nothing. Mark, you're a darling. Can you come on morning train?"

"You het I can!" And the root of the held convertion."

"You het I can!" And the root of the held convertion.

"But not a fox-trot. Not for worlds would I deprive you of them.

"Are you cross?"
"Oh, no! When a man brings a girl to a dance, he isn't so selfish as to expect to dance with her. He just holds her cloak and sits around like a dear old chaperone against the wall."

Kate began to laugh. In this mood

she could almost love him. He was so like he used to be when she had not

been sufficiently devoted to him.

"It's going to be easy!" her heart
whispered. And her lips said, "You
asked for one-steps and waltzes, Gil. This one is ours.

As they entered the hall the lights went out and the moon shone in through the many windows. They swung out upon the floor, each a little tremulous, though from different causes. She was wondering what to say different He was wondering how he had eve forgotten the magnetic creature he held so decorously within the circle of his

He was startled to hear her speaking

of his wife.

"When is Mrs. Peterson coming up?"

"I can't say, I'm sure," he said.
"Doreen is always very busy with committees and things."

He hoped inwardly that she would keep very busy all summer. Putting her with determination out of the conversation, he bent his head to Kate's ear. "It's seventeen years since I last danced a moon-waltz with you," he breathed.

Kate's heart quickened. "Did they have such things then?" she asked with nave such things then." she asked with a laugh. She remembered the occasion perfectly. A Gamma Delta dance in the old Mansion Hall. Gil had kissed her behind a pillar. His breath was hot upon her hair. He had not heard her facetious question. The present had exceeded the past too well.

"I remember now," she said, disappointed by his silence. "It was at Margaret Ball's coming out dance."

Now this was really mischievous of Kate. For Margaret Ball had made of Kate. For Margaret Ball had made her debut after Kate and Gil were no longer engaged, and it had been a miserable party for Kate, watching Gil dance every dance with a pug-nosed blonde. This time she succeeded in arousing him. (It is pos-sible that he remembered

faintly the pug-nosed blonde.) He started, snorted, and said re-proachfully, "Margaret

Ball's?—Kate, my dear!"
"Well, it's a long time
ago," she said evasively. Looking up at his distinctly handsome face she saw upon it an expression

she did not exactly like. "Do you hear what they're playing?" he demanded.

He had danced her into corner behind the orchestra, where there was chestra, where there was little light and a great deal of noise from the drum. Above its din she heard the saxophone moaning, "Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot?" in three-four time, with its accents more distorted than that of any Scot.
"How appropriate," she

observed with some ner-vousness, "They m-must know we're here."

"How can you tell such fibs with that tune going on? Margaret Ball's, indeed? You deserve to indeed? You deserve to be kissed again for that." Continued on page 60

around like a chaperone."



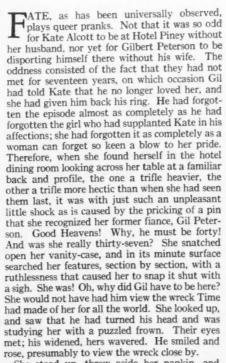


# FOR AULD LANG SYNE

Is it in a woman to forgive and forget? It just depends on whether it's worth while to remember

#### By VIRGINIA COYNE KNIGHT

Illustrated by Edward Monks



She stood up, threw aside her napkin, and hurried through a convenient door, catching her pocket on the knob and tearing it horribly as she

"Kate!" he called, and she knew he had followed her out. "I will not let him spoil this," she thought, facing him.

There are books of etiquette on all the exigencies of life—except on How to Greet the Man Who Jilted You Seventeen Years Ago. Should you be haughty, flippant, or indifferent? Should you enquire after his wife or keep to the larger subject of the world war? The lake slapped the verandah piers and the reflection of its bright ripples upon the ceiling caused the sunlight to fall with added reportration upon her force. penetration upon her face. She saw the brown eyes studying her closely and remarked with forced gaiety that time had changed them both.

"You're as blooming as ever, Kate," he said, politely.

She flashed him a glance and dropped her shes. "You were ever a flatterer, Mr. Peterlashes.

son," she said demurely.

A new interest came into his eyes. Why, Kate was a pretty woman! Struck by the realization that he had once been engaged to her, he experienced a momentary confusion. She was concealing her embarrassment by laughing with a hearti-

ess she did not by any means feel.
"It's the same old laugh, anyway," he said. "That's better, Gil. But please don't be too truthful. Even though I have lost my youth and beauty it doesn't console me to hear that all I have retained

is my girlish laughter."

"As contradictory as ever, my dear," he said smiling. His glance travelled to her pocket; he refrained from another observation with a look that made her cover up the torn place with her hand. Gil always had been a tease. It was extraordinary to be chatting with him like this, after all the tears she had once shed over him. Yet she did not feel friendly towards him. If he had grown bald and fat she could have forgiven him freely, but her heart hardened when she beheld him in all his old attractiveness. Not that he was

A girl drew near and spoke to Gil familiarly—a pretty young thing in cream breeches and red sweater. "Gil always liked them young," Kate thought, with an absurd pang. (It could not have been jealousy. The ghost of the old dead Kate might have felt so futile an emotion, but she had been laid for many years.) The girl was introduced as Betty something. A young man called Clarry something else strolled up, clamoring for tennis. Kate had not the faintest intention of having anything to do with Gil, yet here she was surrounded by his friends and expected to join them in a game of doubles. "No" meant nothing to these people. They swept the monosyllable aside in a wheedling chorus and patted her on the back until, to save the last shreds of her dignity, she pinned up the torn pocket and was led to the courts in outward meekness but inward rage. This was just like Gil Peterson—to expect to make casual acquaint-

ance of his old flames!

Gil and Betty were in front. "Friend of your wife's?" she heard the girl ask curiously. "I have a few friends of my own, darling," he replied calmly. "A few, you Don Juan?" retorted Betty. The young man called Clarry chattered on, not guessing that the smile on his companion's face was

HOW little sense of fitness Fate has. Once she had longed primitively to revenge herself upon him, and here he was—her partner in a game of doubles! She attacked the ball with a zeal that did much to cool her thoughts. Kate played an unusual game. Easy strokes, as a rule, she missed: difficult ones she returned with a choking cry that often surprised her opponent into fanning the air feebly in the wrong direction. In the end she and Gil made for the same wrong direction. In the end she and on made for the same ball and her racket met his head with a whack. Kate threw an arm about him with a shriek. It was not such blatant revenge as this that she once sought.

"Oh, my dear, did I hurt you?" she cried.

He looked up dizzily and his heart was pleasantly stirred by the sight of two blue eyes drowned in tears in a flushed face very close to his own.

satiric. So Gil was actually married!

face very close to his own.
"The same old tumultuous Kate," he murmured.

The same old tunintuous Rate, he harmared.

The face paled, the eyes overflowed. "The same old clumsy Kate, you mean."

"More delightful than ever," he said soothingly.

But he could not redeem his tactlessness. His friends

found the episode so excruciatingly funny. They howled at the bump rising upon his forehead, and shrieked whenever Kate suggested a remedy. In short, they were shockingly rude, and Gil told them so in stronger terms, when Kate had excused herself and gone quietly away. She speculated a little concerning Gil's wife as she returned miserably to the hotel. Someone very charming, of course, with too much poise to hit anyone—even her husband. The trees blurred before her eyes. It was not fair that he should be so attrac-

before her eyes. It was not fair that he should be so attractive still and she so clumsy and old.

As she was passing the desk it occurred to her to ask for her mail. She had arrived only yesterday; but sometimes Mark did such foolish, lover-like things as to post a letter to her the day she left home. However, there was nothing for her and she turned away, feeling deserted and uncared for. "Could I send a telegram?" she asked, returning impulsively to the wicket. Seizing a form, she wrote hastily, "Fearfully lonesome. Please telephone. Love, Kate," and addressed it to her husband's office.

"When will this arrive?" she asked, and was told that he would get it before five o'clock. The rest of the afternoon she spent upon the verandah. At a quarter to five a call-boy

she spent upon the verandah. At a quarter to five a call-boy appeared for her and she rushed to the telephone.
"You darling!" were Mark's first words. "I wondered how long you'd stick it."

"Oh, Mark! It's so good to hear your voice. Oh, Mark! when can you come up?"

"I thought you needed a rest from your family," he teased her. And then, in a rush, "I can get away to-morrow. Shall I bring the kids or come down for them later?"

"Oh, bring them, bring them! I want you all. I was an idiet to leave you!

Mark

Gil Peterson's here!"

idiot to leave you! . . . Mark . . . Gil Peterson's here "Gil Peterson?"

"You remember."

A pause at the other end of the line. Then an expressive

'Oh, I don't know," she said dejectedly.

"Then make him!" retorted this modern husband. 'Go to it, my girl. You have my permission."

"Oh, what's a wife or two between friends?"



8



While the go-out-by-the-day worker may meet the needs of the apartment dweller, there is still the moderate-sized house with the family of children. Their need of help is not, for many a year to come, going to be met in this way.

## What's the Matter with Housework?

If the general help problem is acute, the solution rests with the housekeeper

THY doesn't the Canadian or American girl take to housework as an occupation? Those who employ help in their homes tell us that rarely do they get a native born.

The houseworker is not indigenous to us. She is with us only as an importation from the British Isles, Finland, Norway or some other distance. Indeed, often when she comes to us from the British Isles she comes because some charitable organization has brought her out, and she hopes in this land of opportunity to work her way to some other occupation.

But why throw housework in the discard? Is it that the girl hates housework itself? No, she will marry and be

quite cheerful over it as an unending voca-tion. Is it that she thinks it is a job only for people not clever enough to do anything else? No, she has every respect for her married friend who shows herself a master hand at fluffy cakes and savory soups. Besides, universities are conferring degrees on women who are masters of household

Hard work? No a girl will leave it and glue her eyes all day to a power machine till her head aches, for less pay. "Dirty work," the girls used to say! But electric fairies, hardwood floors and interior decorators

have made housework a dainty job.
What then? We are back to an old chord harped on often before-the lower social status of housework.

status of housework.

For several years various periodicals and organizations have advocated raising the social status of the houseworker. The trained and educated worker, they say, is the solution to this problem. The worker who has her hours, her uniform, her mastery of her job—the worker who lives out and has her evenings free for her own social life. And as part of this solution, comes the apartment house, where there is no extra room for anyone helping with the housework. The apartment and the small home have made a distinct demand for the worker who home have made a distinct demand for the worker who comes in for a few hours a day. The "living-in maid" would be as much in the way here as the butler or coachman of other days.

And here is a proving example that women do not mind doing housework under certain conditions. A "bachelor girl" advertised not long ago for a worker in her little apartment for a few hours a day. She offered but ten dollars a month, and she had twenty applicants-among them a

married teacher. More and more those studying the situation tell us that housework in the future is going to be done by the "go-outby-the-hour worker." Some organization is going to undertake the work of training girls in domestic lines and housing and sending them out. As surely as little green apples grow

By MAUDE PETITT HILL



into large ones, this condition is going to prevail: in fact, it

has already been tried on a modest scale.

But, while the go-out-by-the-hour worker may meet the needs of the apartment dweller, there is still the moderate sized house with the family of children. Their need of help is not, for many a year to come, going to be met in this way.

To begin with, the trained worker is going to be too ex-

pensive a proposition for the average family budget. If she is properly trained (and if budget. If she is properly trained (and if she isn't, she is worse than untrained), it is going to mean, like any other education, the expense of support during her course for which she must be reimbursed in wages. If she is sent out by an organization, there are going to be overhead charges hostel and office upkeep and so forth. In one city where such a method was tried, we found the actual cost of having a worker come in every day till five o'clock for a month of thirty days was \$97.50, without laundry! This is very well for emergencies, but manifestly it is not going to meet the need of the average Canadian home. Moreover, the trained worker is going to be a product of our larger cities. It will be a long time before her ministrations will penetrate our smaller towns, where there is often just as

great a need of household help.

It is going to be necessary to raise somewhat the social status of the worker without a diploma. It rests with the individual employer to raise the status of the employee in

her own house.

But how? Shall she take her meals with her? Shall she ask her friends to fall upon her neck and embrace her when they enter the home? Why so? Her husband does not introduce his stenographer to those who enter his office. Neither does he take his meals with her. Yet, she does no fussing about her social status.

HERE is one woman's solution of her problem. And when a woman can get a girl who is fairly well educated and speaks good English, to do all her housework and cooking and baking, do the family laundry, wax the floors, and appear trim for an after-noon tea; when an employer gets all this for twenty-five dollars a month, and, what is more, can keep her help even if a neighbor

offers her five dollars a month higher; when she can keep her a second year or even a third—then perhaps her solu-tion, however imperfect it may be, is worth hearing. If, added to this, she can go into an employment bureau

where there is a waiting list of several hundred and get her application filled while the hundreds keep on waiting, there

is still more reason for studying her solution.

Had she some wonderful charm of manner, some magic of personality? No, by her own account, she got annoyed with incompetent workers and nagged them as readily as the next one. She had a fairly large house. She had three children that weren't always "perfect darlings." She had from her own confession, no training in housework before her marriage and she believes that type of woman makes a more difficult mistress.

What then?

Mrs. B. attributes her ability to get help to having studied housework from a business-like angle—to having had before her marriage, a professional career and a knowledge of the business world.
"It began about twelve years ago," she said, "when help

was almost impossible to get. The children were all small. I advertised in vain. Then, I had to advertise for a housekeeper for a brother, a widower, outside the city. And lo, a hundred and three applicants! His house was in the country and had no conveniences. Why a host for his home and none for mine? Matrimony? That says a lot. But not all, as is proven by the fact that, a few years later, an invalid spinster friend advertised for companion help and got a hundred and one applicants-and a girl can't marry an invalid spinster.

"I determined, after the advertisement affair, to try doing my own housework under exactly the same conditions as if I were my own 'cook-general.' I did excuse myself from the washing, because I remembered that when the maid was doing the washing I was doing the morning's housework and looking after the children. Otherwise, I carried out her programme and wrote a few lines in my diary every night. I have that diary still.

"Monday—Stayed in all day and all

evening.

"Tuesday—Ironed. Weather was tempting. Would like to have gone for walk. Mrs. Grant phoned and reminded me that Mrs. Allison, the bride in our club, was receiving both afternoon and evening. Jean Gray would have stayed with the

children, but I remembered that it wasn't my day out. I mustn't go.
"Wednesday—In all day and evening, House seemed still and terrible stuffy. Tomorrow—joy of joy—it's my afternoon off! Oh, I hope it doesn't rain! Our club had a shower for Mayme Lawrence to-night.

couldn't go, of course.

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The first question to decide is, "What entertainment is best suited to the St. Patrick's Day occasion? Our suggestion is a dinner party, say for eight, and bridge afterwards.

A table-cloth tinted palest green is an easy possibility, even though your cloths are all white. Canapes of shamrock shape and place cards of St. Patrick's Day symbols complete the setting. Strick's Day in the Evening

T. PATRICK'S DAY is a too frequently neglected occasion for rtaining. I have entertaining. I have never been able to under-stand why. It is rich in opportunities for charm originality.

"St. Patrick's Day" and visions of Paddy and his Pig, colleens dancing, shamrocks, clay pipes and tall beaver hats go skipping through the mind. It can be made a very gay occasion and the very fact that it is an often neglected oppor-

tunity recommends it to the hostess.

The first question to decide is what sort of entertainment The first question to decide is what sort of entertainment is best adapted to the occasion. My suggestion would be a dinner-party—say for eight—that might resolve itself afterwards into two tables of bridge. If the hostess, who is her own cook and waitress, hesitates because she fears there will be too much work to do for the party to be a success, let her consider these plans. A little planning, a little foresight in choosing the items for the menu—will reduce the work which must be done immediately before the guests arrive, to a surprising minimum. The linen, for example, should be ready several days in advance: the silver cleaned should be ready several days in advance; the silver cleaned and counted, and place cards, flowers and decorations

Now, of course, the predominant note in a St. Patrick's Day party should be the color—green. The problem is not, however, how to decorate the table in green, but how to use the color in surprising yet thoroughly appropriate ways. For example, have you ever tried tinting your table linen? Damask tablecloths in delicate pastel shades have recently become very fashionable and popular, and by using a little tinting powder or soap, you can do your own most successfully and you will find the effect is altogether charming. Don't be afraid of spoiling your linen. The color will come out, and you will probably be so pleased with the result that you will want to tint on every occasion! It is no more serious than blusing. serious than blueing.

So, with a pale green tinted damask tablecloth as a background you are ready to decorate the table. And here you will have to be guided by what your china and linen closets provide. I would suggest a lace or embroidered centrepiece. tall green candles in yellow or silver candlesticks, and, if you have one, a low green bowl in the centre of the table filled with daffodils, narcissus and green fern. You yourself will probably find that your cupboards will supply little

additional touches—green glassware, perhaps.

With the table set, you must think next of place cards, and, if you wish them, small green paper baskets to hold the salted nuts. The place cards, as usual, offer an opportunity for charming and sometimes amusing touches to the

decorative scheme.

While many hostesses will prefer to buy suitable place

cards, those who find it more convenient or satisfactory to make their own can do so with a pair of shears, green cardboard, some whiting (get it at any stationer's) and very little time and trouble. From the green cardboard cut little shamrocks, about two inches across. From the white card-board cut little clay pipes—four or five inches long. The pipes are for the men and the shamrocks for the women guests. The green cardboard should be a deep shade. The alternating shamrocks and white clay pipes on the green table cloth make very attractive place cards.

By Edythe Ann Palmer

And now we are ready for the menu:

Shamrock Canapes with Olive and Bacon Appetizers Cream of Pea Soup with Chopped Parsley Crown Roast of Lamb Decorated with Green Paper Frills
Mint Jelly Potato Balls Creamed Celery Sweet Green Gherkin Pickles Dinner Salad Shamrock Rolls Colleen Angel Cake Salted Nuts Coffee

Shamrock Canapes-Cut stale bread in one-fourth inch slices. Cut out with a shamrock shaped cutter. Cream butter, add an equal amount of soft, snappy cheese and work until smooth. Season with salt. In the meantime. toast the bread, spread with the cheese mixture and cover with finely chopped olives.

Olive and Bacon Appetizer—Wrap a slice of bacon around large-sized stuffed olive and fasten with a toothpick. Boil or fry and serve on the same plate with the canape. These are served hot.

Cream of Pea Soup—The ingredients are: six tablespoonfuls butter, five tablespoonfuls flour, one teaspoonful salt, quarter teaspoonful paprika, four cupfuls milk, three cupfuls cooked peas, one cupful water, two teaspoonfuls sugar, quarter teaspoonful pepper, two tablespoonfuls chopped onion, two tablespoonfuls chopped parsley.

Melt butter, add flour salt and paprika and mix well. Add the milk gradually and bring to the boiling point, stirring constantly to prevent lumping. Cook over boiling water. Cook the peas in a separate saucepan with the water. sugar, salt, pepper and onion for fifteen minutes. Press through a sieve, and add to the white sauce.

Sprinkle each serving with chopped parsley.

Crown Roast of Lamb—
Order a Crown of Lamb

prepared from your market or select parts from two loins containing ribs, and have flesh scraped from bone between the ribs as far as lean meat and trim off backbone. Shape each

piece in a semicircle, having ribs outside, and tie pieces together to form a crown. Have ends of bones trimmed evenly, being careful not to leave them too long. Wrap a thin strip of fat salt pork around each bone to

prevent scorching. Cover with buttered paper. Roast an hour and a quarter. Put green paper frills on each chop. Shamrock Rolls—The ingredients are: two cupfuls scalded milk, three tablespoonfuls butter, two tablespoonfuls sugar, two teaspoonfuls salt, one yeast cake (dissolved in quarter cupful lukewarm water), five and a half cupfuls flour. quarter cupful butter.

Add butter, sugar and salt to milk; when lukewarm, add dissolved yeast cake and three cupfuls flour. Beat thoroughly cover, and let rise until light; cut down and add enough flour to knead. Let rise again, toss on lightly floured board, knead, pat and roll out to one-third inch thickness. Shape small pieces of dough into balls. Fit three balls together into greased muffin tins. Bake in a hot oven for twenty minutes.

Dinner Salad-Arrange for individual service alternate sections of orange and grapefruit on crisp leaves of lettuce, allowing six sections of fruit and two lettuce leaves for each person. Garnish between sections with thin strips of green epper. Serve with boiled dressing.

Colleen Angel Cake-Use whites of ten eggs, three-quarters teaspoonful cream of tartar, one and a quarter cupfuls finely granulated sugar (sifted), one cupful Swansdown flour, measured then sifted four times, quarter teaspoonful salt, three-quarters teaspoonful vanilla, quarter teaspoonful almond extract.

Beat the egg whites with a flat beater on a large platter until foamy, having added the salt. Add cream of tartar and continue beating until the eggs are stiff enough to hold up in peaks but not dry. Fold in sugar, one tablespoonful at a time. Add flavoring Fold in the flour in the same manner as sugar. Pour into an ungreased deep cake pan and bake in a very slow oven for fifty minutes.

Just before time to serve the cake, cover with a thick layer of stiffly whipped cream which has been sweetened and flavored with vanilla. Fill the hole in the centre with the cream as well as the top and sides. Now sprinkle with fresh grated cocoanut and serve on large green doily

when the children from Scarp Castle asked her how she was, they also being on their best behavior. Her governess smiled on her and in the background the Smallest Jester made his most horrible face. He did not approve of party manners Very Young Prince Alfred catching sight of it was much

startled and had to be given his tin spider to quiet him.
Princess Mary Louise then led the way to the garden and said should they play games until tea time? She was a polite little girl and therefore did not say that she wanted very much to run into the inner gardens and see what had happened to her rainbow but she was glad when the Youngest Jester who had been allowed to come too proposed a game of "I Spy" and spied something through a gate in the garden wall that was every color under the sun.

"Oh the rainbow" shrieked everyone, even Very Young Prince Alfred who was not usually good at "I Spy". But the little Princess smiled at the

At tea-time, the King's Private Court Jester was present but was undeniably dull. He was, however, thinking how he could make the courtiers laugh at dinner by suggesting, very wittily, that the Lord High Chancellor should sit on the end of the rainbow and hold it down, and was wondering if he dared mention The Lord High Chancellor was rather sensitive about his figure and if His Majesty and the rest of the court laughed? And if he suggested it very subtly? The King's Private Court Jester shook his head. It would have to be thought over, and probably a glass of wine later would probably a glass of wine later would help him. And just then Very Young Prince Alfred upset his ice

The ices were of different colors and were, unfortunately encased in meringue. Very Young Prince Alfred hoped his would be pink if he ever got to it, which seemed doubtful. He had a weakness for pink. But his fork, though wielded with great energy, persisted in sticking so firmly in the meringue that Prince Alfred was forced to use both hands to remove it. He was very much annoyed. At the best of times he did not enjoy being thwarted, but now. when the ice within might quite well turn out to be pink And besides, what had

he come to the party for? Very Young for? Very Young Prince Alfred abandoned the fork as useless and picked up a spoon, his face red with determination.

Grasping it firmly in his fat fist, his eyebrows drawn together in a lowering frown, he pressed on the meringue. It gave with great suddenness and the ice in the centre, revealing itself to be pink, flew from the plate and hit Prince Alfred in the middle of his white tunic. Very Young Prince Alfred watched it spread slowly downwards, transfixed. Then he prepared to burst into a roar of rage

The little Princess leapt up and ran around the table. "Oh, don't cry, Bunny, dear," she implored. "It won't hurt your tunic, really it won't. Oh, somebody don't let him

Very Young Prince Alfred, whose eleven names had degenerated into Bunny among his intimates, was famous for his howls. He had been known to keep them up for hours. "And when had he had a better excuse than now, with a horrible pink ice all over the front of his clean frock?" thought Princess Mary Louise, sticking up her fastidious little nose.

Very Young Prince Alfred opened his mouth very wide and screwed up both eyes very tight.

"My—ice—is—dawn!" he bellowed.

"Well, here's another," said a voice at his elbow.

Very Young Prince Alfred opened one eye suspiciously.

In front of him stood the Smallest Jester and he was thrust-ing forward a large plate of pipk and white ice-cream. ing forward a large plate of pink and white ice-cream, mostly pink.

"No meringue?" said Very Young Prince Alfred. "Dood! He picked up his spoon in a business-like way and smiled a watery smile. A large tear trickled slowly down his cheek. Very Young Prince Alfred brushed it away hastily. To business now.

Later that afternoon as the last carriages were rolling away, Princess Mary Louise summoned the Smallest Jester with a wave of one imperious little hand. In the other she held the slender gold chain she often wore. It had a little flower swinging from it made of blue and white stones The Smallest Jester thought it was very beautiful

Princess Mary Louise dropped it into the Smallest Jester's hand and smiled upon him beamingly.
"Here," she said. "Because you kept Bunny from crying.

The Smallest Jester struggled for words. What he wanted to do was to fall on one knee and kiss the Princess' hand and tell her it would be his dearest possession, though wouldn't her governess be cross? But what he did say was first "Oh" And then he said "He didn't want anything but an ice, you know—except two ices." And finally, he said "Well, thanks very much."

Then he departed into the rose garden and imagined the scene over again with himself saying the proper things until it was time to go and see his grandmother, when he fastened the chain about his neck, though well hidden inside his shirt, and issued nonchalantly from the garden. Meeting one of

the gardeners outside, he began to whistle loudly. His grandmother was a

tremendously old woman. She lived in a little cottage at the other side of the town with nothing but a cat for

company. She never left her cottage and nobody but Anthony the Jester ever went to see her.

He found her in the little garden behind the house, knitting busily.

"Hello, grandmother," said

Anthony.

The old woman looked up from her knitting and peered at the Smallest Jester with bright twinkling eyes. Then she nodded briskly and went

on with her work. Anthony got himself a large cookie from the jar on the pantry shelf and cast himself flat on his back to eat it. He was not certain whether the tickling feeling he had was crumbs falling inside his collar or the Princess' chain slipping around his neck. He decided that it was the chain and that

he liked the sensation.

Finally his grandmother spoke. "Great fuss at the Castle, I suppose" she said. "I hear they're going to fasten the rainbow down with chains." Anthony the Jester was just on the point of asking her how she heard so much when she never left her cottage and garden. never left her cottage and garden. but a curious sound made him stop crunching his cookie and look at her. Then he sat up hurriedly in order to look better. His grandmother was laughing, bending her shrivelled shoulders with each paroxysm and

cackling shrilly. Then she stopped as suddenly as she had begun. "What will they be doing next, O Wise Cat?" she said bending to stroke it.

"What were you laughing at Grand-mother?" said Anthony. "and why can't they fasten the rainbow with chains? The Princess was cross when she heard about it. Why won't the chains hold it, Grandmother?"

The old woman had recovered from her laughter. She nswered quite shortly. "Because they won't" she said. And your Princess is the only one with sense enough to see If it were a chain of love now or a chain of unselfishness. But it isn't. Its the Lord High Chancellor's chain and that man would give the Fairy Queen a roast pig for dinner if she happened to call on him. Which she wouldn't!"

she ended grimly. "What's a chain of love?" asked the Smallest Jester. "I expect you mean hearts do you? But they're only on valentines."

Anthony the Jester looked after

her reflectively. "I will ask my

grandmother what she meant

by that," he said to himself,

'when I go to see her to-night.'

"No I don't" said the old wo-man "It might be hearts or it might just be something you're fond of and don't want to give up or it might be a chain of wishes for somebody else.

Anthony the Jester's grandmother was a tremendously old woman. She lived in a little cottage on the other side of the town, with nothing but a cat for company.

I don't know, but then I don't pretend to be a Lord High Chancellor.'

She seemed so cross that Anthony got up to go.

"Oh" he said, "I see. Well, good-bye, Grandmother." But the old woman was busy with her knitting and only gave him another quick nod.

It was sunset when the Smallest Jester reached the Palace Gardens and a crowd had assembled to watch the rainbow being fastened down. The chain was very large and very heavy and very long, because the rainbow by now had drifted up nearly six feet in the air. A Captain of the Guards had been appointed to do the fastening. The Chancellor would have liked that duty himself but unfortunately he was a short man, though fat. He therefore

directed operations.

First the Tall Captain drove a golden stake into the ground. Then he fastened one end of the chain to the stake. Then he made a noose at the other end and prepared to slip it over the edge of the rainbow. Six sturdy guardsmen stood by to pull it down to earth and the Royal Band had their instruments poised to strike up a Triumphant Melody. The Chancellor beamed and stepped up on a small flat stone, ready to bow when the applause began. The stone gave him an added two inches in height and he did not believe anyone would notice it. And the Tall Captain slipped the noose on

The effect was instantaneous. The end of the rainbow seemed to shiver and contract until it had shaken off the chain. Then it gave a leap up into the air until even a Very

Very Tall Captain could not have reached it.
His Majesty the King uttered a groan and tore out three hairs which he could ill afford to lose from his royal head. The Chancellor slipped off his stone and sat down heavily in a rose bush. The Queen and her twenty maidens immediately fainted and would have fallen to the ground if there had not been twenty-one gallant officers ready to catch them. One of the Royal Buglers blew the first note of the Triumphant Melody and then looked around hastily, blushing a bright crimson, to see if anyone had noticed his mistake And the little Princess began to cry. It was terrible. The rainbow almost seemed to be making rude gestures at the Chancellor in his rose bush.

The Smallest Jester always felt very miserable and hot about the collar when he saw the little Princess cry. He put up a hand to his yellow and red shirt and opened the top two buttons. His fingers encountered the thin gold chain the Princess had given him. The Smallest Jester frowned, a sure sign that he was thinking, and then he took off the

"Look out." he cried.

And he flung the chain high in the air. It hit the rainbow and clung to its rim. swinging to and fro so small it could hardly be seen. Then, gradually, before their eyes it began to grow. Each link became longer and longer and turned from solid gold to transparent crystal tinged with rose and violet. It looked like a wonderful chain of glistening raindrops. Slowly it lengthened and lengthened

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HERE was consternation in the Kingdom of Elstrine. The Royal Palace was in confusion from the Lord High Chancellor down to the Smallest and Least Important Jester. Everybody walked about the streets looking very solemn and asking one another: "Do you think it will?" or sometimes "You don't think it could?"

The reason for all this uneasiness was not hard to find.

The end of the rainbow that rested in the main courtyard of the

palace was loose!

For more years than anyone could remember one end of the rainbow, the end that seems to disappear into the clouds, had come to earth in the middle of a bed of lilies in the Royal Gardens of Elftrine. The rest of it curved upward in a great shining arc far into the sky. Naturally enough, all the city was very proud of it. "Oh, didn't you know?" they would say casually to visitors from far countries, "Yes, it's always been there. I expect the Fairy Queen gave special -Shall we stroll around and see it if you've had quite

But the end that had seemed to be planted so firmly among the lilies had quite definitely shifted, as many crushed flowers could prove. The rainbow that everyone had believed to be so secure was drifting slowly upward until now you could slip your hand, if it happened to be small, between the moist brown earth and the shimmering rainbow edge.

Princess Many Levice 1

Princess Mary Louise knew this because she had tried it, squatting in among the stately white flowers and ready to snatch her fingers away very quickly in case the rainbow showed signs of descending.

Then she rushed off to find Their Majesties the King and Queen, to tell them.

and Queen, to tell them.

The great Hall, when she finally reached it, seemed filled with people. The Lord High Chancellor was there, of course and he always managed to give the effect of a crowd. But the Councillors were also assembled and the Queen's twenty ladies-in-waiting, with tiny lace handkerchiefs pressed to their eyes, and the King and Queen themselves. And Mary Louise discovered that they knew all about the rainbow.

"Surely," the King was saying, "Surely something can be done. Think of how our neighbors in Tangroo will laugh. They have always been jealous of our rainbow and they will send us messages of sympathy. Sympathy!" said the

"And it isn't," sighed the Queen, as if we hadn't always taken the best of care of it. You must all remember my lords, the time one of my maidens was found hanging pocket-handkerchiefs on it to dry and how I reproved her Though they were the very best of pocket-handkerchiefs she added.

"It made such a lovely background for garden parties" sighed the maidens.

'And it is ruining my lily bed with its bustle" growled

the Royal Head Gardener.
"But I loved it because it was so beautiful" whispered the little Princess to herself and ran away to cry in the rose

The Smallest and Least Important Jester found her there and was greatly perturbed. He was a small boy with a brown impudent face and curly black hair and he was very fond of the little Princess. He therefore turned three cart-wheels and made several of his best faces in case she wanted to be amused and then he sat down on the ground and began to comfort her.

"After all. Highness" he said, "you will still have your guinea pig that we hid in the stables."

"I don't care—about—the—guinea pig" sobbed Mary

The Smallest Jester, whose name was Anthony, looked shocked. He was very fond of the little Princess but she really ought not to say such things

things.
"Oh yes you do" said he hastily. "And anyway," he said, "it's your birthday to-day. And I saw the cake in the pantry. It has candles," said he said he.

"How many?" asked the little Princess.

little Princess.

"Oh, well, eight," replied the Smallest Jester, a little nervously. "You're eight years old, aren't you?"

"Yes" wailed the little Princess "but I had hoped they'd put ten this year. Ferrecially if my layely rain.

Especially if my lovely rain-bow is going away." And she And she sobbed more bitterly than

"Well," said the Smallest ster, "I expect it won't Jester, Jester, "I expect it won't really. Because I heard the Lord High Chancellor say they were going to fasten the end down with chains.'

"Oh," cried the little Princess, outraged. She sprang up and faced the Smallest Jester passionately. "They are stupider than Celeste, the guinea pig. As if you could fasten that—and she pointed to the rainbow gleaming in the sky above the palace towers—with chains!"

And abruptly she rushed from the garden

And abruptly she rushed from the garden Anthony the Jester looked after her reflectively "I will ask my grandmother what she meant by that," he said to himself, "when I go to see her to-night. If the Princess knows herself," he ended

HE Council meeting had left the great hall of the palace THE Council meeting nad left the great han or the parameter and drifted on to a light lunch in the dining-room where they were busy telling each other that where there's a will they could frame an account there's a way, and wondering if they could frame an account of the Council for their wives, so that it would sound as if they had thought of chains to hold down the rainbow. They decided they could. "A splendid scheme! Have a little more

chicken my dear Chancel-lor?" they said. So His Majesty the King, quite completely forgot that it was his little daughter's birthday. And the Queen had retired to her chamber with a headache and could not be disturbed. So when the carriages bringing the guests, began to roll up, Princess Mary Louise had to receive them alone.

She stood at the top of a long flight of stairs feeling very shy, and curtsied to her cousins, Lord Gerald, Lord Maurice and Lady Anne and murmured thank you to Very Young Prince Alfred of Tangroo, when he thrust a box into her hands which was later discovered to contain a large and life-like tin spider dangling from an elastic, and said, "Very well," politely,

The Lord High Chancellor was there, of course, and he always managed to give the effect of a crowd.

# WATER COLORS: By F. H. Brigden, P.O.S.A.



"In New Brunswick." An Idyl of the Maritimes

#### THE CHATELAINE SETS A LAMP IN HER WINDOW

#### And Finds That It Casts a Long Light

T IS only a little while since the thought of a magazine for the women of Canada came into being, and this is but its first issue-yet, in the few months between its announcement and its publication, it has 'cast a far beam."

Raying out over Canada, the light of The Chatelaine's lamp

has been thrown. Wherever it has fallen, it has illuminated some new interest, some piece of vital news, some delightful possibility. Where it has not discovered, it has attracted. Away from the distraction of daily demands, it has summoned here a worker or a builder, there a thinker-all with messages for the Canadian woman.

There are endless fields to explore! We cannot

has shown us much where we saw little before. So many unsuspected possibilities have come to light that one would almost swear this lamp of The Chatelaine's was Aladdin's, and that these genii had sprung up because she touched it.

But it is from the Canadian Woman herself that the lamp's hail has called forth the greatest response. To her, we believe it has seemed a beacon burning on the borders of a new country . . . . a world where women think and dream and plan, and turn to account the leisure which they have. Where work and play have a happy meeting place, it is good to be. To that meeting place The Chatelaine's lamp will be held high to light the way for the women of Canada.

"This is something of our very own at last," is the burden of hundreds of letters from Canadian women which have come to us during the time in which the magazine was in preparation. And everything which has gone into its making has been an echo of those words .... something of your "very own." The women of Canada have helped us name their own paper, and to a great extent they will continue to help us make it. There are great things to be told in a woman's language and seen through a woman's eyes-that we know. With each day we are finding them more and more concrete in Canada.



TO SOME extent, the contents of this first issue will be an indication of the subjects dedicated to the interests of Canadian women which are to be covered from month to month. But no one issue can cover the multifarious and ever-growing questions which are uppermost in the minds of women in the Dominion to-day. For instance, we have in preparation for

has had an unusual association with the affairs of and significance will endue them with new interest. women's national organizations over a lifetime. She is an acknowledged authority on parliamentary procedure and has made numerous important economic surveys of Dominion-wide significance. From that background she writes a thought-provoking article

entitled, "Are Our National Organizations Topheavy?" and her constructive criticisms in matters of actual organization-construction and

> of apportionment of work and expenses between our national and local women's clubs, will point out needed improvements. This will be one of the first articles on the national club life of Canadian women one of the greatest factors in the feminine life of Canada to-day.



THE arts—especially music—are home interests singularly neglected in periodical literature in Canada to-day. Our April issue will contain a popular survey of the great Easter music which will bring and taste in woman's dress, Vogue Patterns have come a truer meaning and understanding of the inspiring oratorios which are to be heard all over Canada at those who only occasionally take up the needle, as a that season. Whether they come to you over the air fail to find them, for the light of this new interest from the highly-trained choirs of the musical centres

an early issue an article by a Canadian woman who or in your own well-loved local church, their story This article is to be illustrated with reproductions of Resurrection subjects by the great masters. were secured by The Chatelaine's special order from Rome, where the originals hang in their several world-famous galleries.

You will have noticed two delightful contributions of poetry by young Canadian writers in this issue. It is not casually contributed verse. It has been selected from among the work of Canadian writers submitted on request. The Chatelaine's poetry, we hope, will be one of its most-watched-for features. There will be many a little verse to paste lovingly away, and many, we know, will have a more permanent life than fugitive publication can give them. They say that, in her poets, Canada has produced her greatest literary talent. In any event, the little songs of the true poets of Canada will be sought out continuously for these pages.

THE CHATELAINE offers a very unusual service to the women of Canada in its presentation of Vogue Patterns. The acknowledged arbiter of style to be regarded by women who sew a great deal, or guarantee not only of absolutely correct fit and line, but the most practical cutting guide available. As

> a mere indication of the mode itself, these patterns are an acquisition. Of course, they appear in The Chatelaine exclusively.



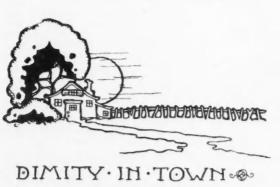
N THIS issue you will read the first story made available to the general public, of the remarkable research in child psychology which is being carried on under the auspices of two of the country's great universities. This article is forerunner of a series of articles on child training, by the same author-Frances Lily Johnson, of the Department of Psychology, University of Toronto. The full benefit of this research, and the later findings of child-training experts the world over, will be placed in the hands of readers of "The Chatelaine" through these articles.



WITH her great work before her, and with an encouraging portion already begun, The Chatelaine commends her first issue to the women of Canada. Already conscious of your own high ideals for a Canadian woman's magazine, and confident of your interest, our hope is that from the very beginning it may arise to your expectations.

If the light of The Chatelaine's lamp, when it shall have fallen your way, has brought more meaning into the every-day world about you, shown you an unexpected beauty, helped you to find better methods in any activity of your home or life, then she will have accomplished the purpose for which she came into beingto serve the Canadian woman in her every interest and need.

Ame Shabeth Wilson



DOROTHY LIVESAY

He brings me hot-house roses! Buds that pressed their sniffing noses Against a window-pane!

He knows naught of flowers, Of mystic scents, and faery powers, Of gardens in the rain.

City-bred and sleeping He does not hear the wind come creeping Along my moonlit lane.

He brings me hot-house roses, And never, never once supposes I'm going home again!



She then bent over Swami Marcel's white hand and kissed it!

#### Love and the Cat

By FRANCES FENWICK WILLIAMS

Illustrated by Fred Finley



#### The Story of a Latter-Day Miracle

HASN'T taken any vows of celibacy, has he?"
"No. He doesn't have to. He—"

"Doesn't, hey? I'll tell the world he does!" "Oh, Dick! Fancy being jealous of that lofty

soul!

"Lofty soul! A thing that rolls in mud and chews nuts and—whatever did he come to French River for?"
"The vibrations are good here," replied Vivi solemnly.
Her escort emitted a hoarse snort.

"That's good!" Brilliant, burning sunlight; banks of feathery clouds; toy rapids roaring in the distance; a peacock-green river dancing beneath a gaunt, grey cliff.

On the river, a birch canoe of bravest scarlet; in the canoe a well-built young man with a plain face and nice eyes. Curled at his feet, a fresh, graceful nymph with engaging dimples and extravagantly long lashes; on the nymph's lap a loudly purring bundle of gray fur.

"Here," mused the nymph, glancing tranquilly at moss-green woods, whispering waters and broad stretches of golden-gleaming sand, "here, in the cool recesses of these wooded hills—"

"Bunk!" reflected the youth, "She never used to talk like

this!")
"—Here, in the serene charm of this unspoilt and holy
"—Here, in the serene charm of this unspoilt and holy

"—Here, in the serene charm of this unspoilt and holy spot, a highly developed adept like the Swami may invite his soul unobserved."

"Unobserved!" muttered her companion.

"Dick!" ejaculated the nymph, with just a hint of tartness in the velvet of her voice, "It's of no use to even try to explain. A man like that can't help attracting notice. He's unique."

"Now see here Vivil 16 Lebest on the second of the second of

Now, see here, Vivi! If I chose to trail round in a gunnysack kimona-couldn't I be just as unique as

Vivi raised eyes like dark pools hidden by fringing erns and surveyed her interlocutor with a slow and scornful smile.

"What-not if I slept in ditches and roosted in like a dashed turkey?" demanded Dick insultingly.

Vivi's eyes blazed out at him.

"Understand once for all—I will not listen to this sort of talk. Swami Marcel simply is not on your plane—or on mine either!" she added after a percep-

tible hesitation. "Swami Marcel-"

"Swami Nothing!"

is brother to the whole wide world. He is brother to the birds—the fishes—the little, crawling caterpillars— "I'll say he is!"

Vivi flushed angrily.
"He is even." she continued in low, awed accents. "brother

to you!"

The-devil he is!"

"Oh do be careful! It's awfully deep here! Even if you don't care anything about me you might consider the poor

'Vivi-darling!"

"Now, Dick, there you go again shaking the canoe! Poor oby positively jumped." 'I should think he would. I can't imagine a cat wanting to

come in a canoe. Should think he'd be afraid."
"Darling Toby!" murmured Vivi, burying her fresh face in the cat's fur. "He's never afraid of anything with me, izzums? Do you know, Dick, he

follows me round like a dog."
"Or like a Dick!"

Vivi laughed impatiently.

"Oh, it's all very well, Vivi. but you usen't to be always laughing at me. It's only since this darn—"

"Sorry!" muttered Dick, relapsing into a

moody silence.

The beauty of the peacock-green river with its sparkling, fleecy foam and sunlit ripples! Dick loved every inch of it. Every little eddy

and backwater, every rocky bluff and promontory, every impudent boulder which thrust itself from the green depths seeking to block his way.

If only he could drift forever on this enchanted

chain of lakes with Vivi's fringed eyes gazing into his and Vivi's earth-brown curls bobbing in the breezes. But alas! Between him and his eidolon lay a stumbling-block.

Dick's wrath rose again. "Brother!" he muttered angrily to his paddle . . . "If Swami Permanent Wave thinks he's any relation to me he's

got another guess coming."

Vivi opened her mouth; then shut it suddenly, smoothed

out her small, scornful face, nailed a bright New Thought smile to it . . . and said nothing.

"Trouble with that boob," snarled Dick, rendered desperate by her silence, "is that he doesn't know an insult when he gets one. Doesn't even see it! If anyone dared to treat me the way I've treated him—"

"Little minds are too much wounded by little things'"

"'Little minds are too much wounded by little things,'"
quoted Vivi dreamily. "'Great minds see all and are not even hurt.

"Huh! Bet I know where you got that!"
"La Rochefoucauld!"

"Oh la-la-la!" commented Dick rudely. "Well, I suppose Swami Permanent's getting holier every day, what with his mud and his meditations!"

'The world is a staircase,' " assented Vivi unexpectedly, "'some are going up and some are going down."

Dick surveyed her in silence.

Such a glorious afternoon in early summer! Dancing green

waves—rollicking rose-edged clouds ballooning among the blue—intoxicating baby breezes lifting Vivi's nut-brown locks—and then this!

His kind, bright eyes scowled; his pleasant, homely face

contracted.

"More of Swami Permanent's wisdom, eh?" he growled.
"No. It's an Italian proverb."
Little minx! She was doing it on purpose. Dick bristled

like a bull-dog.

'Where did you hear it?" he demanded.

She was silent. He laughed mirthlessly.
"Same old source of inspiration, I suppose!"
"'Hatred is like fire — it makes even light rubbish adly!" promptly countered Vivi.

"Whose is that?" demanded Dick, getting red. "George Eliot's."

Continued on page 51



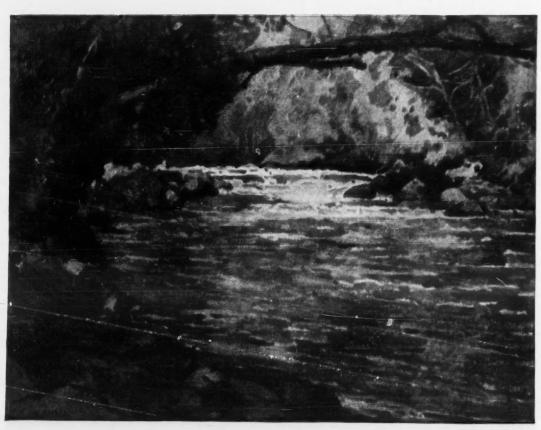
"A Bend in the Don." A scene in the Don Valley, near Toronto, Ontario

Frederick H. Brigden came to Canada from England in 1873. He studied at the Ontario School of Art under William Cruikshank, R.C.A., and G. A. Reid, R.C.A. He was elected a member of the Ontario Society of Artists in 1898, and vice-president in 1913. He is now president, having succeeded Robert F. Gagen. Mr. Brigden was awarded the bronze medal for water colors at the Pan-American Exhibition at Buffalo in 1901, and has ever been a well-known figure in the contemporary development of Canadian art.

#### A CANADIAN ART ALBUM

These three water-colors, reproduced from originals by F. H. Brigden, President of the Ontario Society of Artists, are the first of a series of representative Canadian paintings to be shown from month to month. During the year, reproductions of the work of our outstanding painters will appear, representing both the old school and contemporary art.

The Canadian landscape in spring and summer, with its lush growth and brilliant contrasts, has always attracted the talent of F. H. Brigden. His style is in the true water-colorist's manner, clear pure color laid on with the "premier coup" which is the triumph and despair of the worker in this most elusive medium. His work has both delicacy and depth, as these three rather varied subjects plainly show.



"Sunlit Rapids". From the water color by F. H. Brigden, P.O.S.A.

she whispered, "velvets and satins and laces. Wouldn't almost anyone be beautiful in pearls and velvets—pearls
wound in her hair—velvets threaded with gold—oh, wouldn't almost anyone-

His laugh was so young and eager. Disillusionment was

forgotten.
"Lord, but you're funny. What's this talk about beauty?

Are you considering taking a trip to Hollywood?"

Her smile was tremulous. It wasn't funny to her; not to any girl knowing herself plain, longing to be among the beautiful of the earth.

"Think of all the women there've been," she said, pensive now, her eyes upon the wreathing mists, "history's full of them. Every page almost—Semiramis—she was the one the great Alexander loved—"
"Never heard of the lady."

"I like to read about them all. Bathsheba-you've heard about her, of course.'

"Not that I remember."

"Why, she was the one King David loved. Then there was Balkis—Queen of Sheba—Balkis, with her apes and ivory and peacocks-

"Queer little kid. How do you remember all of 'em? Blessed if I could."

"'Cause they interest me, I suppose. If you're interested it's easy enough to remember. Did you ever hear of Deirdre— Irish, she was—perhaps that's why I remember her. Deidre of the Sorrows was what they called her. Doesn't her name sound like a song?"

shook his head. He was smiling now, whimsically, tenderly.

"Funny game. Reading up musty, dusty old history don't see what you get out of it—reading all about the dead 'uns—perhaps they weren't so much after all—"

But she wouldn't have it so. Of course they were beauti-

How else would their names come down to us? Think what it must have been like to be Cleopatra-she had only to look at a man once—"

Dangerous ground. Hadn't Kitty looked but once? The

Cleopatras were perhaps all not yet dead.

The fog drifted on the river, blown by a faint breeze into billowy sails, tall galleons drifting down upon them, gilded

delicately by the moon. From another bench along the river front the murmur of a man's voice, a high girlish laugh. Couples stirred and moved and moved closer to one another. A girl's drooped until it lay

"And you," whispered
Nora Brady, "what will your
galleons bring?"
She trembled for his reply.

He shook his head.
"Don't want to get things that way—want to dig for them myself. That's the whole fun of it. Why, you can get anything you want," he declared with the audacious optimism of youth, optimism that sees the world and its far flung empires something to be held in the palm of one hand.

And because Nora Brady was a woman, and, therefore, older and, who shall deny more knowledgeable of life, she only smiled wistfully, knowing these for brave words, a gallant challenge flung to the hazards of existence.

"It's a duel of sorts," he went on, "with the world as adversary. If you don't win then it will down you. But I'm not scared."

It bred an intimacy, this disclosing of their secret hopes and dreams in the melting dusk; an intimacy that drew them together; that caused his hand to wander along the cold stone bench until it found her hand, passive and warm. And contact with that slim warm hand bred desire for more, and he drew her close and brought her head to rest in

the strong curve of his arm.
"Little Nora Brady," he said, making of her name, her very commonplace name, sound that was as beautiful to her as the music-speaking syllables of any of that great and glorious company of the dim past—Semiramis—Bathsheba—Balkis—Deirdre of the Sorrows—"little Nora Brady—you and I—"
Incredible. Kitty forgotten. Kitty whose eyes were an incredible.

incredible. Kitty lorgotten. Kitty whose eyes were an invitation and whose mouth was a lure no man could resist. "You and I," whispered Nora Brady breathlessly. Magic in those words that has set the heart of youth to dancing ever since time immemorial. "You and I."

'Fools we've been not to have known it. Don't see how we could have helped knowing it. Blessed if I do."

Was he so sure? She feared to lay a doubt before him. She had no doubt of what lay in her own mind, but of him she could not be so sure. Being Nora Brady, she could not fancy any man loving her with her plainly featured face.

Dreams were like this—but his mouth on hers was no

dream-it was terrific with reality.

FREAKISH the twist fate gave to the life of Nora Brady. Grotesque in its essence.

As secretary to old Mr. Millen, she had mothered him from the moment she had appeared before him in answer to an advertisement. Mr. Millen had at that time lost an only son, and Nora Brady's warm sympathy had gone out to the broken old man until he grew to depend upon her more as though she were a daughter than a secretary.

"She's not like the rest of the senseless hussies, forever titivating before a mirror," he would explain, "powdering their noses. Bah! Takes an interest in her work instead of calculating the effect she's having on the man she's taking dictation from. There's something about her-

And so it was that after the stroke of paralysis which made him helpless as a baby, it was for Nora Brady he sent, despite the presence in the house of two stiffly starched nurses, and despite the opposition of all the cousins and nieces and nephews, who saw in Nora Brady a menace and a threat.

It was to Nora Brady whom Mr. Millen expressed his sentiments with a deadly vehemence which boded ill for all the relatives who, these days, hummed and buzzed around

the stately old house on George Street.

"A crowd of vultures," he remarked acidly, "for it's nothing but 'Uncle, dear, let me sit with you to-day.'

'Uncle, dear, a few flowers from my garden.' 'Uncle, dear, a cup of beef tea I made for you myself.' '' And here the old man would give a queer, choked cackle, the sort of laugh to be expected had one of the stone gargoyles over the front door been capable of laughter. "Not a penny—not a blessed penny of mine—not one of them. Last minute attentions don't go with me. I can't swallow them. How much have they bothered before this? Once a year before Christmas, in time for me to write their Christmas cheques. Tell them to clear out. There's nothing for them here. They're only wasting their time.

"But you're wrong, quite wrong, Mr. Millen," insisted Nora Brady, a pang at her heart because she was losing a friend, and he going out into the darkness with such bitterness in his heart for his own people. "Oh, you're wrong completely. Only this morning your niece—the pretty one with the dark eyes—" Oh, of course, Nora Brady would have noticed her—"she was crying when she came down stairs—"

"Crocodile tears," snorted the old man from his stiff, high, white pillows, "don't tell me, Nora Brady, that you with your common sense are fooled by all this palaver. 'The old your common sense are fooled by all this palaver. 'The old man's dying'—that's what they're saying—'wonder how much he's got salted away in stocks and bonds."

And every evening she could manage to slip away for a

few hours, there was Michael, waiting for her on the bench beside the river, eager, impatient, for the tap of her light feet on the path.

"Let's make it to-morrow, little Nora Brady," he whispered to her, at length. "I got the license to-day."

"—oh, you didn't—" crimsoning in the darkness.

"No sense in waiting. What's the use? Wasting time, aren't we? Haven't got too much of it, either, seems to me—barely fifty years maybe. Say it will be to-morrow."

She caught her breath. Eyes burned through the dusk. Only fifty years. It made her impatient, too. But another thought came tumbling over the first.

"I've no dress to be married in. I'm saving—next month or perhaps the month after. It takes a lot of saving to buy a wedding dress-

'And you'd keep me waiting a month, perhaps two, for a silly old dress. Are you crazy, Nora Brady? And only fifty years to go." His hand took tight hold of hers. She could read his eagerness, his impatience in the pressure of his-fingers. "Can't I go and look at dresses in the shop window if I must look at dresses? stand and look at them for an hour if that will please you. Wedding dresses. You'll tell me which one it should be— wouldn't see it a bit better if you were wearing it. Doubt then if I'd see it at all. I'll be looking at you, won't I? Oh, little Nora Brady, you'd lose a month when time's so short— think—a whole month thirty days-seven hundred and twenty hours-fortythree thousand, two hundred minutes-

She laughed tremulously, but still held back, fighting for the desire to appear magnificent on that day of days. She had planned it all so carefully. It should, of course, have been satin, shimmering like frost, a veil like a mist, but since it couldn't be that —since her common sense told her the absurdity of such a thing, she had settled on a dress of tender grey, with violets-rich purple and a string of artificial pearls for her throat. She had pictured how it would be, and now he was threatening to upset it all with his dear and terrible impatience.

"To-morrow, little Nora Brady, "say it will be to-morrow."

"You'd marry me like this, shabby like this," she asked, looking down at the old grey tweed suit, "when I wanted—oh, I wanted—" she hesitated, abashed at what she had been about to say.

How could she tell him she

had dreamed of being magnificent? Wouldn't he laugh at Continued on page 48

Nora Brady sighed and looked toward the river where pale mists were rising.





The Galleons of Spain

STIFFLY she sat on one of the stone benches in the park facing the benches in the park facing the river, attentive, waiting. Her hands folded. a soft felt hat shadowing her face—a face in which the mouth was too wide, the nose too blunt, the

eyes too far apart, the cheek bones too high. But the eyes were those a Murillo might have loved to paint—eyes, sweetly brooding, that would have done justice to one of the Madonnas in the Franciscan chapel at Seville.

But Nora Brady was all unaware of that sweetly brooding look. Only, she knew her mirror reflected a small and colorless person, mouse-colored hair brushed straight back from a plainly featured face, without a hint of the beauty she sought for and found in other faces—the beauty she worshipped

There was no scarcity of beautiful faces. She could pick them out by the score on any street; behind the counters in every department store. Why, even the young Italian girl in the fruit stall at the corner of the street had eyes of a dark and melting loveliness; a mouth like a pomegranate

Sometimes it seemed to Norah Brady that only she, worshipper of beauty, lacked the possession of it.

A crisp footstep sounded on the gravel walk and instinc-tively she stiffened, her lashes fluttering over startled eyes,

her hands tightening together. Agonizing suspense!

A voice, queerly sobered for the youth that was in it—
"I thought it might be you."

Nora Brady smiled in the dusk and a tall slender figure slid towards her along the bench. She recognized in that remark a subterfuge, a wish to conceal the fact that he came to look for her, seeking for her sympathy. He did not want her to imagine it was so. He would not have her think the had any reason to believe he would find her on this bench in the park, where now for so many nights he had found -waiting.

her—waiting.

"It was such a delicious night," she said, keeping up the little play of subterfuge since he would have it so subterfuge since he would have it so making it sound as though this meeting was entirely accidental: that it was only the warm soft dusk that had brought her hither; the honey-colored moon hanging like a swollen pearl low over the river.

With their cargoes of little dreams



#### By BEATRICE REDPATH

Illustrated by Henry Davis

"I met her just now," Michael's tone bespoke similar previous conversations, "she was with him again. Grinning jackass. What she sees in him—"
"It's only that he's someone new," she offered for consol-

ation, "that's all it is. She'll get over it and then—"
"She can marry him for all I care," he said, chin high, eyes challenging his fate.

slid a quick glance at him. More of defiance in him now than sorrow; more of hurt pride than of inconsolable grief. She held her fingers tightly intertwined in an effort not to touch his arm, not to hover over him with tender, sympathetic hands while she begged him to forget what was not worthy of remembrance.

"They'll be sick of one another before the year's out."
She nodded. Pretty Kitty Lee would never remain loyal to any one. She could afford to tire of the swarms of young men clustering around her, begging for favors; pretty Kitty with her hair like melting honey; eyes that were a distraction; lips that were an invitation and at the same time something of a solace.

Michael had got benefit her leading do Dance. In no time

Michael had met her at the Jardin de Danse. In no time they had been engaged; as quickly the engagement had been broken. Nora Brady had been with them once or twice to the Jardin de Danse when the engagement had been on the wane, inveigled into coming by Kitty, who was becoming restless and tiring of so constant a lover as Michael.

"For goodness sake come along and take him off my hands for one evening," Kitty had begged. And Nora Brady

had gone for no other reason than to be obliging—the first time; the second time because she could not find it in her heart to refuse. And then, when the engagement had been broken, Michael had turned to Kitty's friend for consola-

tion—the friend who understood.

Nora Brady sighed and looked towards the river where frail white mists were rising. Some would give their souls for what Kitty tossed aside like a worn out ribbon. But what use thinking a man who had looked his fill on Kitty could ever be satisfied with anything less? Sternly she took

"Look," she said, abruptly, her eyes on those writhing, wreathing mists, riffled by a light breeze, floating down upon them like billowy sails. "Look! Aren't they ships with

ails? Galleons of Spain coming toward us—"
He laughed softly, that first stiff defiance leaving him, his mood melting into hers.

"Queer little kid, aren't you? What do you want them to bring you—your galleons of Spain?"

Her eyes shone into the amethyst dusk. She knew what she wanted. Who better? Wanted what would make her ravishing in his eyes. She, Nora Brady, with her plainly-featured face, longed to make herself magnificent, that he

might be led to forget Kitty with the hair like melting honey, eyes that were a distraction and a lure. Wanted to dazzle him; wanted to shine before him in beauty, as though she were one of those ladies of history whose beauty was forever a pardon. Then he might forget Kitty—

"Pearls and rubies and sapphires,"



read about the various periods when the basque, the dolman, the princess gown and the overskirt swished about the land. Not only is the waistline shown where it really is, but there is a decided tendency to mark the curve of the natural figure between shoulders and hips! It really looks as if the latter might be seen about again in polite society. Skirts are longer, much longer for every hour in the day. Nice women have no knees, and I should not wonder if by next autumn. they would be legless.

Skirts of Importance

MOREOVER, skirts have taken on a great deal of importance, being no longer mere incidents. Those for fete-ish afternoons and evenings can only be described as "dripping", what with loose panels, sash ends that turn into trains, sags at the sides, sags at the back, it's drip, drip, drip. That up-in-the-front-down-in-the-back movement which Louiseboulanger originated is being exploited by all the others, mostly in a less exaggerated form. I am sending you a version by Groult. The model is frilled, and frilliness is very, very fashionable. Do not make any mistake, though. It is not the frilliness of the Sweet Young Thing, organity and lace, pink-sashed against a background of honey-suckle and phlox! and phlox!

Let me interrupt myself in the telling of the collections to set down an example or two of the new kind of frilliness. The other Sunday night, at the Ritz, there dined next to me

a frock in black chiffon, the skirt a series of gold-edged ruffles, the bodice in gold lamé, plain and tight-fitting. And over in a corner, having coffee afterwards, close to the dancing floor, were more frills, the dejected, droopy-looking kind with a Victorian bodice and a belt of rhinestones. Lelong is the only one who makes "young girl" frills, rows and more narrow rows of them on a full skirt scooping up in front over a plain petti-

coat. His frocks could go to church or a garden party with equal propriety.

But we were talking of skirts. Those of tailormades or street dresses are naturally much more sober. Pleated skirts, of course, are never going out. Practically all the Riviera models are pleated. Some of the new ones are made in pelisse tiers, as in the Lelong example, or they are made in tiers of rounded tabs, as many as three tiers, the third one a mere flat frill below the waistline. One or two of the houses put the pleats on a kind of basque, long in front, sloping towards the sides. A good many of the new bodices are slightly bloused above a trim belt. Remember that the waistline must be kept trim, no matter what

happens above or below.

which show plain or silver lace or lamé in the openings. The which show plain or silver lace or lamé in the openings. The coat-frock need not be opened all the way down. It may be closed from the neck to the waistline and the lining showing in a "V" in the skirt; or the skirt may be closed and the bodice show a "V" guimpe. (In any case, that ought to suggest a number of things to be done with last year's frocks). The majority of the long coats are flat-backed, flaring gently at sides and front, the flares starting well below the waistline. There are bound to be perfectly straight coats, of course since Vignest persists in making them, but the flare

course, since Vionnet persists in making them, but the flare is more in the new feeling. The strictly tailored coat fits snugly over the hips. Most of the Riviera jackets in jersey or crepe are similar, longish boleros tied with strings at the neck. Beer is trying to launch a short model with a decided flare off the hips. Premet tried the same thing some seasons ago. I saw the model in the Place Vendome one day and thought it was charming, but Premet's was then a voice crying in the wilderness.

Evidently there is no ousting the ensemble or the *trois* pieces, as they call it over here (even when there are only two pieces), particularly that one in which the lining of the coat and the frock under-

neath are twins in design and color. Personally, I think it is a mistake to have the lining match. It limits you to one I do not want to bore you

An unusual

effect in brilliants and rich

georgette. The depths of mid-

night blue are starred with

rather large di-

amantes, pressed into the fabric

on bodice and

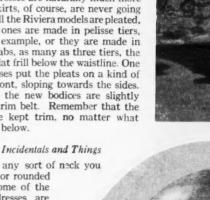
skirt-front. while the free

long end of a

sumptuous sash of satin ribbon

is weighted with

a matching ornament. Lelong.



YOU may have any sort of neck you wish, pointed or rounded or square. On some of the newer evening dresses are surplices back and front. The Riviera models are sleeveless. For street and formal wear, sleeves may be long and tight, or long and bell-shaped or tight to the elbow and full below, gathered into narrow cuffs. You may put as much trimming on your sleeve as your arm will carry! The jumper is just as ram-pant as ever, in crepe de chine, fine jersey or tricot, worn with a matching pleated skirt. There is a lot of fancy tucking on the jersey and crepe jumpers. The knitted ones are either striped across in bright colors or patterned all over with small, gay, geometric figures. The skirt is always plain, also the coat when an ensemble is

in question. Those of you who have been secretly wishing for blouses that go under the skirt will be glad to hear that such blouses are being shown by Worth with his coats and skirts the real tailormades. Some of the blouses are in rather elaborate stuffs, so the problem of how to visit the shops and dine out without having to go home to change, is

solved. I must mention, too, that tailored or coat-frocks are being featured. The coat-frock idea is carried out in satin and crepe, as well as in heavier stuffs. Doucet has several models

A summer cloche in Bangkok, worn well down on the neck and off the face, trimmed with chorded ribbon in brown and beige. This Lewis model, made specially for the Riviera, is consequently suitable to Canada for spring and summer wear

with microscopic descriptions of models, but here are two sug-

gestions backed by backed by Doucet, Worth, Le-long and Drecoll. The first is for early spring, when the snow still lurks dingily in the corin the cor-ners and byways, or it can be worn again in the fall. The second is for later on. when the gold of the days deepens — Canadian spring days the like of which no other country even

dreams of but enough of that lest I become weepy!

The first has a long coat, one of those flatback - and - sides, flaring kind. In black broadcloth, black or navy blue moire or satin, it carries collar and cuffs in some flat summer fur in beige or gray. The frock undergray. The frock under-neath is in one of the

crepes silk or wool reps, or in the new soft reps, lighter in weight than the coat if the latter is in moire. The frock is simply made, the bodice crossed like a surplice with perhaps a touch of white or beige or silver at the neck or wrists; perhaps with the surplice opening outlined in fine beads or embroidery and a vest in lamé lace, or chiffon. The skirt may have godets or fan pleats at one side, or it may be a two or three tiered affair of flat bands or flat pelisse flowness.

The second has a long coat of navy blue georgette with horizontal tucks, half an inch in width, from the neck to the hem. All around the outline and up the seams the georgette is trained in a plain narrow band. It may be worn over a frock in the same material and color trimmed with checked silk in blue and beige or blue and red. Or the frock might be in one of the new figured crepe de chines, a small design in red and blue or red and black on an ivory background, the whole trimmed with plain bands of navy blue. You can mate one such coat with as many frocks as your purse will admit, provided there is something blue to show the relation. A plain blue belt or a handkerchief fichu of blue on a pure

white or beige frock is sufficient to establish kinship.
Old-fashioned polka dot designs are very fashionable.
Some of the smaller shops, the bonbonniere kind, run by Gaby or Lucie or La Petite Jeanette, sometimes turn out to

Gaby or Lucie or La Petite Jeanette, sometimes turn out to be owned by men, bearded like goats, but no matter—such small shops are showing collars and cuffs of polka dots, kerchiefs that tie around the neck and the wrists of a tight sleeve with stiff butterfly ends.

Black, navy blue and gray with a leaning towards taupe, are the formal colors, according to Lanvin, Doucet and the others. Vionnet uses quite a lot of green. For sports and summer things, however, white comes first, and after white, the lighter shades of green and all shades of yellow. There are few hais de rose models all the beiges being drained of are few bois de rose models, all the beiges being drained of red tones, and no blues for summer wear except navy blue.

As to hats—over here one wears felt all the year round, and really there is little change from last season. Trimming

consists of a tailored bow or a diamond pin—it doesn't have to be real so long as it glitters. I am sending you some Lewis models made specially for the Riviera, and thus suitable to Canada. There is some talk of making the new models flare

Continued on page 65



#### Paris Favors a Feminine Mode

The Boyish Figure Fades From the Picture

E HAVE been having the midseason and Riviera collections and the couturiers are all in a flutter. Not worried to death in the way they are for the Great Openings, when the professional buyer is ramping about, but pleasantly flustered, so that you get rather a thrill yourself when you enter a salon to see a parade.

All about you the women are frocked to perfection and knowingly hatted, since the modistes say the smart hat need be neither pretty nor becoming so long as it has the right proportions and is, above all, chic. Just at present, everyone wears slim coats, the wrappy kind—if they have buttons no one uses them. The frocks underneath are equally slender, in crepe romaine or jersey or kasha, tucked above, pleated below, or tucked from neck to hem in a pattern.

one uses them. The frocks underneath are equally slender, in crepe romaine or jersey or kasha, tucked above, pleated below, or tucked from neck to hem in a pattern.

Some houses give you tea, scrappy sandwiches and cakes, making the collections rather intimate affairs, but in no wise detracting from their importance. Because they are important, you know, foreshadowing, as they do, what the feminine world will go about in next summer. Moreover, they

By MARY WYNDHAM



emphasize the successful notes struck in the showings of winter styles. That is, they retain those features which were approved of by their private clientele, not necessarily those admired by the professional buyers.

The note of femininity which was sounded in August or thereabouts is the dominant one in these new collections. Anyone who has been meandering about where les Elegantes, mondaine or otherwise, tea or lunch, dance or dine, knows that the average smart woman has become "dressier" this last season than for ages past. There was a time when she could get into a sports rig-out right after breakfast and stay

in it until dinner, but all that pleasant casualness is past. Even at noon time at the Ritz—it's still the most amusing place to lunch—the clothes one sees seem fluffier; even the tailleurs have lost their mannishness without losing their trigness. Women who look as if they had just rushed in from golf or were just about to rush off to it, usually are rushing from it or to it. As I said, the note of femininity is not only maintained in the new collections but has taken on volume. Women are still to look straight and graceful and strong, but their outlines are to be softened. The boyish figure is being slowly backed off the fashion map, as it were. Young girls and young women up to fifty may be slim, but it must be the pliant slimness of a swaying flower, as one couturier put it, waxing poetic. As for the older woman, from fifty on wards, she may be as natural as she pleases in her silhouette, so long as she isn't exuberant.

But, in addition to all this true femininity as opposed to the past masculine femininity, the mid-season openings have gone off on a reminiscent tangent all their own. You've



# Meeting Spring Half Way

Sportsy things for the early days before Easter



At right, jersey is increasingly one of the most favored of the sports and informal fabrics. This red two-piece frock is an example of the tucked models now being shown among Billie Burke dresses. A two-tone bangkok straw with modernistic planes of color meeting across the brim is a knowing companion for the dress' dashing scarlet. Hats by Goulding.

Below, a coat by Miller in two tan tones of their sports fabric, kasha lama rug. The back-turned lapel in the deeper tone, and the throw-back scarf collar, are special features. The hat is a bangkok straw which repeats the two shades of the coat in its body and heavy gros-grain binding.



These Hats and Dresses

are trademarked. Similar models by the same manufacturers should be available at your local shops. If not, they can be secured for you through any clothing retailer.



Above, for sport or for morning wear, the heavy crepe de chine in simple pleats, yoked at shoulder and hips with faggoting, hemstitching or chording, is the frock of the hour. In powder blue, with suede belt of deeper shade, this is a Martha model.

## Morning, Noon and Night

Simple lines but distinction of cut and design





At left, a tailored Billie Burke street dress in navy blue ottoman chord with the ever-smart white pin stripe. A suggestion of white twill silk vestee softens the severe neck line. A Goulding hat in natural baku with black embroidered medallion and black straw brim completes a stunning trotteur costume. Note the tendency of the hat to recede from the face.



A rainbow dance frock in light blue taffeta, simply but most unusually embellished with taffeta chording in pastel shades. The underskirt is of light blue chiffon. A Martha creation of exquisite originality.

#### Smart Wearing Apparel

from the most exclusive ready - to - wear establishments in Canada, is being sold throughout the country. You will find examples of their interesting offerings every month in this department.



Below, a formal Miller coat in black kitten's ear broadcloth with heavily tucked deep fin cuffs and black satin collar. The hat by Goulding, is of soft black pedaline with inset of flowered petit point embroidery and sheer nose veil.

# The Beautiful Henriette

## THE KING OF BELGIUM'S SISTER

O have been born a royal princess and a golden haired beauty of statuesque mold has never been enough for the Duchesse de Vendôme.

She has refused to rest content with these gifts of the gods. Patroness of the Arts, she has likewise kept her vivid mind abreast of the important political movements of her time.

Her salon is one of the most influential in Europe. Here artists and writers discuss with aristocrats and rulers the leading questions of the hour. Generals, statesmen and ambassadors bring to her elegant drawing rooms the brilliance of uniforms and decorations. And the presence of beautiful women casts a special glamour over all.

Such association has only intensified the Duchesse de Vendôme's conviction—that beauty and refinement play a high role in the drama of modern life.

The Glamour that Every Gathering Gains

SHE says: "When one's salon is the scene of frequent notable gatherings, one is conscious that a special enchantment emanates from the woman whose complexion sparkles with youth, is kept fresh with the

THE DUCHESSEDE VENDOME, sister of the King of the Belgians, is a royal princess by birth and wife of a Prince of the famous Maison de France. In her salon men with the air of race and women whose beauty is the mark of aristocracy, mingle with those who have won distinction in the field of arts and letters. The illustration above is taken from a portrait of Her Highness which hangs in the dining hall of her Riviera home, Chateau de St. Michel at Cannes. The portrait photograph (center) reflects the wide apart blue eyes, fair skin and hair characteristic of her family, the house of Saxe-Cohurg-Gotha.

"A special enchantment emanates from the woman whose complexion sparkles with youth!" declares this royal princess of Belgium, who as the DUCHESSE DE VENDÔME maintains one of the most brilliant salons in Europe.

in the front of the first of th

Her Royal Highness, The Duchesse de Vendome, born Princess Henriette of Belgium

dew of exquisite care. Fortunate are we," she adds, voicing the experience of women the world over, "who know Pond's Two Creams, and their accomplishments in achieving a perfect skin."

For your own skin apply these Creams daily as follows:

For cleansing your skin and keeping it fresh and supple use Pond's Cold Cream. Upon retiring and several times during the day apply this light cleansing cream



These Two fragrant Creams lend a special enchantment to beauty. Every normal skin needs them.

letting it remain a few moments. Its fine, pure oils penetrate the pores, removing all dust and powder. Wipe off the cream—and the dirt. Repeat the process.

If your skin is dry, leave some of the Cream on after the bedtime cleansing.

For an exquisite radiance and finish apply Pond's Vanishing Cream, lightly, after every daytime cleansing, always before you powder, and before going out, especially for the evening. This delicate cream adds a glowing finish to your skin, takes your powder naturally, and gives unfailing protection from cold, winds, dust and soot.

Two Delightful New Preparations by Pond's

AND now two delightful new preparations by Pond's are offered you! You can buy them in any store. Pond's Skin Freshener and Pond's Cleansing Tissues add the final requirements for perfect skin care. The Freshener, with its delicate fragrance, is the most delightful thing that ever touched your cheeks! It will bring the tingle of new life to your skin, will refresh, tone and firm it. It has a special ingredient, too, which heals and removes all danger of harshening. See how it wakens your skin in the morning, brings your whole face to life! And use it, too, after cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream—to remove every lingering trace—of oil and dirt the Cream has brought to the surface.



Of the five imposing homes maintained by the Duchesse de Vendôme, the Chateau de Tourronde on Lake Geneva is unique in its surroundings and terraced gardens.

Pond's Cleansing Tissues—also new—are softer than fine old linen. They remove cold cream with indescribable gentleness—will not roll into ineffectual balls, but absorb every trace of oil and moisture.

Try these exquisite new products. Send for the offer below.

New! 144 Offer: Mail this coupon with fourteen certs (140) Vanishing Gream and enough of Pond's new Skin Freshener and Pond's new Cleansing Tissues to last you a week.

POND'S EXTRACT Co., Dept. C 167 Brock Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Name\_

MADE IN CANADA



Vitamines A, necessary for health and resistance, and C. the antiscorbutic food. property, are well represented in this 730 calorie breakfast.

## A Spring Tonic in Every Meal

By NELLIE LYLE PATTINSON

Director of Domestic Science, Central Technical School, Toronto Author of "The Canadian Cook Book"



HE bright days of spring are upon us with suggestions of long hikes in the country, of hours at gardening, golf and tennis, but we drag wearily through the day,

goif and tennis, but we drag wearily through the day, half-interested in work, too tired even to think of play.

That spring feeling! Surely it is quite wrong; winter should not deal with us so severely. There should be some way of protecting ourselves from the constant struggle against colds and other infections and of emerging from the winter months full of energy and a desire to be up and doing.

What is the matter? Do we spend too.

What is the matter? Do we spend too much of our time indoors; in over-heated houses; in crowded, ill-ventilated places? Do we consider that the exercise we get at our work is insufficient? If so, perhaps the problem is already solved. But there is another factor so much influenced by our mode of living during the winter and early spring, that its effect on the condition of health when warm weather at last arrives, cannot be overestimated. It is simply the food we eat.

It may seem absurd to say that many of us reach a stage of partial starvation before winter is over, and yet it is true. We eat enough to satisfy our appetites; perhaps, unfortunately, we eat too much, and gradually, as the months go by, our interest in food begins to lag.

interest in food begins to lag.

The kind of food we eat bears a closer relation to health than any other single factor. Food is not just something to ward off hunger, to please our palates, something to be placed on the table three

times a day when meal time arrives. One of our greatest problems, then, is this—to get sufficient food

of the right kind for the money we can afford to spend.

An adequate diet for young and old must provide the essential mineral salts, otherwise we face these early months thinking seriously of those inevitable tonics and blood purifiers so well known to us in many spring advertisements. The mineral salts are those especially of iron, phosphorus and calcium (lime), and their best sources are fruits, vegetables and milk

Of fruits and vegetables, those which may be eaten fresh and uncooked are the best, such as apples, oranges, lettuce, cabbage, and celery. When cooking is necessary, methods should be followed which conserve as much as possible of the mineral matter. Baking and steaming are the best methods. Boiling results in the loss of as much as half of the mineral salts. mineral salts.

Milk supplies very little iron, but its lime and phosphorus are of great value. Eggs are not indispensable in the diet, but are very valuable for their supply of those mineral salts

so necessary for growth and repair.

We traver "ery close to a danger line of mineral deficiency when we choose largely from such foods as meats, breads, cakes and pastries. It is wise to

keep in mind, also, that while the are many contributing cause the foods just mentioned may be and largely responsible, in many case for the overloading of the system with acid. resulting in a condition which it

Make the "protective" which it is difficult to correct.

Make the "protective" was (milk, fruits and vegetables) the basis of regular diet.

AN ADEQUATE diet must also contain the vitamins. Vitamins are to the body what the spark is to the automobile. Growth, development, all the functions of the body, are de-

pendent upon the power received from these mysterious pendent upon the power received from these mysterious forces. Every day research workers are giving us more information regarding these comparatively recently known constituents of foods, so that now we can actually measure definite quantities for our needs.

There seems to be a vitamin for whatever ails us. There are those particularly dedicated to growth and development; others for improvement of the appetite, and a third protective group, which creates a condition of resistance to disease

tive group, which creates a condition of resistance to disease

Brodett-lam Greaned Fotaloo Bread & Butter Scalloped Apples Tea

Vitamine B, which improves digestion, and lack of which results in low resistance, is found in the raw greens and and fruit of this lunchem of 1075 calories.

and infection. They are found in the green leaves and stems of plants, such as spinach and lettuce; in the fat of milk, such as cream and butter; in the yolk of egg and in cod liver oil. Fruits, such as tomatoes (yes, a fruit here), apples and oranges, are rich in vitamins, as are the whole grain products, such as whole wheat.

Fruits and vegetables should be used uncooked whenever possible. The long storing of winter vegetables, potatoes, carrots turnips, and so forth, reduces their vitamin content seriously. It therefore

would seem wise to spend some money on such freshly grown vegetables as carrots and spinach, even when the price of the imported stock seems very

Vitamins which improve the quality of the blood and, therefore, also the general condition of ealth, are contained in fruits, especially acid fruits, oranges, lemons, apples, tomatoes, pineapple, and vegetables such as lettuce, cabbage carrots, string beans, and

Of the fruits, tomatoes and pheapple retain their vitamins in large amount, even when canned, so that they may be used when the fresh products are prohibitive in price. Green. vegetables are best when actually green and not when they are bleached to whiteness which, unfortunately, we often prefer.

From these statements, we are justified in emphasizing mild, fresh fruits and vegetables as protective foods. A fair amount of these foods in the daily diet is almost a sure guarantee of an adequate quantity of the various mineral salts, and vitamins which we require. In addition, fruits and vegetables supply sufficient bulk or roughage to ensure the normal functioning of the organs of digestion and

NOTHING has been said so far as to the value of meat in the diet, and much should be said since the average family is spending more for meat than for any other kind of food. It is stated that our neighbors in the United States are using about one-half pound of meat per person per day. We have reason to be-lieve that the Canadian dietary contains almost as much.

It is true that we must have protein for the constitution of muscles and fluids. and meat does supply us with protein of good quality. With it, however, we get only a small representation of the other essentials—mineral salts and vitamins. On the other hand, milk and eggs contain protein equal to that of meat, and along with it, liberal amounts of mineral matter and vitamins.

Taking into consideration also the fact that an excess of meat protein produces much acid which must be eliminated, it

would seem wise and necessary to reduce the expenditure for meat to a minimum and to use meat only in limited amount.

The meals here illustrated are adequate in all respectscalories, protein, iron, calcium, phosphorus, vitamins. They yield a total of 2800 calories, and are, therefore, sufficient for a man doing light work. Slight modifications make them applicable for women and adolescents.

The amount of food required depends upon age, size, sex,

climate, energy expenditure and condition of health. The quantity of food necessary for a child provides sufficiently for normal growth and a healthy physical condition; for an adult, the food required is adequate in maintaining normal

Continued on page 42



Mineral salts are present in the jacket of the baked potato, as well as the whole host of vitamines, including 'D" which is the high resistance principle of cod liver oil.





AND SHAMPOO . . . YOU LO FEEL MORE EXQUISITE

# Yesterday-50° for an imported toilet soap Today the same luxury for just

RTED SOAPS were such a price and yet the glory of woman's charaction—a velvet smooth, softly glorieal problem ...

Then came Lux Toilet Se oped in the laboratory of a Ca manufacturer, made by Canadians offering unheard of value in the toile soap market.

Within a brief period millions of women had made the test . . . . like

wildfire the news swept across Canada - "An exquisite velvety, skin-beautifying soap to be had for only ten cents"... the search was finished.

Almost a confection, brightly white, firm of texture, delicately fragrant and Oh, so grateful to the skin . . . Already Lux Toilet Soap has become the permanent vogue.

therever you live you will find Lux Soap at the nearest retail shop. hers Limited . . . Toronto.





Two Canadian
universities provide
schools for
ittle children
and raining
for their pages 15

A scene in the nursery school wash-room where each child, ranging in age from two to five, has his own basin, towel and soap, and is responsible for their order. He fills and empties his basin and performs all ablutions and duties himself.

ITH the growing realization of the importance of child-training at an early age, and the consequent need for some basis of study, the nursery school has recently made its appearance in Canada. Science has found that many, if not all, salient character traits are developed during the years of infancy. Habits which exercise tremendous influence in later life are formed in the first five years.

the first five years.

Heretofore, the infant in arms, on account of its helplessness, has received tenderest care and attention. The school has made itself responsible for the greater part of the training of the child over five, but the preschool child, in the most important, formative years of life, has been left to his own devices. Too often, his sole occupation has been trotting at mother's heels, getting in her way while the cool's breakfast and gets father off to work and the older children off to school; following her about as she washes the dishes, makes the bed, bathes the baby, memares lunch for

bathes the baby, prepares lunch for the school children; accompanying her when she does the shopping and mending, gets the dinner, washes the dishes and puts the baby to bed. He learns something from his environment, but very little is planned for his training or edification.

Research workers approve the old adage "As the Where a Child Can Be a Child

By FRANCES LILY JOHNSON



most important, has been left to often, his sole eeen trotting at rin her way while nigets father off or thicken off to r about 2s she nakes the bcd.

twig is bent the tree's inclined." but discard the proverb "Spare the rod and spoil the child." They believe that a proper environment will make the old-fashioned whipping unnecessary in child education. The school, three years ago, made its debut

years ago, made its debut in Canada amid a storm of criticism from those who did not understand its purpose. It was viewed as another institution making inroads on the home; or, as a species of day nursery, of leisure could leave

where the won, her child thus riou of family responsibility

The mission of the nurse, however, is another story. Its ore for the pre-school child has a two-aim. First, it supplies an environme, specially planned for the physical, mental, emotional and social development of a group of children, ranging in age from two to five years. Second, it furnishes the living material from which psychologists and students of child life may learn how the child develops

learn how the child develops character and adjusts itself to life. The knowledge so gained is disseminated for the benefit of parents in general. With the creation of the nursery school, comes the Parent Education Group, at which mothers receive instruction in child guidance, and co-operate with the experts in the scientific study of human development.

Financed by the Laura Spellman Rockefeller Memoral and a grant for Child Study given to the Canadian National Committee for Mental Hygiene by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, two Canadian nursery schools were founded at approximately the

Continued on page 44

In a large sunny room with attractive pictures and small tables, the child is free to employ himself in the pursuit of any activity that pleases him. His only restriction is that when he takes a plaything he must make some use of it, and when he is finished return it to its proper place

# hings women said to me about PERSPIRATION EMBARRASSMENTS

# At the Exposition of Women's Arts and Industries in New York

by Ruth Miller
AUTHORITY ON PERSPIRATION PROBLEMS

SWEET faced grandmothers, debutantes, busy business women, young wives, crowded to my booth in the great ballroom of the Hotel Astor for a week.

All suffered from the same embarrassing fear. How to be absolutely safe from the odor of underarm perspiration and the humiliating, ruinous stains on their dresses? Many who had not yet solved the problem said the fear of it haunted them. No matter what they did there was moisture under the arms, which soon became offensive.

Was there really a scientific and safe way of avoiding the constant anxiety over underarm perspiration, they asked almost as one woman?

How emphatically they were answered by the hundreds of women who used Odorono regularly. How interesting were the experiences to which we all listened as one woman after another took up the theme.

"My doctor told me about it first years ago; it's marvelous, I use it all the time."

An exquisitely dressed young woman said: "I almost blush to confess I never used Odorono until last year. I went to an important lunch in a brand new Paris frock. Imagine how I felt when a friend said, 'My dear, your dress is ruined.' I gasped and said my dress shield must have slipped. You should have heard the girls exclaim, 'You don't use Odorono!' And the rest of the lunch was an experience meeting. I felt as gauche as a school girl and I bought my first bottle of Odorono on the way home."

#### New 10c Offer:

Mail coupon and 10c for the complete underarm toilette, samples of Odorono, Odorono No. 5, Odorono Cream Depilatory and Deodorant Powder.



This is the only way to tell whether you too are offending unconsciously. Examine your dress at the underarm tonight immediately after removing it. Is it perfectly free from even a trace of perspiration odor? If you shrink from what you find, remember other people get that same unpleasant impression every time they come near you A capable looking business woman said, "Perspiration odor turns men in an office agains," a woman quicker than anything else and Odorono is the only way I know to keep that daintiness that has nothing to do with soap and water cleanliness through the strain of a long besy office day!"

IT makes me feel so muci. more exquisite, and self-confident," said one woman. "I use Odorono twice a week and never have a particle of moisture under the arm, no natter how late I dance or how much I exercise in snug wool sleeves."

An important looking middle aged woman said: "I am a public speaker. The excitement of appearing on the platform made my hands perspire profusely. The clammy discomfort was annoying and handicapped my platform manner. A surgeon told me about using Odorono for his own palms. Now I could not get along without it. And with comfortable dry hands I find my poise and presence much improved."

Odorono was first made by a physician to stop perspiration on the palms of his hands when operating. It proved so effective and comfortable that other physicians began recommending its use for the little closed-in hollow of the underarm where perspiration causes odor and ruins clothes.

Research proved that it was perfectly safe, healthy, to check the natural moisture in any small area with Odorono. Its action is what doctors term "occlusive" and merely temporary. There is no drying or other injurious effect on the perspiration glands. Pat it on the clean underarm, wait until it is thoroughly dry to be sure it has taken effect.

There are now two kinds of Odorono. Regular Odorono (ruby colored), which brings freedom from moisture and odor with one or two applications a week, used the last thing at night so as to give plenty of time for drying. And Odorono No. 5, milder (colorless) for especially sensitive skin and for hurried use—to be used either night or morning every other day.

Odorono, Odorono No. 5 and the delightful new Odorono Cream Depilatory are on sale at toilet goods counters. Odorono 35c, 60c, \$1.00. Depilatory 50c.

If you have never known the ease and confidence Odorono gives you, send for the little kit of samples offered below and begin enjoying its wonderful security at once.

Women of breeding use over three million bottles of this medically approved occlusive every year; Odorono has no drying or other injurious effect on the perspiration glands



Made in Canada

HIS, the first issue of The Chatelaine, bears the title selected by the judges as being the most fitting of more than 75,000 names submitted by men and

women residing in every corner of Canada. Immediately the decision was arrived at, a cheque for \$1,000 was forwarded to Mrs. Hilda Pain, R.R. 1, Eburne, B.C., the first

to place the winning title in the mail.

Mrs. Pain is a rancher's wife. Her home is a modest farm

## Why I Chose "THE CHATELAINE"

Mrs. Hilda Pain, of Eburne, B.C., tells how she thought of the \$1,000 title

Mrs. Hilda Pain, the prize winner, whose suggested title "The Chatelaine" was first in the mail.

ENDORSEMENT IS RECEIPT COVERING

PARTICULARS

Prize sward for the

winning title of the

ew magazine for

CERTIFIED CORRECT

Mrs. Pain first came to Canada in 1912, and it was while Mrs. Pain first came to Canada in 1912, and it was while living in Winnipeg that she married. In 1915, the call of war took her husband overseas, and she followed him to England. She was engaged in war work there while her husband was in France. After the war, she went to Wales and waited until her husband was demobilized. Soon afterand wated until her husband was demonsted. Soon after-wards, Canada beckoned to them again, and they returned, following Mrs. Pain's brother who had preceded them to British Columbia. On Lulu Island, in the low lying delta of the mighty Fraser, they have established a twelve-acre farm, a charming place; and it is here that Mrs. Pain says she will be content to stay always, living her part as the chateleign of a true Canadian home. chatelaine of a true Canadian home

THE imagination of all Canada seemed to have been THE imagination of all Canada seemed to have been stirred by the announcement in the early winter, of the publication of a magazine devoted exclusively to women and never was a child so blessed by namelessness, for in the end it was to have seventy-five thousand godparents!

very few days of the appearance of the first advertisement.

very few days of the appearance of the first advertisement. First there were hundreds and then there were thousands! The cardboard envelope boxes that first held the influx of entries as they came straight from the postman, were replaced by packing cases. The two clerks who had begun what later seemed to be the endless task of careful sorting, were augmented by twos and threes, until the total staff working night and day on the mere routine of sorting and typing, was fourteen. In the end, the bare cost of staff work repeated to almost double the value of the price itself. amounted to almost double the value of the prize itself.

Long boardroom tables were snowed under a drift two

feet deep—and still they came! When fifty thousand entries had been opened, laid out and sorted, and the last day for mailing drew near, the end seemed in sight—but during the week following this last mailing date still another 25,000 eligible entries were received. At last the white piles assumed their final bundled proportions, and 76,000 suggestions from every corner of Canada and the Empire—from the Yukon,
Trinidad, Great Britain—were ready for listing and the
decision of the judges.
Naturally enough,

29267

there were many dupli-cations; inspirations are according to the post marks, had been mailed

noted for their star-shell qualities, bursting as they do upon minds in widely separated places at the same moment. So, if there were a hundred "Canadian Woman" there were as many
"Canadian Womanhood" "Woman's
Realm," and "Eve's
Sphere". The piles of
duplicates counted as only one title when the long lists were typed for the study of the judges. In case of the award going to a duplicated title, the entry which,

first, was to be the winner. This had been made clear.

You well might say that the choosing of a name from

THE MACLEAN PUBLISHIN

A reproduction of the \$1,000 cheque sent to Mrs. Pain immediately following the judges' decision.

DOMINION BANK.

TORONTO

and enjoyment from the magazine she has named. "How did I happen to think of *The Chatelaine* as a title? Well, I'll tell you how it happened," said Mrs. Pain, when a Maclean representative

house near Eburne, situated on Luiu Island,

across the Fraser River

from Vancouver. Mrs. Pain, while born in Lon-don, England, is a thor-

oughly Canadian woman of many interests, keen,

progressive and intelli-

gent, yet with her heart in her home—just the

sort of woman who will derive the most benefit

MacLean representative called on her. In Mac-Lean's Magazine I read the full-page announce-ment of the new

woman's magazine and the offer of \$1000 for a suitable title. I read it again. Then it occurred to me that I should have as good a chance as anyone else to win. That idea stayed in my

mind, and I resolved to take a chance.

"It seemed to me that choosing a name for a woman's magazine was a more difficult task to-day than it would have been years ago, for the activities and interests of women in this age cover such a wide field. I wondered how I could get a title to fit so versa-tile a character. Woman's infinite variety always has been universally acknowledged. but in our own times one must paint a very composite picture indeed to do her justice. Easy enough it would be to select a name that would express some phase of her life, but to suggest the charm and freshness of hospitality, the noble dignity of maternity, the presiding genius of the home—for these are the aspirations of every woman—how could one do it within the narrow limits

"Then the inspiration came.

"I pictured, in my mind's eye, the cover of the new women's magazine decorated with the gracious figure of a chatelaine, standing at the head of a flight of steps, inviting with outstretched hands the women of Canada to enter and enjoy the restful charm of her home. *The Chatelaine* seemed exactly to fill the need. It covers those attributes a woman naturally desires to possess. And another thing, while the name has long been incorporated into the interna-tional vocabulary, it still holds that touch of native chivalry dear to the hearts of our fellow Canadians of the French tongue. There was nothing left but to submit *The Chalelaine* with the wish that it might be chosen to become the familiar companion of the womanhood of the Dominion." of the womanhood of the Dominion.

From its first announcement, the prize competition for the naming of the new national women's magazine aroused the interest of men and women the country over. The suggestions began to pour into the MacLean offices within a

among so many thousands; the consideration of the many Continued on page 40



The 75,000 suggested titles bundled for listing.

# The Gossard Line of Beauty

#### For the woman who would be slender

SEE how the line of beauty flows over the curve of the bust into the waistline, indicating but not emphasizing it; how it continues down over the hips, and the thigh line, in perfect, unbroken symmetry. Note the supported, youthful lines, the smoothed, curved contours of the entire figure-occasioned by the Gossard Complete's ability to naturally proportion the flesh. This garment is Gossard Complete 1582, made of shimmering satin tricot, fitted over the hips with inserts of softly woven elastic, supported over the abdomen and diaphragm with special boning

Ask your corsetiere to give you a trial fitting, and remember whether you choose this garment—or a Gossard combination, stepin, clasp-around or front-lacing corset, you will find the same supple, natural support that the fashionable silhouette requires.



The Canadian H.W. Gossard Co. Limited 366-378 West Adelaide Street TORONTO, CANADA

hicago · San Francisco

New York

Atlanta

Dallas

Sydney

London

Toronto

Buenos Aires

# LE JADE FLEURS & AMOUR PAVOTS d'ARGENT ROCER & CALLET NEW YORK

#### THE DOMESTIC WORKSHOP

A department which seeks out and investigates for the housekeeper, new equipment of Canadian manufacture

Conducted by VERA E. WELCH

T IS on the new that the eye of the public is focused, and household equipment is no exception to the ancient laws of progress. Perhaps it is true that the public of to-day in no wise differs from the public of yesterday in the rapid rejection of anything that it deems impractical for common use. And just as Portia, that very estimable and perfect wife of ancient Roman days, must often have turned her capable thumbs down at some of the heaven-sent inspirations of the city's leading merchant, so does the modern housewife endeavor to select only those devices which will prove most useful

in lightening the burden of her daily task.

Because it is sometimes difficult to discriminate between the desirable and that which is merely odd, and because the latest thing in labor-saving equipment of any sort is of interest to the mistress of every Canadian household, a few of the most modern contrivances that are manufactured in the Dominion have been selected from among the numerous commodities at present on the market, as being worthy of her attention.

market, as being worthy of her attention.

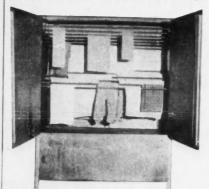
The hot-air clothes dryer, for instance, has been largely instrumental in banishing the bad-weather bogey from the wash-day calendar, and what was once considered a three-day task now becomes a mere matter of routine, easily accomplished in the space

of six or eight hours.

As the logical link between the electric washer and the ironing board, the June-Day Clothes Dryer offers some attractive possibilities. No longer is it necessary to brave the elements in raw, cold weather, straight from a steaming laundry, in order to hang out clothes which will in all probability receive a thorough drenching when the long-promised rain suddenly decides to descend some few hours later. The weatherman is no respecter of wash-days—especially in March.

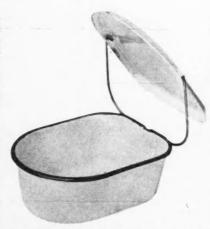
In the extreme cold of a rigorous Canadian winter, too, which usually necessitates the drying of the family wash during practically five months of the year in a musty cellar, from which it emerges in anything but a virgin-white condition, the June Day Clothes Dryer comes into its own. For while, naturally, nothing can quite take the place of a beneficent sun and ozone for the actual bleaching of clothes, yet when it is impossible to secure either, the results obtained from a rapid circulation of hot fresh air indicate that the artificial system of bleaching, as developed in the dryer, is a worthy substitute.

Built in the form of a metal cabinet, the dryer is equipped with two racks upon which a full load of clothes from the average



The June Day Clothes Dryer, manufactured by Sheet Metat Products Company of Canada, heated by gas or electricity, a boon for indoor drying.

washing machine may be dried by means of electrical or gas connections. Automatic control is provided in the case of the gasburning dryer, and when current is used a pilot lamp signifies when the switch is on high, medium or low.



The No-Drip Sanette Strainer for the wellmanaged sink, by the Master Metal Products Division of Niagara Hy-Tools Limited.

The hot air clothes dryer is destined to be as popular as its predecessors in the washing equipment line, judging from the success it has met with in apartments recently, where the lack of proper drying facilities has long been a source of dissatisfaction.

THE electric range has proved a valuable adjunct to improved cookery. Now its sphere of usefulness has been extended to the apartment or room kitchenette and summer cottage.

The Apartment Electric Range with its simple plug-in cord attachment, recently placed on the market by the Burrowes Manufacturing Co., Toronto, is certainly a welcome addition to any household where space is at a premium. While compact in size—it is only nineteen inches high, fourteen and a quarter inches deep and thirteen and a half inches wide—each range is complete with one side and one oven stove; three shelves, heat spreader, roast pan, grill rack, sixteen gauge cord and plug, and is capable of cooking a large fowl, roast or several pies, at the same time that the vegetables or dessert are boiling away merrily on the side stove.

This little side grill, by the way, is immensely handy and when not in use slides out of the way under the stove proper. A second side stove and a cabinet, made especially to fit under the range, and which is very suitable for storage of pots, pans and so forth, may also be procured.

The advantages of electric cookery are familiar to all housewives—the low consumption of current, uniform heat which ensures complete peace of mind when the newly-wed next door insists upon explaining in detail the remarkable enterprise Junior displayed to-day in pursuing his pedestrian activities, the elimination of waste, doors, fumes, and so on.

In this small size, electricity may accompany the family even to the country—that is, if it is sufficiently near town to allow electric installations—and on chilly evenings, too, the side stove may be used as a heater.

THERE is now a Canadian-made kitchen vegetable bin which is both practical and sanitary. In this rustless metal type, the old-fashioned lid, which practically ensured an air-proof compartment, has been done away with, and the vegetables are arranged in three tiers of sloping racks. The top section is divided into two parts for smaller vegetables, thus forming four sections in all, and the entire structure is punctured with slits, through which the fresh air is admitted to circulate freely throughout the contents.

PERFORMING now a double function, the round roaster takes its place in the ranks of cooking utensils as an excellent aid in the preparation of a meal. The "Economy Aluminum Ware roaster is equipped with two sets of side handles, one on the cover and the other on the lower section, to permit the use of the cover as a bake dish. While a sizeable joint or fowl is roasting in the lower section, the cover may be utilized for baking apples, making biscuits, gingerbread, or even cakes. An immense saving of time and space is thus obtained.

ESSENTIAL in the sanitation of the kitchen sink, is the No-Drip Sanette Strainer. This really useful little contrivance precludes all possibility of there being the slightest offensiveness surrounding the kitchen refuse. When in use the cover of the strainer fits down tightly over any unsightly "remains". The bottom is, of course, perforated, but in order to avoid any excess moisture dripping from the strainer when being emptied—an irritating habit of the ordinary three-cornered sink strainer—the lid cleverly swings back to form a tray.



This Economy Aluminum Ware Roaster, performs a double function in the preparation of a meal. Product of Duro Aluminum, Limited.

AND just as a last word, whoever first introduced color into the kitchen, has performed a rare service to the feminine world. Even the refrigerator can now be obtained to harmonize with the decorative scheme of the room, for, following the trend of the times, Kelvinator Company of Canada has just announced a new line of colored decorated cabinets in cream, apple green, turning blue and Chinese and

turquoise blue and Chinese red.

In the past few months the housewife's domain has taken on new beauty, and if the assertions of scientists that our health and good temper are affected by the nature of our daily surroundings is any criterion, perhaps some of the brightness gathered from the gleam of vivid utensils—the colorful splash of gay chintz—the sheen on a varnished wallpaper of quaint design—will be reflected in the added zest with which we tackle the daily task.

# Only one quality of BAKING POWDER

and that the highest

#### LAYER CAKE

(All measurements level)

1/2 cup butter
2 cups pastry flour
1 cup fine sugar
3 eggs
flavoring
2 cups pastry flour
4 teaspoons Magic
Baking Powder
1/4 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup milk

Cream butter, add sugar gradually; beat to-gether till very light, add the well-beaten eggs and flavoring. Sift together three times flour, Magic Baking Powder and salt; add to first mixture alternately with milk. Put into well-greased layer cake pans and bake 15 to 20 minutes in moderate oven.

#### CHOCOLATE BUTTER CREAM

1/3 cup butter

3 cups confectioner's sugar ½ cup chocolate powder or ½ cup melted unsweetened chocolate

1 teaspoon vanilla 1/2 cup cream 1/4 teaspoon salt

Soften butter, mix together sugar and chocolate powder and sil, into butter alternately with cream; add salt and flavoring; beat till very light, put between layers, spread on sides and pile roughly on top of cake.





## New Fashions in Spring Coats

DEPICTING the new silhouette and all the correct style-details of the spring mode.

Fashioned with that distinguished individuality which marks the Northway models. Finished with all the fine points of the master craftsman.

Modes for Matron, Miss and Junior Miss—also Suits and Dresses.

At the Leading Stores throughout Canada

JOHN NORTHWAY and Son Limited

**TORONTO** 



#### THE FAMILY PURSE

By MABEL CREWS RINGLAND

BUDGETING—it has come to be a much-discussed, frequently praised, and often laughed-at business! Yet the fact remains, that with a fundamental knowledge of its principles, anyone may be benefited by getting finances down in black and white. At least you can look them right in the eye and see if you approve of them.

"That's ridiculous!" you may say. How can you approve of something that never goes as far as it should and sometimes refuses to go at all? But what can we expect when we are too busy even to get acquainted with it, to find out its faults and foibles, as well as its fine points—if any?

In spite of the time-honored warning against counting your chickens before they are hatched, it always is good business to count your pennies or dollars before they are spent. It is because so many of us fail to do this that we go merrily on spending until we are brought up with a jolt against a cold stone wall of penury.

a cold stone wall of penury.
"Must economize!" we gloom to our best friend or our severest critic, if we are travelling double-harness.

Economy! How we have loathed that dismal word with its miserly cent-splitting and rigorous self-denial. But along come the budget enthusiasts and throw a new light on the old prejudice. Economy, they point out reasonably, is not saving and skimping, but right use of resources. So if we spend our money wisely on clothes, food and even on having a good time, we may feel very virtuous, in our new-found "economy".

After all, it is the reckless, care-free spending rather than the worry over economy that takes the joy out of life, if you analyze it. The fear that you are extravagant produces an uneasiness that can wreck your peace of mind in short order. The most miserable person I know is the one who never can manage to make ends meet, has no idea where all the money goes and is always in that melancholy state vulgarly known as "being broke". The trouble may not be acute extravagance, but just aimless, uncharted spending, which is one of the surest breeders of unhappiness than can be imagined in this vale of tears and profiteers, as some wag puts it.

Then, too, if one has the "dollar-down complex" it isn't nearly so easy to be carried away by the salesman's stress on the wonderful ease of the easy payments if one gets the habit of putting things down in black and white. Then the real sum total, plus the interest one is paying for being carried by a financing firm, is apt to make one think twice. But more of that anon.

If you have thought of budgets and accounts as the playthings of accountants

and business experts, or the meat and drink of system hounds, will you let us show you from time to time, through this page, just what these things can do and have done for the busy woman who has little time to juggle and figure percentages, but who does need help in making ends meet, in adjusting Packard tastes to a Ford income and in contriving to set aside a portion against the inevitable rainy day?

If you doubt the value of getting anything

If you doubt the value of getting anything down in black and white, try it some day when you face a hectic round of complex and accumulated tasks. A quick survey of the situation, a jotting down of the salient points and instead of an impossible burden looming large ahead, you have a simplified series of definite duties to be scored off the list in heartening fashion as they are disposed of. It is the same with money matters. It gives you a grasp of the situa-

Many women who would never attempt a trip to Europe without a preconceived plan lest they miss many desired sights, shudder at the very mention of systematizing their housekeeping and personal expenditures. Small wonder, too, if the word "budget" conjured up a picture of scrupulous accounts balances and frenzied search for a few stray cents unaccounted for under the various headings. Budget experts used to insist on that sort of technique, with the result that they had four followers.

they had few followers.

One reason budgeting is being taken up by so many intelligent women to-day is that the enthusiasts have compromised to the extent of making it thoroughly workable and interesting. They have shown that instead of limiting one's freedom of spending and imposing tiresome book-keeping, it may be a simple means of getting an aeroplane view of one's obligations and resources that actually will help to put these two on better terms and help one to avoid missing any of the things one really values most in life.

The man-of-the-house is sure to label this rank heresy, for where is the male who has not waxed eloquent on the subject of women's inefficiency in failing to keep household accounts? But the truth is that a woman may be a truly businesslike spender and budgeteer without wearing her heart out over trial balance and profit and loss. On the other hand, an earnest housewife who practices most rigid economy and keeps the strictest accounts may be quite inefficient in her proportioning of the income. If she has no idea of budgeting, she may be spending too much or too little on food, on clothing, or any other item, in proportion to the resources and size of the family. It is only by getting it all down in black and white

Continued from page 34

that she can gain an intelligent idea of the whole scheme, make a check on spending and plan definitely for the future.

Except in the case of the independent or single woman, a budget cannot be made and operated by any one person alone, for who could decide how much should be allotted to each item of expense without the cooperation and advice of the other members of the family. And this is where its finest feature is evident, in providing a basis for discussion of values. To evolve a budget, a family must clarify its ideals and decide which things in life are to come first. Personal as well as family tastes and desires have to be considered, which makes impossible any standard budget that would meet all requirements.

Since no two systems seem to advocate precisely the same classification, it apparently does not matter what special headings you use, so long as they cover everything and are simple and workable. If you have to sit up at night worrying over whether father's cigars should be classed under Fruit and Vegetables, or Heat and Light, or say. Social Advancement, whether the say, Social Advancement, whether the dentist's bill should come under Repairs or Higher Life and the unexpected expense for railway fare to a relative's funeral belongs under Recreation and Trips, you will not be

keen on the budget idea.

The most practical system would seem to me to include the six main headings on which practically all authorities agree shelter, operating expenses, food, clothing, advancement, and savings, with a seventh for a fund for large expenses, or for luxuries, which some like to keep separate. In none do we find our old friends Miscellaneous or Sundries. It appears they are the arch premise of all great by descriptions and should enemies of all good budgeteers and should never be countenanced.

While no hard-and-fast rules can be set down because of variation in size of families and standards of living, it is generally estimated that no family or person should spend more than twenty-five per cent. of income on shelter, more than twenty per cent. on clothing, more than thirty per cent. on food and should never save less than ten per cent., the other items being too variable for rating, though a possible thirteen per cent. for operating expenses, with twelve per cent. for advancement and large expense might be a guide.

The following table shows the expendi-tures which are covered under these general headings:

Shelter-Rent or taxes, water rates, house insurance, interest on mortgage, repairs on house

Operating Expenses—Heat, light, telephone, service, laundry, household supplies and small furnishings.

Food—All food supplies, ice, meals away

from home.

Clothing-Clothes for each member of

family, repairs, cleaning, pressing.

Advancement—Education (music lessons, etc.) club and lodge fees, church and charity, personal gifts, reading matter, amusements, entertaining, vacations, health, (doctor, dentist, oculist, medicine, nurse, etc.), gardening, automobile, personal allowances, stationery and postage, professional and business obligations.

Savings—Savings account, payments on home, life insurance, investments.

Fund for Large Expenses—Furnishings, labor-saving devices, emergencies.

Luxuries—If desired on behalf of frankness, all extra food, clothing, candy and other indulgences that are neither necessities nor advancement, may be grouped separately.

Have you ever "checked up" on just where the income is going? Perhaps you are even now "robbing Peter to pay Paul," and so far have not been able to understand why you are having to scrimp to make both ends meet. "Getting it down in black and white" will show you where the discrepancy lies, for the above ratios are economically as well as rationally sound.

You will sometimes hear people say, "I used to live better when I was making less money than I do now"—and it is often quite reasonably true. The small income, by reason of its very limitations, must of reason of its very limitations, must of necessity be carefully manipulated to go "a long way". More money to spend often means money thrown away, for it becomes a less vital matter. Unless a very decided change in standard of living is effected by a rise in income (which is often too frequently the case) the writchles of constituents. the case) the principles of apportionment should be fundamentally the same whether one's yearly, monthly or weekly stipend soars into the tax class or rests comfortably somewhere safe below.

Everyone may analyze her own case with pencil and paper—and if there are such items as "Large Expenses", "Advancement", "Luxuries", and "Savings" falling dangerously short, perhaps it will be possible to find in this department from month to month, ways and means of improving their condition.



#### WHEN SORROW LIFTS MY LATCHSTRING

BY ANNE SUTHERLAND

When Sorrow lifts my latchstring, May I go out with grace
And give the mournful stranger
A welcome to the place,

Put by her shawl and bonnet And brew her fragrant tea, And never let her sharp eye Surprise a tear from me.

If I be bright and cheery, If I be firm and strong
Mayhap she'll not be staying
To try my courage long,

And though my heart be heavy
Where it was light before,
At least she shall not carry Gossip from my door.



#### Its salty The scientific formula of Pebeco is the reason for its salty tang tang tells you

ASTE a little Pebeco. Instantly you get a sharp, clean slightly salty tang. Crunch a little between your teeth -you detect its fine soft crystals rapidly dissolving in healthful fluids. That salty tang tells you the whole story of what Pebeco does for your teeth.

At once it summons the natural fluids of the mouth, which should bathe the mouth day and night and protect against decay. A great medical authority, fighting unhealthy conditions of the mouth, devised its special formula.

Day and night Pebeco keeps the mouth fluids at work cleansing in between your teeth and way back in your mouth beyond the reach of your tooth brush.

All day long the fresh feeling in your mouth tells you you are keeping it Young, Healthy, Lovely.

Distributed in Canada by Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited for the owners of the Canadian trade-mark "Pebeco."

Free Offer: Send coupon today for generous tube

#### Ревесо

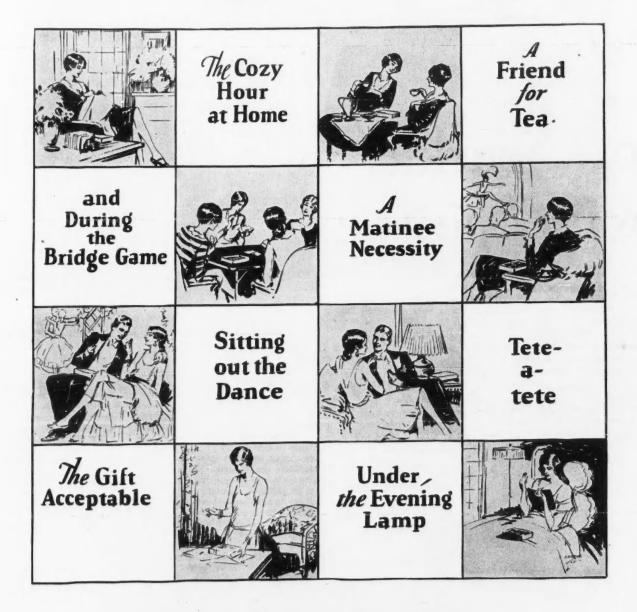
keeps the mouth young

Please Pebeco					yo	ur	ne	W	la	rge	-siz	e	sai	mg	le	ti	ab	e	of
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Christie's Biscuits
The Standard of Quality Since 1853

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A gloriously smart, comfortable ensemble—takes years off your figure by giving smooth, curving lines of pleasingly smart proportions to bust, waist and hips. Lovers-Form is the original and only Boneless Corset in the world. It gives a glorious sense of physical freedom and of being smartly dressed.

#### The Corset of Youth

Lovers-Form is the Corset of Youth. It is always in Style because YOUTH is Style. Soft, flexible, Lovers-Form is scientifically designed to give adequate control to all types of figures be they slim, medium or heavy—There is a Lovers-Form for every woman. Seek out a Lovers-Form dealer—step into a Lovers-Form. See what this marvelous Boneless Corset will do for your figure. Should there be no dealer near you. write us and we will see that you are served promptly.

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384 Yonge Street, Toronto



#### THE PROMISE OF BEAUTY

By MAB

'HEN the year's at the spring" is the best time to start remoulding ourselves nearer to the heart's desire. Nature sets us an excellent example at this season. She takes the earth and trees in hand, and uses for them as an unguent, the rains; as a massage, the winds; and as a stimulant to awaken and renew the life forces, the warm sunshine. Nature gets wonderful results as a beauty specialist, for no matter how old and dried-up the object, she is able to rejuvenate it and to cover up its defects in a most magical manner

Like Nature then, let us consider first the use of unguents, beginning our restorative work with the hair, which always responds so gratefully to any attentions bestowed upon it. The cold winter months have left it upon it. dull and brittle. Hot oil is the treatment par excellence for this. In Austria, where women are noted for the beauty of their hair, hot oil is applied generously to the scalp about two hours before the hair is washed. As a consequence, there is no trouble with dandruff or split hairs, and the hair is beautifully soft. I made a hot oil mixture recently that was a bit unusual. Using the best olive oil as a base, I added a few drops of different fragrant oils to it. It was then heated and applied to the scalp with a piece of absorbent cotton soaked in the mixture. The fragrance of the oils clung to the hair even after it was shampooed and curled.

Like the quality of mercy, oil is doubly blessed in its effect, for it feeds the too-dry scalp and neutralizes the effect of the too-oily scalp. If you have a prejudice against oil as an unguent, there are several admir-able tonics rich in promise, which, if rubbed into the scalp, will bring desirable changes to hair that is wearin' awa'. In addition to feeding the scalp by means of oil or otherwise, it is advisable to have a perfumed hair lotion to use as an invigorator. Some of these are rather expensive, but very little is required to tone and stimulate the hair daily, and a bottle lasts a long while.

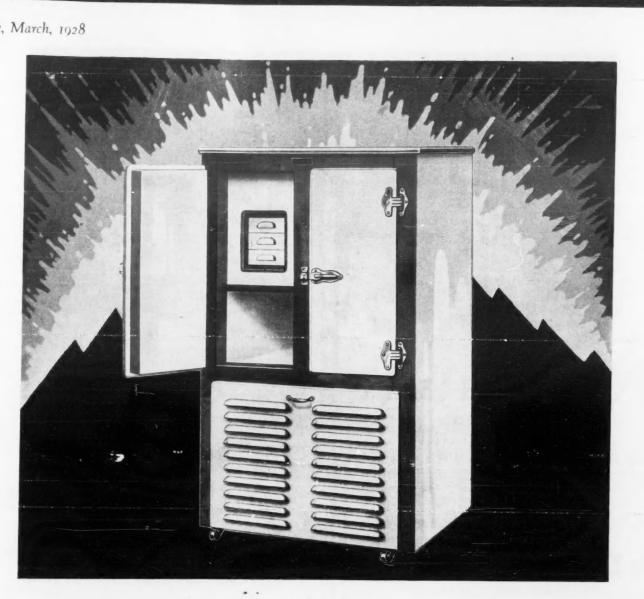
One day when I was in Paris. I went to a little beauty shop to have my hair dressed. The owner of the shop attended me personally, and, as in the mirror I watched her skilful manipulations, I could not help skillul manipulations, I could not help exclaiming on the beauty of her skin. "Oui," she observed complaisantly, "but it was not always so, madame. My skin, I have made her what she is. You, madame," she con-

tinued, "you use too much water for your face. Soft-soft, a face should be, and too much water make it hard and tough. You cannot really clean your face with water madame! Me, when I clean my face, I put cold cream that runs like oil all over a cloth, and then I dip this into a liquid of two parts alcohol and one part water—or a good perfume will do. I use a little part of the cloth to wipe my face all over, then a clean part of the cloth to wipe again, and then another part to rub all over-soft deep rub-Oh, madame, the dirt on that rag, she would surprise you, and the face feel so good and soft after that treatment!"

It would seem that everything possible is being done to-day for the attainment of beauty. The chemists who concoct the creams and powders and perfumes can surely not buy anything "half so precious as the stuff they sell." I have recently made the acquaintance of a most delectable face that sets at naught the ravages wrought by rough weather, hard water and the like, and makes the skin simulate the beauty of the rose. I find that it carries within it all the qualities of a food for the face, an astringent and a powder base, and to cap all, it has an enchanting fragrance. It is excellent to use at night after a cleansing cream, as it soothes and restores the skin after the day's toll of wear and tear, and, if used systematically and intelligently, it produces a very lovely result.

There are many face creams on the market to-day. Practically all of them are good, and a few are superfine. We have a long way to go yet in this country before we can reach the peaks of skill achieved by the French specialists in inducing and preserving feminine beauty. They are individualists in their work, and will spend time and money prodigally to attain results. It is, however, rather gratifying to find that on this continent one of the very best compounders of toiletries is a Canadian woman, whose products have received favorable recognition at home and abroad.

IN ADDITION to cream, there are some unusual tonic lotions that possess the power of eliminating that tired look which so often settles on the face at the end of the day. A beauty specialist in France, whose patrons belong to the class to which money is no object, uses as a lotion, champagne in



NCE again Frigidaire has created an outstanding achievement in electric refrigeration — the Tu-Tone cabinet exteriors in lustrous porcelains of grey and white, white porcelain lined.

#### Created by Eminent Style Authorities

Designed by eminent style authorities especially for Frigidaire, these cabinets offer a rare combination of style and beauty hitherto undreamed cf in

electric refrigerators. Leading artists worked out the color scheme—dozens of color combinations being tested and rejected before grey and white were finally chosen. The world's foremost silversmiths for locks and metal work wrought the dull silver-finished trimmings which harmonize so well. Softly rounded corners add the final touch of charm.

Yet despite this amazing improvement in beauty, the new Tu-Tone Frigidaires cost no more than other models—a triumph in manufacturing made possible only by General

## FRIGIDAIRES JURPAJJING BEAUTY

with Tu-Tone Porcelain Cabinets at same low prices as heretofore

Motors vast resources and tremendous production.

#### Size for Size, Frigidaire Costs Less

Size for size, Frigidaire costs less than any other make nationally distributed. Operating cost is lower. And according to the verdict reached in an enquiry amongst 10,000 users, Frigidaire saves tremendously over ice refrigeration!

Mechanically, the new Tu-Tone Frigidaires are unchanged

-they incorporate the same mechanical units which have won first place for Frigidaire in the electric refrigeration field.

Visit the nearest Frigidaire showrooms today. See these latest achievements of Frigidaire and General Motors.

> Frigidaire Corporation, Toronto, Ont. Branches in principal cities throughout Canada

## FRIGIDAIRE

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS





## Vigor/Sparkle/Buoyant Spirits/

VIGOR, sparkle, and buoyant spirits are products of proper digestion and regular, complete elimination. Soft foods rob our digestive organs of their normal exercise. These organs the reserve and poisons which close become unable to throw off the waste and poisons which clog the system. Physical and mental vitality are lowered.

Do not resort to drug laxatives for your children's daily good health. Use nature's method. Give them clean, pure bran. Tillson's natural Bran is the coating of soft winter wheat. It is pure bran, not cooked or treated, or mixed with other parts of the grain.

Tillson's natural Bran regularly and completely sweeps the intestines clean, ridding them of waste and lurking poisons and strengthening them by the exercise of its sweeping motion. More complete mastication, so important for children's teeth and digestion, is assured. More thorough digestion, too, for the stomach needs its roughage and bulk.

Delicious in muffins, cookies or bread. Sprinkle it on other cereals or on fruit. At your grocer's in the big, sealed dustproof package.



Continued from page 38

which herbs have been steeping for months-Needless to say, we do not use champagne as a skin tonic on this continent, but I can tell you of several advertised lotions that ses equal tonic properties and are

moderately priced.

March weather is not kind to our faces, and special care should be taken during this month to keep them in good condition by feeding them with cream and protecting them with powder before we start on our day's round of duties. Cold cream should be day's round of duties. Cold tream should be used unsparingly at this season, and well rubbed into the skin morning and evening. Learning to massage the face is quite an adventure, and if you will take the trouble to learn something about the anatomy of your face, you will be able to massage it quite satisfactorily yourself. The best way to do it is to lie on your back, minus a pillow for the head, after having first softened the face thoroughly with cream, most of which should should be wiped off before commencing to massage. Begin with the forehead, using the lower part of the palm of the hand with a deep rhythmic motion that reaches the nerves and muscles, working gradually out and down about the eyes with a gentler touch. Then use the deep motion again at the sides of the mouth, kneading upward and outward, and continue similarly on

other parts of the face and neck until the sagging muscles wake up and the skin is in a glow. After the massage, finish off with a little more cold cream patted gently on. If you use the cold cream which I have described as having the qualities of a food, an astringent and a powder base, no further treatment is required and your face will be ready for the protecting and enhancing powder.

"But," you may say, "I have no time for

this daily attention to my face!"

My answer to this is that people have my answer to this is that people have time always for the thing that they consider important, and it is surely important to look "in the pink". Although modern life makes great demands upon us, there are few who cannot give an hour or even half an hour a day to beauty culture. Most of us are constantly in a hurry because we do not map out our time carefully, and we arrive at the end of the day with nerves on edge, with ne lines etched on our faces, and with an immense fatigue. Promise yourself to take a tip from Nature, who never hurries yet accomplishes great things, and, in addition,

delights the eye with beauty.

Next month I shall give some of the points which should be observed in the application of powder, rouge and lip-stick, about which there should be no haphazard methods employed.



#### How I Thought of "The Chatelaine"

Continued from page 30

points it must cover, and a final unanimous decision, was a task indeed! It was augmented by the fact that there were so many well-thought-out and seemingly appropriate entries. It was almost bewildering, and the study of those endless lists, the weighing in a balance so fine of those names which were outstanding, occupied many hours of concentration and thought. Many came so near; there were so many recommendations in favor of this one or that!

It would have been interesting if everyone who had submitted a title could have heard by radio the discussions which ensued—and could have learned at first hand why one entry or another was rejected. There was great ingenuity displayed in hundreds of titles, and an astonishing insight shown into the requirements of the case by those unfamiliar with the problems of publishing. The greatest drawback among good titles, however, was their length. Another rather unforeseen stumbling block, was the frequent duplicating of names of magazines already

But there was a title, consisting of but one noun, which had at once struck the judges with its charm, and later with its significance. It was, as is now known, of course, *The Chatelaine*. From whatever angle it was considered, it seemed to present some new possibility. Yet, before one considered its full meaning, its very sound seemed to have about it a feminine grace. Then its full portent grew; its first and most general significance as the title of the mistress of the castle, its particular Canadian association in the chateaux of our early history; and last, its quainter but peculiarly feminine definition. As the encyclopedia has it, "From the custom of a chatelaine to carry the keys of the castle suspended from her girdle, the word is now applied to the collec-

tion of short chains often worn by ladies, to which are attached various articles of domestic and toilet use, as keys, penknife, needlecase, scissors, and so forth." A collection of things feminine!

The Chatelaine won the day unanimously as a title for a Canadian woman's magazine, which should symbolize her interests and her background. Besides its special recommendations, it has the more-than-priceless quality—originality; and in one word, gracefully spoken as well as written, expressed "woman" and "Canada," without the actual mention of either. For the first chatelaines of this continent were the wo of Canada.

If one would trace it to very beginnings, her first Chatelaine was but a slip of a girl, when she came to the new world, three years before the Pilgrim Fathers had settled at Plymouth. She was the sixteen-year-old wife of Canada's first governor, great explorer and colonizer, Samuel de Champlain. Helene Boulle had been her maiden name, daywher of the King's daughter of the secretary of the King's Chamber, and to-day the Island of Ste. Helene near Montreal, is her monument. In the years when Champlain was waiting for her to join him, while she was yet a convent girl, he busied himself establishing settlements and laid her name upon the little island which is now part of the environs of a great Canadian city

Her work among the Indians in converting Her work among the Indians in converting and winning them over from savagery, was one of the most outstanding feminine exploits of her time. Madame de Champlain was the first—to be followed by thousands of courageous French and English women who made up the pioneer aristocracy of courage and accomplishment. So, in Canada at least the modern chatelaine has Canada at least, the modern chatelaine has

a proud heritage indeed.



## Cut by flying glass

CUT...bleeding...disfigured for life...Yet she always drove carefully...she had four wheel brakes...she put out her hand when she turned a corner...she always sounded her horn at a bad bend in the road...But she is cut...bleeding...disfigured for life.

## DON'T TAKE THIS FRIGHTFUL RISK when TRIPLEX will protect you

Sixty-five per cent. of all injuries in automobile accidents are due to flying glass—driving behind ordinary glass you are in actual peril.

TRIPLEX will not shatter, so cannot fly and cut. Tests show that an ordinary plate glass windshield will fly into pieces under an impact that will not even crack Triplex. Of course, in an accident, Triplex may crack but it will not shatter. You are safe from flying glass when you ride behind Triplex.

TRIPLEX is a clear glass—there are no wires in it to confuse or obscure the

vision. Look for the black edge—the seal of Triplex quality.



Before your accident happens Fill out and mail this coupon.

W. E. PHILLIPS Oshawa, Ontario Gentlemen: about Triplex—t	Without	obligation	on my	part,	please	mail	me	the	facts
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Make of Car			Model				Year		

#### Are Your Children Strong and Healthy?

If not, glaze the windows of their playroom with the famous VIORAY GLASS, which permits the passage of the ultra violet rays of the sun. Costs very little. Write for full details concerning

VIORAY Health Giving Glass W. E. Phillips Company

Oshawa, Ontario

#### Have you seen our new selection of Mirrors?

The leading housefurnishing stores are now showing the 1928 selection of beautiful Mirrors by Phillips in sizes and styles suitable for every room in the home. They are very smart and up-to-date in design, and possess high decorative beauty. Ask the salesman to show you Mirrors by Phillips.



#### Better Oats-Better China —in this package

HAVE you seen the beautiful PREMIUMS that come in each package of Robin Hood Rapid Oats marked "Chinaware"? Each piece of China is decorated with a dainty flower design—exquisitely colored. Of all rolled oats, Robin Hood Rapid Oats is BEST because of its delicious "PAN-DRIED" flavor. Ask your dealer for

#### **Robin Hood Rapid Oats**



#### NEW!

The Latest Styles and Rock-bottom Prices in **Furniture** for

Modern Homes

#### Burroughes Book for 1928

88 Pages Packed with Suggestions

Here is a book that will serve as a guide to the selection of furnishings for every room in the house—a useful reference manual for the home maker that costs nothing! The cream of the finest creations of America's leading furniture factories lavishly pictured and described. And it tells you, too, about the Burroughes Plan of Payments, which makes purchase easy and pleasant.

Easy Payment Terms on all Furniture Illustrated Freight paid to any RR. Station in Ontario

WRITE FOR YOUR COPY TODAY!



#### Announcing News of Women's Organizations



ONE of "The Chatelaine's" regular features, to be run as a monthly calendar, will be a list of "Coming Events" in all important women's organizations and clubs throughout Canada. It will serve as a fixture list to be referred to by women in every part

The secretaries of clubs are asked to help by keeping us informed as to activities and future activities of their organizations. We shall make every effort to gather this information through regular editorial channels, but co-operation will make our work very much easier. Social activities are not considered news, but meetings of importance; the undertaking of any outstanding work or charity; economic investigations or research which may be initiated from time to time, or any other activity of a character which places the organization in question in the field of active service, will be of interest to "The Chatelaine" and worthy of note in our "Coming Events" columns.

Send all communications to Miss Vera E. Welch, "The Chatelaine," MacLean Publishing Company, Toronto.

#### A Spring Tonic in Every Meal

Continued from page 26

weight under existing conditions as to work and climate. The appetite cannot be followed as a safe guide—over-eating is very should be avoided on the same principles.

#### Suggested Menus for the Day

Breakfast

Orange Milk Rolled Oats Sugar Poached egg on toast Toast Coffee

Luncheon

Broiled Ham

Creamed Potatoes

Celery Scalloped Apples Bread and Butter Tea

Dinner

**Broiled Steak** Baked Potato Scalloped Tomatoes Lettuce Salad Bread Pudding



#### Adequate meals at 50 cents per person per day: A day's dietary—2800 calories

		Cals.	Amount
	bread, white	400	4 slices 3½" x 4" x ½"
Foods from cereals	rolls	200	3 small
,	flour	60	2 tbs.
	rolled oats, cooked	180	9-10 с.
Milk	whole milk	360	1 pint
	corange	80	1 medium
	apple	80	1 medium
	potatoes	200	2 medium
Fruits and vegetables	tomatoes	30	½c.
	lettuce	15	1/4 head
	Celery	15	3-5" pieces
Fats and oils	butter	430	3½ tbs.
	oil	50	1/2 tbs.
Sugar	cane sugar	280	4-2/2 tbs.
	clean beef, cooked	200	2 oz.
Meats, eggs, cheese	ham, lean	100	1 oz.
	Leggs	120	1 ½ oz.
		2800 cals	



## The WAY they've found to make CHILDREN like CEREALS

The modern idea is to start by tempting the appetite, NOT by forcing children to eat foods they don't like simply because it "is good for them." Now grain foods unlike any other known

CHILDREN think they're confections; but you know they are essential grain foods! Nearly all children who ordinarily don't take to cereals will eat this kind and love them.

Quaker Puffed Wheat (containing over 20% of bran) and Quaker Puffed Rice are different from any other cereals known. They taste different, look different—are different.

They taste like toasted nutmeats. They crunch in the mouth like crispy toast. They have a flavor so enticing and delicious that children revel in them like confections.

And that meets the modern idea of diet. They start



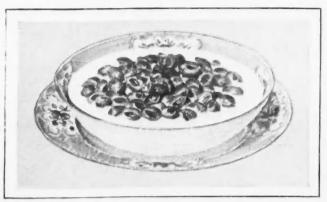
(Left) Sprinkle Puffed Wheat with sugar and cinnamon, then toast.
(Right) Serve with a half peach—add sugar and milk or cream.

THE QUAKER OATS CO.

by tempting the appetite. And foods that tempt digest better. No more coaxing to eat cereals.

Each grain, of these unique foods, is steam puffed to 8 times normal size and oven crisped. Every food cell is thus broken to make digestion easy and assimilation quick. No other foods in all the world enjoy this steam-puffing process.

Serve with milk or half and half, and thus add further nutrition and important vitamines. Give as tid-bits between meals. Serve as the ideal children's supper; the ideal adult breakfast and luncheon; and, too, as a bed-time snack that will not interfere with restful sleep.





#### Where a Child Can Be a Child

#### The Highest Type of the Milliner's Art

is depicted in the models designed and manufactured by

#### G. GOULDING & SONS

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under the following Trade Marks:



Only one copy of each design will be sold in your locality . .

> You are assured of exclusiveness at pleasing prices if you insist on a Hat with the Goulding name in it.

It pays to wear Smart Millinery

same time, one in Toronto and one in Montreal. As the primary function of the schools is research into child life, both are linked with the universities in their respec-tive cities, namely, the University of Toronto and McGill. That in Toronto is directly connected with the Department of Psychology, while that in Montreal is affiliated with the Department of Medicine. Both schools are patterned largely after schools in England and the United States. Both are investigating the various aspects of child life with a view to securing reliable and useful data on the pre-school child.

The nursery school youngster is placed in a favorable, controlled environment, and his reactions to his companions, to adults and to the material at hand are observed, recorded and studied to get light on habit formation, behavior, emotional episodes and mental and physical development. experiments are made with the child. present, a number of babies, who have been under observation from birth, and whose

mothers have made careful records of their development on forms supplied by the school, are on the lists for entry as soon as they shall be old enough.

Before admis-sion, each child is given a thorough mental and physical test to prove his fitness and normality. After admission, his food is prepared by a qualified dietitian who sees that a copy of menus which will be served at the school is sent to each mother every week, along with

suggested menus for the two meals taken at home. This ensures a properly balanced diet. Both the physical health and the diet are under the supervision of the Department of Pediatrics.

SO JIMMY, the two year old, now goes to school where he learns how to live with others and adjust himself to society. No longer is he a lonely little atom in a world of grown-ups who do not comprehend his capabilities. The nursery school has received him into its understanding arms. He is happy.
In school he is not a Lilliputian in a world

where all the surroundings are of giant size in comparison with his own small self. Everything is built to his measure, so that, for the greater part of the day, he lives in a world made for him.

On his arrival, at nine, he is greeted by a

smiling nurse, who looks him over to see that he has no cold or other ailment. This is he has no cold or other ailment. This is most important because little boys and girls are very susceptible to contagion. Mother waits in the ante-room while nurse examines him. If he has not a clean bill of health, home he must go.

When Jimmy is admitted, he has the satisfaction of removing his coat and cap, and hanging them up in his own small locker, on which is pasted a butterfly. All Jimmy's belongings are marked with a butterfly—his cupboard, basin, towel in fact, everything that he alone uses, for, as yet, Jimmy can only read pictures. Various flowers, birds and animals designate the personal belongings of his schoolmates. Clothes disposed of, he has a drink of water and goes to the wash room, after which he enters the playroom to await the assembling of school.
Less than twenty small pupils make up the

If the weather is favorable Jimmy and

his mates go to the large outdoor playground for two hours. Here, under supervision, which is as unobtrusive as possible, he builds houses with large blocks, slides down the houses with large blocks, slides down the slide, climbs the jungle gym, swings, teeters, plays in a sand pile, pulls a wagon about or rides a kiddie kar. He is quite free to use any material he wishes, and can employ his time as he pleases. He passes gaily from one thing to another, trying all, for, even in the short time that has been spent on the play problem, observation has shown that the interest of the small child in any one occupation lasts, at most, about ten minutes. The seniors, young men of four, often work together, building a large boat of blocks, and Jimmy is permitted to help in the construction and is given a seat on the boat when it is complete. Play over the children help teacher pack away the play children help teacher pack away the play material until another day. Even if the ground is damp they play outdoors. A large wooden platform provides ample space when the ground is too wet for small feet.

Outdoor activ-ity over, Jimmy goes inside, removes his wraps, hangs them up, and sits down for the drink of orange juice which supplies the nourishment needed to tide his active little body over the space between breakfast and dinner.

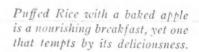
In the play-room, off come his shoes. From a compartment he takes house slip-pers. On they go. He is now ready to wash himself and remove the a c c u m u l a t e d

healthy dirt of the morning. From beginning to end he accomplishes this feat himself, even to getting the water. A special long handle makes it easy to turn on the faucet. He picks up his basin, carries it to the sink and puts in cold water. A dash of hot is added by the teacher and he returns to the wash bench. Should any water spill he knows where to get a tiny mop that will wipe it up. He is never scolded for such a mishap. Little tots do not become adept at such great tasks as carrying water without. such great tasks as carrying water without a great deal of practice. He wets his hands, carefully and thoroughly soaps them, then rinses them clean. His wash cloth, dipped in water, wrung out and spread over one hand. travels meticulously around the small face. Jimmy washes his ears and combs his hair. A neat disposition of towel, face cloth, and comb on their respective hooks, a trip to the sink to pour out water, and he is ready for

In a large, sunny room, with attractive pictures and small tables and chairs he busies himself for the next half hour. Low cupboards about the walls, easy of access contain innumerable constructive toys. Jimmy is free to enjoy himself in the pursuit Jimmy is free to enjoy himself in the pursuit of any activity that pleases him. Only one restriction is imposed. He must make some use of a toy when it is taken, and he must return it to its proper place when he has finished with it. All play activities are observed by the teachers in charge, who remain in the background and interfere as little as possible with individual pursuits. little as possible with individual pursuits. The children are encouraged to share toys with each other so that there shall be no monopoly. When friction occurs, the method of discipline is separation from the group, which often acts as disciplinarian.

The senior boys and girls go to the carpentry shop where they glory in the opportunity to use saw, hammer or screwdriver in Continued on page 47







children eat them because they love them, not because they're good for them.

Puffed Rice served with cubed pineapple . . . a tasty healthful dish that no child can resist eating.



## The WAY they've found to make CHILDREN like CEREALS

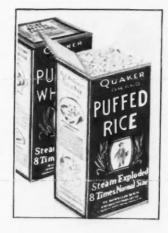
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(Left) Sprinkle Puffed Wheat with sugar and cinnamon, then toast.

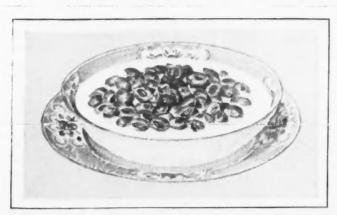
(Right) Serve with a half peach-add sugar and milk or cream.

THE OUAKER OATS CO.

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#### Where a Child Can Be a Child

Continued from page 28

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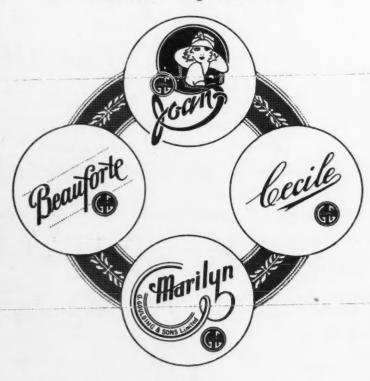
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mothers have made careful records of their development on forms supplied by the school, are on the lists for entry as soon as they shall be old enough.

Before admission, each child is given a thorough mental and physical test to prove his fitness and normality. After admission, his food is prepared by a qualified dietitian who sees that a copy of menus which will be served at the school is sent to each mother every week, along with

suggested menus for the two meals taken at home. This ensures a properly balanced diet. Both the physical health and the diet are under the supervision of the Department of Pediatrics.

SO JIMMY, the two year old, now goes to school where he learns how to live with others and adjust himself to society. No longer is he a lonely little atom in a world of grown-ups who do not comprehend his capabilities. The nursery school has received him into its understanding arms. He is happy.

In school he is not a Lilliputian in a world where all the surroundings are of giant size in comparison with his own small self. Everything is built to his measure, so that, for the greater part of the day, he lives in a world made for him.

On his arrival, at nine, he is greeted by a smiling nurse, who looks him over to see that he has no cold or other ailment. This is most important because little boys and girls are very susceptible to contagion. Mother waits in the ante-room while nurse examines him. If he has not a clean bill of health, home he must go

home he must go.

When Jimmy is admitted, he has the satisfaction of removing his coat and cap, and hanging them up in his own small locker, on which is pasted a butterfly. All Jimmy's belongings are marked with a butterfly—his cupboard, basin, towel in fact, everything that he alone uses, for, as yet, Jimmy can only read pictures. Various flowers, birds and animals designate the personal belongings of his schoolmates. Clothes disposed of, he has a drink of water and goes to the wash room, after which he enters the playroom to await the assembling of school. Less than twenty small pupils make up the

If the weather is favorable Jimmy and

his mates go to the large outdoor playground for two hours. Here, under supervision, which is as unobtrusive as possible, he builds houses with large blocks, slides down the slide, climbs the jungle gym, swings, teeters, plays in a sand pile, pulls a wagon about or rides a kiddie kar. He is quite free to use any material he wishes, and can employ his time as he pleases. He passes gaily from one thing to another, trying all, for, even in the short time that has been spent on the play problem, observation has shown that the interest of the small child in any one occupation lasts, at most, about ten minutes. The seniors, young men of four, often work together, building a large boat of blocks, and Jimmy is permitted to help in the construction and is given a seat on the boat when it is complete. Play over the children help teacher pack away the play material until another day. Even if the ground is damp they play outdoors. A large wooden platform provides ample space when the ground is too wet for small feet.

ity over, Jimmy goes inside, removes his wraps, hangs them up, and sits down for the drink of orange juice which supplies the nourishment in needed to tide his active little body over the space between breakfast and dinner.

In the playroom, off come his
shoes. From a
compartment he
takes house slippers. On they go.
He is now ready
to wash himself
and remove the
a c c u m ul a t e d
healthy dirt of the
morning. From

morning. From beginning to end he accomplishes this feat himself, even to getting the water. A special long handle makes it easy to turn on the faucet. He picks up his basin, carries it to the sink and puts in cold water. A dash of hot is added by the teacher and he returns to the wash bench. Should any water spill he knows where to get a tiny mop that will wipe it up. He is never scolded for such a mishap. Little tots do not become adept at such great tasks as carrying water without a great deal of practice. He wets his hands, carefully and thoroughly soaps them, then rinses them clean. His wash cloth, dipped in water, wrung out and spread over one hand, travels meticulously around the small face. Jimmy washes his ears and combs his hair. A neat disposition of towel, face cloth, and comb on their respective hooks, a trip to the sink to pour out water, and he is ready for play.

In a large, sunny room, with attractive pictures and small tables and chairs he busies himself for the next hair hour. Low cupboards about the walls, easy of access contain innumerable constructive toys. Jimmy is free to enjoy himself in the pursuit of any activity that pleases him. Only one restriction is imposed. He must make some use of a toy when it is taken, and he must return it to its proper place when he has finished with it. All play activities are observed by the teachers in charge, who remain in the background and interfere as little as possible with individual pursuits. The children are encouraged to share toys with each other so that there shall be no monopoly. When friction occurs, the method of discipline is separation from the group, which often acts as disciplinarian.

The senior boys and girls go to the carpentry shop where they glory in the opportunity to use saw, hammer or screwdriver in Conlinued on page 47



Continued from page 4.1 fashioning teapot stands or miniature door and window frames, which are taken home and proudly presented to admiring parents. The manual dexterity which the tiny workmen display in the use of tools is amazing, and even a quite complicated wagon has been creditably fashioned by the little artisans. Each piece of work is painted with a mixture which can be readily removed from clothing, and which is entirely harm-

less, even if used as food by a hungry boy.

Group games and singing follow. No child is in any way compelled to join these games, but it is surprising how soon the newcomer, who, at first shows a tendency newcomer, who, at first shows a tendency to be merely an onlooker, enters the group and absorbs its spirit. The music affords opportunity for training in rhythmic move-ments, and Jimmy particularly enjoys it. Sometimes, as if by magic, easels and paper appear, and each child, having first

been enveloped in an apron, has the wonderful experience of using paints and brushes in creative work. Some of the results are a revelation to those who think the pre-school child too young for such mediums of expression. One baby, who had achieved a splendid said. "Me burnin' up the sky." Part of the permanent equipment is a blackboard which can be used by the children at will and is used extensively.

A ten minute rest brings to an end the

morning routine. Each child takes from his cupboard his own little rug, spreads it on the floor, and lies down to relax. Sometimes a story is told or soft music played.

Dinner is announced. Hungry little tots sit down at tables that are covered with oilcloth of different hues—violet, yellow blue and rose—a symphony of color. Dinner consists of two courses attractively served, a main course and dessert. A child must finish the first course before dessert is given but he can have a second helping of either if he so desires. Where a child dislikes a certain dish he is given a very small helping but he must eat it. The same procedure of small helpings is followed with all foods when a child is not hungry so that he may have the satisfaction of cleaning up his plate. The paucity of food difficulties is a splendid argument for the method followed. Chil-dren, reported to have violent dislikes for certain foods, will eat them without comment when they are properly served and other children are eating with relish. Records are kept of the lood eaten and the manner of eating, and the children are encouraged to keep the table and floor tidy. They have the added interest of being permitted to carry out their own soiled dishes. Dinner takes about an hour.

After dinner comes another visit to the wash room and then a nap. Each child has his own little canvas cot with sheets and blankets to keep him warm. The cots are low, so that even Jimmy canget in and out with ease, and are arranged in one big, airy room. Very few children seem to be at all disturbed by the presence of others. A child who does not sleep is put in a separate room and a teacher remains with him until room and a teacher remains with him until he drops off. One teacher is constantly in the large sleeping room and keeps accurate record of the length and quality of the sleep of each child. From observations made, one and a half hours, not longer has been found the ideal duration for the afternoon sleep.

On waking, Jimmy puts on his shoes and goes to the dining room for his afternoon nourishment, a glass of milk. He then dons his wraps and waits for mother, who comes at three. He leaves the nursery school world of children and proceeds to the complicated world of home, which, as someone has aptly said, is to the child a world of legs; chair legs, table legs, human legs. Reluctantly he departs from school, where he is shown how to do things for himself and encouraged to de them. Where, most important of all, he is do them. Where, most important of all, he is given time to accomplish what he sets out to do without being constantly reminded to make haste, because some adult, for inex-plicable reasons, is in a hurry.

As it is most necessary, where such young children are concerned that the school be in close touch with the home, the mothers are organized in a nursery school

Parent Education Group, which meets regularly to discuss the problems that arise in connection with the nursery school children. The mothers keep records which are correlated with those kept at school. In addition, each mother must belong to a general Parent Education Group, of which there are several. These are discussion groups of interested parents in which a regular course in child management and training is given by qualified leaders. Here parents can discuss their problems with other parents and with the staff, and arrive at solutions. In connection with the groups there is a habit clinic to which parents can take more serious behavior problems. A complete course in parent education requires three years. The first year work deals with the problems of the pre-school child, the second with the school child, and the third

with adolescent problems.

During the three years in which the groups have functioned, interest has grown to such an extent that the membership has quadrupled and would have increased still further had it not been for the inability of the the nursery school, owing to lack of trained leaders, to accept more applications. This year, St. George's School for Child Study, in Toronto, has added to its other activities a training course for nursery school workers and for leaders of parent education groups, both of which courses have been enthusiastically received.

In connection with this school also is a library, which is unique in that it is organized to give service specifically to group members and students. It contains a large number of books on nursery school methods, child management, child psychology, and general problems that confront parents. It has both reference and circu-

The continued popularity of parent education groups and the unflagging interest shown by members is a sure indication that a real human need is met by this department. Intelligent parents realize that they need training for the most important job in life. that they cannot afford to approach this all absorbing problem of child training without adequate preparation and they are eagerly grasping the opportunities offered in the training courses.

The latest nursery school development is

a school in connection with one of the day nurseries where under-privileged children spend the day from eight till six while their mothers work. In the short course of its existence this school has proven valuable.

The mothers are organized in a parent education group where very practical roblems are considered and advice given.
The leader is a public health nurse with wide experience in social service.

If the popular demand for and interest

in, the unresery school and parent education, is any criterion by which to judge the efficiency and helpfulness of the work, it would appear that, in three short years, this movement has made good in four great fields—child, parent, teacher and leader training.

As yet little has been published on the researches in progress, but much data have been compiled and are being prepared for publication. In the near future, this literature will make a valuable contribution to the field of child study.

Present indications are that the nursery schools will rapidly increase in number. They fill a long felt want in the current educational system and give unique service. Society as it now exists requires that all individuals must live most of their lives with and through others. When life was less complex and families were larger, the home supplied social contacts necessary for all round development. Now, with small families the rule, and the only child common, the nursery school offers opportunity for the child to attain proper adjustment to the world at an early age and so supplies the basis for success in adult life. In addition, the schools will continue as research labora-tories, where science will discover for parents better practical methods of developing well adjusted citizens who can take a prominent place in the complicated structure of present-day life.





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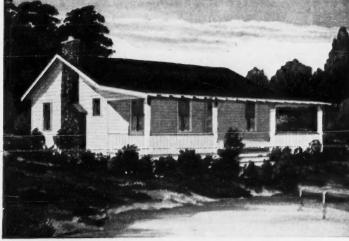
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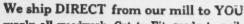
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day by day in those eyes that were soft black pansies.
"Let's leave for Genoa," she suggested,

'let's leave to-morrow.

"Why can't we ever stay anywhere? As soon as you get to a place you're uneasy to be off."

Her eyes brooded on his face but she found it inscrutable.

"I suppose you'd like to stay on here?" she suggested, fearful of his reply. "What if I would?"

Her mouth trembled; she felt the hopeless-

ness of despair.
"He'll leave you for the first pretty face he sees—he'll leave you for the first pretty face he - Her heart felt frozen; her hands were ice.

"We'll leave to-morrow, I think. I'm tired of it here."

He shrugged his acceptance of this resolution. For he never argued with her. Some-

times she wished he would.
Palermo; Tunis; Algiers; Marseilles; Nice; Geneva. It was in Geneva they met the young Russian woman who had left her husband. Beautiful she was as a white camellia bud. Her sad beseeching eyes seemed to implore every man to love her; her passionate red mouth promised ineffable things. And when Nora Hendry nee Brady. things. And when Nora Hendry, nee Brady, looked at her she felt as though swords were

piercing her body. And all the time, day by day, she thrust at Michael her questions. A bewitching frock in a shop window tempted. It was a dream of silver and white lace, evolved apparently by an artist who had made a study of the effects of moonlight upon mist. Arrayed in it, before her long mirror, Nora knew delight in its sheer and

indisputable beauty.

A footstep at the door, and Michael came in and threw his long length into a chair without once looking at her, without seeming to see her apparelled in moonlight and mist. Something heavy dropped on her heart and seemed to stop its beating.
"I can't stick it any longer," he said, with

a queer abruptness, "I'm going home. Going back to my job. I'm losing my self respect.

I've got to get back to work."

Standing at the dressing table with her back turned towards him, she twisted a stopper round and round in a tall scent bottle while a little hopeless smile trembled on her wide mouth; while despair looked out of her brooding eyes. This was how she knew it would come. And then a short sharp

laugh broke from those wide lips.
"Don't lie," she said, "that's all I ask."
Her tone was weary, hopeless. "Why don't you have the courage to speak the truth?"

He looked at her now, surprised, aston-

ished.
"And what is the truth?"

"You know."
"Hanged if I know what you mean."

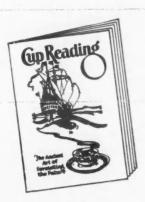
Twisting and turning the stopper in the Twisting and turning the stopper in the tall scent bottle around and around and around. "Mr. Millen—warned me. He knew. 'He'll leave you for the first pretty face he sees,' was what he said to me. I knew it from the very beginning. Oh, I knew. I've only been deceiving myself, trying to think, trying to hope—It's the beautiful Russian, isn't it? You're going with her."

'So that's what you think—that's what you actually believe?"
"It's what I know. Oh, what else?"

Very quietly then he got to his feet and stood looking at her in her dream of silver and white lace. Then—"Well, that's that. If that's what you think you're welcome to

it—if that's what you believe—
"Why don't you tell the truth? Why
don't you have the courage?" she cried to
him miserably, longing to hear him accuse himself of what she knew to be true. But he turned from her without once looking back opened the door, then shut it softly behind him, while she stood staring at that door that had closed so softly on joy and love and youth. Her mouth trembled; tears shone in her eves.

Hours later, when the orchestra outside on the terrace had ceased, the moonlight pouring through the long open windows shone on a crumpled heap of white and silver lying on the floor, torn into tatters, ripped into shreds. Oh, dust of her magnificence!



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#### Galleons of Spain

such a notion? How could she, even in white satin and a misty veil, even in tender grey, bouqueted with violets, how could she look anything different from what she was? Then why should she keep him waiting?

"To-morrow then," she whispered and saw the light run across his face.

So to-morrow it was and afterwards they walked down the old path towards the river, hand in hand like children, and sat down on the old stone bench, curiously quiet, finding words difficult, choked as they were by emotions that found no

outlet in words. And the sun going down in the west touched the mists on the river with gold, until dreaming, they saw stately tall galleons gliding down the river with cargoes

with cargoes of shining years.

When Nora Hendry, nee Brady, went back to the stately old house on George Street to tell a weary old man what she had done, she had to listen to his remarks, touched with cynicism on the subject of this hasty marriage.

"The first foolish thing I've ever known you to do," he stormed at her from his high white pillows. "What are you throwing yourself away for on a bond salesman? Squalling kids and a garret—hot in summer, freezing in winter. Couldn't you have chosen better than that? And he'll tire of you and leave you for the first pretty face he sees. For you're not pretty, Nora Brady, but I thought you had brains. It's a face like a smirking valentine that kind of a young man wants. I know the sort he is. The man wants. I know the sort he is. The sentimental kind who wants to marry a girl in a hurry—they're soon in a hurry to leave her. You'll see. The first pretty face—the first pair of eyes he sees-

She caught her breath sharply, painfully. Why had he said just that? But she let him have his way, because he was old and tired and how could he know of the thing of which he was speaking? So she let him storm on at her folly and only smiled quietly back at

But staring, staring into her mirror afterwards, she wondered whether there hadn't been a glimmer of truth in what the old man said. And she knew then the first prick of that fear that was to follow her night and day. Had Michael perhaps married her because he was eager for sympathy; because he was lonely, desperate over the loss of pretty Kitty?

"And he'll lire of you and leave you for the first prelty face he sees!"

It was almost as though that weary cynical old man had etched those words

indelibly on her heart. Then the incredible happened; the incredible taking the form of a large square important-looking envelope conveying the news to Nora Henry, nee Brady, that she was residuary legatee of the late Mr. Henry Millen, the sole stipulation being that she should keep the money in her own name, manage her own investments, write her own cheques, and allow no husband, present or future, to have a hand in it. The weary, cynical old man had done what he considered his best to guard Nora Brady against the result of her folly.

Galleons of Spain, drifting down upon her, with their cargoes of pearls and rubies and sapphires of silks and velvets and laces, so that Nora Henry, nee Brady, might

make herself magnificent!
"We'll travel," she cried, already building a drop scene for that magnificence, "all the cities of the world——"

"But what about me and what about my

"Your job," she cried, and her tone, in spite of herself, depreciated the pitiful sum



he made as bond sales-

"It's my own," he said, doggedly, this money is yours."

He was stubborn. was only when her mouth drooped wistfully with the bitterness of her disappointment that he gave in.

"All right," he said, slipping an arm about her slim shoulders, "it's got to be whatever you say. that's the way you feel about it. 'All the cities of the world—'" and his face was curiously rueful for that of a young man who had just been offered the world on a silver platter.

VENICE and its lagoons, and Nora Hendry, nee Brady, ensconced at a table in a vast dining room, dressed in sea green velvet with ropes of pearls wound around her wrists, eyeing Michael sitting opposite with anxiety in her eyes, a question on her lips. For directly across from them sat a woman who resembled a tall gold lily. Exquisite with eyes like midnight pools d a mouth like a geranium flower.
"And do you think she's beautiful?" asked

Nora Henry, nee Brady, asking it for the fourth—the fifth—no, the sixth time.

"Yes, I do," replied Michael. And that answer might have been casual, indifferent, or again it might be studied. That was always the dilemma. To read how much lay hidden behind those casual responses. And across the gilt and glitter of the room floated the echo of an old man's remark—'he'll tire of you and leave you for the first pretty face he sees'—oh, a fool she had been to think that he, who had once fallen in love with Kitty, could now be satisfied with plain little Nora Brady.

Hadn't she seen how restless he had been How uneasy and impatient in in Naples? Rome? Hadn't she seen him wince once or twice when she had called his attention to the elaborateness of what she was wearing, as though, she told herself with bitterness. he was wincing at the very idea of her attempt to appear magnificent.

She couldn't leave it alone. Since it was forever in her mind it was constantly on her lips. Insistently she questioned him, watching closely, as his eyes roamed away from the slim gold lily person seated across the

"Do you think she's as lovely as Kitty?" He brought his wandering gaze back to the gold lily person and appeared to study her as though for the first time. Wasn't that intended to fool her?

There was even a hint of weariness in his

'Don't know. Guess if Kitty had the same get up—that gold thing she's wearing
—guess Kitty would beat her all hollow."

And after all, was that what she wanted him to say? What satisfaction could she glean from such replies? Miserably she twisted the pearls on her slim wrists. A look of indifference settled down upon Michael's face. He studied the menu carelessly. What was he thinking now? Did his thoughts fly back to Kitty and that brief happiness?

Shall we leave to-morrow for Florence?" "If you like." As indifferent, as uncaring Where was his old dear zest in

And in Florence was the lovely Italian woman with the eyes like black pansies, eyes which seemed to seek out Michael and upon him with a curiously intimate and understanding regard. And all the time those eyes seemed to be asking him, "Why, when there were women like me, why did you marry one who was so plain, so drab, so ridiculous in her pitiful vaunt of magnifi-

She couldn't endure reading that question







#### Love and the Cat

Continued from page 19

"Chum of Permanent's," hazarded Dick scornfully. "Whew!—But I'd like to hand him one! Swami Permanent, I mean, not the Eliot fellow!"

"'If you go shod with dreams your feet shall bleed," "Vivi responded scornfully and not very appropriately.

"It's his nose that would bleed, not his feet—Oh, I say, Vivi, do stop scrapping for a moment and tell me just how this total loss with the long locks—"

loss with the long locks"I beg your pardon!"

"—happened to light into a perfectly good spot like French River Bungalow Camp. Why did he have to clamber into the back-woods? Couldn't he have chewed nuts somewhere else?"

"Would you mind?" asked Vivi, very, very gently, "taking me ashore?" Dick's heart sank.

"I would. I'd mind dreadfully," he averred. "Vivi—"

"Must be nearly time for dinner," was all Vivi said in reply; but Dick noticed with a sinking heart that her great, dreamy, brown eyes held just that mild forgiving stars.

that mild forgiving stare which had so often beamed upon him from Swami Mar-In silence he turned shoreward.

BAH! Plenty of other girls in the world!" unfeelingly commented his chum, Bert Chisholm, as they sat to-gether at dinner, half an hour

later. "Camp's full of 'em. Choose another. She'll soon come to her senses." "Plenty of girls, but only one Vivi," said

Dick staunchly.
"Pooh! Bah! Applesauce! Come and

"Not in a mood to fish," muttered Dick sourly.

"Not in a mood to fish!" repeated his friend, aghast. "What? Bass, pike, pickerel, to be had for the asking—and the fellow's not in a mood to fish!" What the deuce—say ever hear of the 'musky' some chap got here, a year or so ago, that weighed fifty-five pounds and—"

"Muscalonge," said Dick wearily, "do not interest me."

"You sound like Brother Marcel! remarked Bert, staring. "Where'd you snitch the long words, old hoss?"

Dick rose in a rage, upsetting the gravy as he went, and strode wrathfully from the dining room.

"Oueer how it takes 'em!" reflected Bert philosophically.

He signalled a passing waitress and demanded a second helping of deep-applepie, with whipped cream three inches thick.

Meantime, Dick, pursuing his wrathful

way through the camp grounds, was hailed by Vivi's aunt and guardian, Miss Jane Stride, who was sipping after-dinner coffee on her verandah with a bunch of cronies.
"Won't you have a cup with us?" she

inquired.

Dick, hoping for a word with Vivi, assented eagerly.

Tall, gracious, immensely self-possessed, Tall, gracious, immensely self-possessed, handsome without any disturbing attractiveness, was Miss Jane Stride. She explained Vivi's liking for "queer" people with "theories," thought Dick. Fancy having to live with those ice-cold, grey eyes. If only he could carry the girl off.

Miss Stride's dearest wish was that he should. She had no great affection for Vivi and an intense desire to see her "well married" as quickly as possible. Dick, she

ried" as quickly as possible. Dick, she reflected, was like an answer to unspoken prayer—only son of rich parents, healthy, cheerful, conventional, and most impression-

She adjusted her small, black thousandfranc Paris hat with a meditative gesture and sipped her coffee thoughtfully.

The talk, as talk had a way of doing at

Bungalow Camp, turned on Swami Marcel.
"It's a great priverlerge to be in the same place with him!" averred Mrs. Elijah Tufts.
"A great, spiritooal priverlerge, that's what I call it." She heaved a sigh. "I am very much aione. It gives a person time fer reflection and to know their every couls. My reflection and to know their own souls. My husband likes—auction bridge. I think one's spiritooal natur' is demeaned by such pursoots—and besides I never can remember what is trumps," she added incautiously. "Now Swami Marcel—"
"Swami Marcel," interrupted Mrs. Monk,

swam Marcel, "interrupted Mrs. Monk, quietly taking the words out of Mrs. Tufts' mouth as was her custom, "is a Bright Spirit. One has said it all. Come, Dearest, it is time to go!"
"Dearest," alias Prof. Mederick Monk of Montreal, smiled absently and followed his wife's heckening fingers and Diele syndholes.

wife's beckoning finger; and Dick. rendered desperate by his brother-man's departure from the balcony, voiced the question which

had been hovering on his lips.

"Where's Vivi, Miss Stride?"

Miss Stride—quiet, dignified, queen-like and detestable—answered in her clear, incisive voice.

"Sulking somewhere, I am sorry to say, Mr. Temple. All about a dreadful cat which she wants to adopt—a thing which she calls 'Toby'. I have given orders to Maggie, my maid, to leave a sausage,

seasoned with arsenic, for the brute." She paused and sipped her coffee contentedly.
"But, Vivi!" queried Dick, looking worried. "She's so fond of that cat—did she mind very much?"

"Oh, dear, yes. Refused to come to dinner with me and dashed out of the house as if she were demented." Miss Stride wiped her thin lips delicately with an even thinner scrap of linen and shrugged her sharp shoulders. "She will come back!"

Dick, hastily excusing himself, left the verandah, fuming.

Poor little Vivi. Well, anyhow, here was something he could do for her. He would offer to adopt the stray cat himself; he would feed it on cream and liver and—and—and—just then, a cat, gaunt, short-haired, nimble, emerged with the air of a successful conspirator from the back of the Stride bungalow. From either side of its mouth dangled a sausage. Instinctively Dick gave chase; the cat, biting the large sausage more firmly, fled like a wild thing to the woods. "H'm—that finishes that!" reflected Dick,

watching its fast-retreating back. "Poor little Vivi! Wonder if she is weeping her heart out somewhere. Wish I could see her for just a moment and. . .

Just then he did see her . . . walking by the side of a tall, gunnysacked figure. Her piquante, tanned face, on which traces of recent tears showed plainly, was radiant, her great, dreamy eyes were raised with tremulous gratitude, reverent adoration, to the pitying, pink-and-white face of the Swami. Dick's thoughts came swift and violent. She glanced absently in his direction nodded—then bent over Swami Marcel's white hand and kissed it.

The blood rushed in a delirious wave to Dick's head. When his sight cleared he saw that Vivi was alone. She walked slowly toward him, a gentle, ecstatic smile lingering on her pretty lips. He tried to remember what he had meant to say; but all he found himself able to say was—

"I see his hair is three-quarters of a yard longer than it was last week."

His tone was an insult. Vivi started,

"Be good enough not to speak in such a way. 'Good temper and good manners are two things which we must acquire in our youth if we wish to acquire them thoroughly.'"

oughly.' "
"Is that one of Swami Permanent's?"



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SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

NORA HENDRY, nee Brady, sat in her room in a hotel, listening to the pretty niece of Mr. Millen, an envoy sent by the various relatives.

"You've no right to the money," said the pretty niece resentment seething and showing in her bright dark eyes. "We're going to fight the will. Uncle was an old man and it was a case of main in live was an old man and it was a case of undue influence. You won't have a chance. You won't have a

ghost of a chance."

And Nora Hendry, who sat quietly And Nora Hendry, who sat quietly listening until the pretty niece had finished all she had to say, smiled gently. "You won't have to fight for it. I don't want it. It isn't worth anything to me."

The pretty niece looked as though she suspected a trick back of those incredible

Then why-"

"If that's all you wanted to say-" and the pretty niece was dismissed with a gentle-ness which left that young defiant person

ewildered and at a complete loss for words.
When she related the result of the interview to the other relatives they shook their respective heads. "She has something up her sleeve. No one gives up a fortune like that. She'll put up a fight, of course. But

she hasn't a leg to stand on——"
But in time they were obliged to alter their

"She knew she wouldn't have a chance," they commented with disdainful shrugs. 'otherwise she would never have given it up.'

From nine until live rattling the keys of a typewriter. What else for the Nora Bradys of this world?

And sometimes after dusk she sat on the stone bench in the park that faced the river and the tall galleons of Spain drifted past, their holds filled with dreams.

Little dreams these, that had nothing at all to do with emeralds and rubies and pearls, with velvets and satins and laces—
foolish little dreams brooding in eyes that
were like those of the Madonna in the
Franciscan Chapel in Seville.

It was her landlady who discovered

Michael's address and sent for him; found it on a crumpled envelope in the top drawer of

on a crumpled envelope in the top drawer of the dreadful yellow oak bureau in the room where Nora Hendry, nee Brady, lay sick. "If you've a husband it's the time for him to be with you," said the good woman, but the eyes in the face on the pillow looked back at her without understanding. It was Michael's voice at last which brought her back to the small room under

the eaves.

"Oh, little Nora, why didn't you tell me they had stripped you bare? Why didn't you send me word? Here was I thinking you thousands of miles away, with your pearls and your satins and your laces."

She smiled at him, mistily. He lifted her small fingers and pressed them against his lips.

his lips.

"Never did I see a single one of them, little Nora. I swear it. Not one. Didn't even see that gold lily person until you pointed her out to me—nor the one in Rome—nor that other in Naples you spoke about—never saw one of them while I was with you. They could all walk past me—all the dead 'wee. saw one of them while I was with you. They could all walk past me—all the dead 'uns too, you used to speak so much bout—Semiramis—wasn't it—and Balkis—and Bathsheba—have I got their names right? I wouldn't give them so much as a glance if I had you beside me. Didn't you know? didn't you understand? oh, I was crazy, mad because you should ever have imagined. mad because you should ever have imagined there could be anyone but you."

Hard it was to make her believe; over and over again he was forced to repeat.

"Not a glance would I give them—"

And at last the shadows cleared as she "What would I want with chem, liftle Nora," he reasoned, now that she was more willing to listen to reason, "what would I want with them at all when I have love?"

And far below the fog drifted on the river, blown by a faint breeze into billowy sails, tall galleons, gilded delicately by the moon.
Galleons of Spain with their cargoes of little

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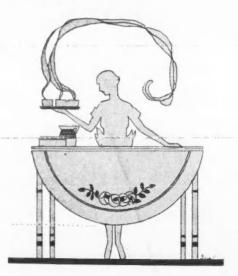
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#### TIME SAVING in MEAL PLANNING

Glass and Earthenware in Cookery

By THE COUNTRY HOUSEWIFE

F A WOMAN sets out to do it, she can save time in so many ways that it is not only wasteful but a wrong both to herself and her family if she persists in old time-taking ways when newer ideas that save both time and labor are available. In the serving of meals, just as much as in other ways, there are means of taking short cuts. Here are just a few ways in which I save time in meal serving and the consequent dish washing:

#### Oven Cookery

OF COURSE, you are all familiar with the fireproof oven-glass or earthenware so much displayed in stores nowadays. Have you made use of it? Try the experiment of using a serviceable sized casserole, preferably with a lid, and if you have never before used one, begin. For the cooking of simple dishes, for stews, for green vegetables (which are all the better for being cooked without the addition of water), for scalloped potatoes, cheese souffle, and long lists of other dishes, your

casserole is of unequalled merit.

Used with or without the lid, according to the type of food being cooked in it, the dish is equally useful. But here is where the labor-saving comes in. Instead of hav-ing to "dish up" from pan to platter, vege-table-dish or other service dish, you have only to put your casserole into its shining rim (if you bought that type which owns its individual metal rim) or on to a plate. There will be no double washing up for that portion of the meal. One, two three and even more casseroles can figure in a meal, and I assure you that in all of them will be food which will be the better for having been cooked in them instead of by methods where the delicate flavors and precious salts of the foods are lost. The table will be just as attractive as if the dinner-set vegetable dishes are used. dishes are used.

Oven-cooking on fireproof-glass pie plates of that small quantity of bacon needed either for a belated breakfast or for the addition of some savory, will save you the unpleasantness of having a frying pan to clean. It is much easier (and far less smelly), to do a little even cooking on the pie-plate. to do a little oven-cooking on the pie-plate.

#### Individual Desserts

THE individual custard-cups and ram-ekins solve the pudding question, for not only do they cook just a nice quantity for individual service, but they save the left-over pudding problem. A half-eaten milk pudding, custard or other cooked sweet need no longer be included among your worries. Individual service saves that as worries. Individual service saves that as well as the extra dish-washing. Count up the dishes you save in one meal by this

method and you will realize what a year

of these small savings will mean.

For cold sweets, the sherbet glasses are ideal, giving you the same attractive table that the fire-proof custard cups give for the cooked sweet. Frequently, in that last moment or two which is to spare before everyone has gathered for the meal, you may have just time to add a festive cherry. an almond or date, a chip of angelica or other decoration to the individual service with which, for the big dish, you would

#### Warmed-Over Dishes

WARMED-OVER dishes are meals "found" and money saved, but to be thoroughly effective, they must be well camouflaged to dispel the "warmed-over" look. Meat with the addition of fresh vegetables, can be successfully served up in a single dish—preferably a casserole—instead of re-appearing just as it left the table. Vegetables in small quantities may be mixed. browned and served, topped with a garnish of minced parsley, paprika or other attractive finish. Watch the dishes and save where you can by using the same dish to cook in as you expect to serve in.

#### Table Service

ANOTHER way of saving both money and time is with butter for the table. How often have you cut from your brick of butter enough for your butter dish and had it left after the meal, so mutilated that the unused portion is set aside for cooking purposes? Butter for cooking is splendid. I use a great deal of it, but I don't like to be compelled to use it because it has lost its looks too badly for re-appearance on the table. To avoid this necessity, I always take one of the one-pound bricks as soon as it is opened and prepare it for table use. To do this I set it up on end on its opened wrapper, and, using my knife carefully, I cut it up and down and then across, into four even-sized pieces, running the full length of the brick. Then laying the brick on its side, I slice off in about quarter-inch slices, as many pieces as the brick will make, and arranging all in brick shape again, re-wrap the butter. It is ready for immediate use, and a half dozen, dozen, or more of these attractive square pats of butter on your dish with a sprig of parsley, certainly will be reduced in number after the meal, but these remaining will be just as fit for so but those remaining will be just as fit for reappearance. This may take a little time in preparation, but it saves time in the end for even the butter dish used to need washing after every meal when a single piece of butter was used instead of the small pats.

The Country Housewife.





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## SALTED PEANUTS







"No. It is St. Jerome's." "Pooh!"

"Well-here's one from Voltaire if you like it better. 'Prejudice is the reason of fools.'"

fools."
"'If I like it better!'" exploded Dick.
Then, more quietly—"Vivi! How is it we
never meet without quarreling now a days?"

"It's your jealousy!"

Dick made a wry face. "Asked for it, didn't I? Very well then—it's my jealousy! But what I was really trying to find you for was—you know that cat—the one your aunt's trying to poison?"

"Yee?" 'Yes?

"I'll take it if you like," Dick offered, atching her wistfully. "Adopt it, you watching her wistfully. "Adopt it, you know! If—" his native honesty prompted him to add in a low voice—"if it isn't dead

"Oh, it isn't." Vivi's face was illumined.
"How on earth can you tell?"

She was silent. Her lips moved as if in prayer. A light broke in on Dick.

"Oh—so that's why you were kissing Swami Permanent's hand!"

"Don't be irreverent. And think before you speak. Seneca says—"
"Hang Seneca!" thought Dick.

"Seneca says that 'delay is the greatest remedy for anger.

"Does that half-baked nut-chewer carry a book of quotations round with him wherever he goes?" demanded Dick wrathfully. "And what's he got to do with a cat anyway?"

"The cat is a Thought," explained Vivindly. "A Thought in the Illimitable. That kindly. "A Thought in the Illimitable. 'That which sleeps in the stone, dreams in the animal and awakes in the man; is dreaming in poor Toby now. Brother Marcel will whisper to the dreamer, and the dreamer will awake."

"You mean to tell me that you think Toby will awaken from a dream that he's been poisoned and frisk about as if he'd never been fed arsenic?"

'Very good," he said at last. "When the arsenic's taken effect send for me. I'll bury the poor thing. And then I hope that'll be the last of Swami Permanent."

'Swami Marcel!"

"Oh, Marcel or Permanent—what's the lds? One of the Seven Sutherland Sisters is what he looks like to me."

'And how there came to succor him, An angel beautiful and bright.,

And he thought it was a fiend.
This miserable knight!" "murmured Vivi. "That another from Permanent's stock?"

crowed Vivi triumphantly. out of Bell's Elocution that I used to study at school. So there now, Smarty!—Oh, dear, I quite forgot!"

Her face dropped; her eyes grew calm and heavenly.

"Forgive me, Dick!" she murmured

With a smothered ejaculation Dick bounded into the woods even as the ill-starred Toby had, fifteen minutes before. He flung himself down in a cool spot and glared furiously at the molten crimson mass which was the western sky. A Sabbath stillness brooded over the pines. Gradually his hot

cheeks cooled; his temper waned. "How could I have left her like that?" he asked himself.

With a groan he buried his hot head in his

He raised his dejected head; then started. Throned on a little mound of moss, not six yards away, sat Toby. He bore the satiated, boredly benevolent air of one who had dined both well and wisely.

"Whew!" whistled Dick, "Arsenic evidently not taken effect yet!"

He stared in astonishment at Toby who returned the stare with one of reposeful contempt.

"You won't look like that this time to-morrow, poor old chap!" thought Dick with sudden compunction. Yet, oddly enough, the thought of Toby stretched stiff and stark was not altogether unpleasant to him. How he'd like to show Vivi the result of waking the dreamer in Toby! And then he'd dig the grave as he'd promised.

Toby yawned.
"But the brute looks positively healthy!" reflected Dick, with something approaching fright. "Surely, by now he ought to be feeling the effects!"

"Come, puss-puss!" he wheedled, extending a friendly hand. "Poor puss-puss!

But "poor puss-puss," with one bored glance in his direction, bounded like a young fawn in the direction of the thickest brush-wood. Dick frowned as he watched him. "Very slow poison that!" he reflected.

NEXT morning, before breakfast, he paddled slowly down the river in his canoe. Mysterious flickers of sunlight stole through the white, cloud-veiled sky; the peaks of distant hills towered like jagged silver. At their feet stretched the woods. Dick's eyes half closed; he abandoned himself to dreams. Vivi!

A sonorous purr smote the stillness. He started. Against a tree-trunk, near the pebbled shore, rested a gunny-sack clad figure, head bowed, benevolent eyes staring unseeingly into space. Near the figure, green eyes, protruding from a grey fur head, also stared. Unbelieving, aghast, Dick watched the mysterious pair. Swami Permanent and Toby each engaged in silent meditation.

A second satisfied purr arose. Toby stretched himself and yawned. Extending his left leg toward the heavens, he proceeded to do a little washing.

The Swami stirred slightly, and turned his dreaming eyes on Dick.
"Oh! Ah! A verree good morning to you,

sir!" he said, surveying his enemy with dreamy benevolence. "You are ear-r-lee, zis dreamy benevolence.

"It is. And you, too!"
"Oh I—I always rise wis ze leetle birds."
"And what?" inquired Dick, unable to refrain from the question, "what about the

"Ze cat? He is as usual."

"Poison not taken effect?"

"Poison! Zere is no poison in ze illimitable. Ze leetle cat ees not poison,-could not be

Dick nodded curtly and paddled swiftly toward home and breakfast, dark thoughts seething in his young breast.

"If I let it go at that," he mused, "she'll always believe that rot. Whereas if I—"

He was a lover of animals. He hated

cruelty. But-

"I'll do it!" he vowed, sending a cascade of shivering, sprinkling spray into the ambient air. "There is a right time for everything—and this is the right time to give Toby a thumping dose of arsenic!"

He knew where to get it too! Yesterday, as he had watched Toby stealing from the Stride's back porch, his eye had been caught by a fair, new can, labelled "RUDE TO RODENTS," gleaming in the sunlight gleaming in the sunlight. Obviously, Maggie, after performing her deed of darkness, had forgotten to reclaim the can. He could steal it, and he would.

He did.

And later on in the day he tracked Toby down and presented him with a choice-looking bit of bacon, saved from breakfast.

Toby accepted the tribute with enthus-

Dick felt very sick as he listened in silence to his victim's gratified purrs.

"Never mind! She's got to be cured of this rubbish," he said stubbornly to himself. And anyhow—Toby has to die some time."

He wondered how many murderers, from

Cain down, had sought selves with this reflection. had sought to console them-

That night Dick slept badly. His dreams were haunted by wailing cats who writhed, were naunted by Walning cast with which twisted, and yelled reproaches at him in Vivi's well-loved voice. He awoke perspiring and cursing Swami Marcel whose unbearable practices had driven him to

Unbidden a story from "Spook Serials" darted into his mind, the story of a dog which haunted its murderer.

"And if a dog, why not a cat?" uneasily reflected the half-awake and shivering Dick.

"Oh well—rubbish—stuff and non—"
From the dark and unlit night resounded a penetrating and piercing "me-ow!"

Dick started. "Oh-just some cat!" he thought, burrowing unhappily beneath the bed-clothes.

"Whew—it's coming nearer!"

For, directly beneath his open window, that soft, unearthly youl once more

ascended. "Now see here!" snapped Dick mentally, pulling the covers about his ears, "there aren't any such things as ghosts in the first place. In the second there aren't any cat-ghosts. In the third—"

His reflections were interrupted by the impact of a small, soft animal which landed neatly on his chest and mewed again.

With a smothered yell the unbeliever

sprang upright and gazed perspiring into the dimly-gleaming green eyes of the supposedly defunct Toby. For perhaps thirty seconds murderer and

murdered gazed at one another in silence. Then, with a gulp of relief, Dick reached out his hand and stroked Toby lovingly. That thirty seconds had shown him a spot of grease clinging to Toby's whiskers. Ah, blessed spot of grease! What ghost was ever known to sport one?"

"He's alive, he's alive! Oh, I'm so glad! Good old Toby! And to think that it's true after all—Swami Marcel and all that! I'll tell Vivi to-morrow!"

He sank into peaceful slumber with Toby's chin resting on his shoulder.

When he did tell Vivi-do you wonder that there was a wedding in French River Bungalow Camp two weeks later?
Such a wedding! Miss Stride positively

smiled. Swami Marcel, arrayed in gunny-sack, beamed. Toby, silky and satiated, purred loudly from his cushion. All was joy!

"What a nice cat!" ejaculated Professor

Monk dreamily as the bridal pair departed and Toby arose and yawned at him. 'That's a Miracle Cat!" shrieked Mrs.

Tufts, in what was popularly supposed to be the professor's "good" ear. "The one the Swarmee kep' alive after it had eaten pounds and pounds and pounds of poison!"

"Little they know," mused Maggie to herself as she "cleared", "that niver a taste o' pison did he git! It's not meself wud be hurtin' a dumb brute and frettin' Miss Muriel all to please That One! Wasn't it mesilf laid my hand on that same can an' emptied it an' cleaned it out—yes, an' filled it up with the innocent flour! Ta think that the likes o' him out there wid the gunnysack cud be afther wor-r-rkin' miracles!"



Dear little Gertrude Don't forget to come to me the 8/2 (8.40 would be the tates) and we shall go ... There go ... Bosen. Und. Concert.

A characteristic letter from the Polish maestro, Moszkowsky, written to Gertrude during her early stay in Paris. It is one of the many which help to visualize the picture of the happy friendship between master and pupil.

spend a day with him in Marlotte. Needless to say she accepted—and she remained for a week as the guest of Mme. Dora Bright, the charming English composer, who had a country villa there, close by the one occu-

country villa there, close by the one occupied by Moszkowsky and his son.
"Dear Gertrude," he wrote, "I hope you will come to see us here in Marlotte. I propose Wednesday next, then we could spend the whole Thursday together and return on Friday to Paris, where I shall be obliged to go for two days. But you could perhaps stay longer with Mme, Bright. perhaps stay longer with Mme. Bright. Now write me immediately which train you will take. I think there is one at eleven o'clock, but he may disturb too much your luncheon? Then another at four and a third one at 5.15. With the train at four you must change at Moret, I believe otherwise it seems convenient. You start from the Garede Lyon and take a ticket for Montigny. There I will expect you with a carriage or the boss (bus!). The tickets for aller et relour are only valuable three days, so it may be better not to take it. Yours very cordially, M. Moszkowsky.

These are two of many that helped to visualize the picture of the happy friendship

visualize the picture of the happy friendship between master and pupil.

"He was a great chess player, and played a splendid game," she continued. "His music salon was delightful. He did his composing on an upright piano especially constructed for composing, with a desk above the keyboard, and how marvellously well he wrote his compositions technically! Every afternoon he would indulge in a cup of hot chocolate. I always served it for him, and always he would remind me please to leave a little at the bottom of my cup for his dog!" a little at the bottom of my cup for his dog!"

WHILE in Paris, Gertrude played frequently at the usual Sunday night concerts at the Vitti Academy in the Quartier Latin, given by artists' pupils. She also accompanied several noted singers of the day, among them a famous Russian the day, among them a famous Russian basso then appearing in Paris in the Russian Imperial Opera Company, with Rimsky-Korsakoff conducting. Whenever he sang in concert Gertrude Huntly was his accom-

After her debut-recital, as a compliment to the young Canadian artist, she was invited to play solos on a joint programme with Josef Holman, 'cellist, at the American Embassy in Paris. At the Salle Figaro, she

played on the same programme with Marguerita Sylva, who, at that time, was singing in "Carmen" at the Opera Comique. She appeared as the piano soloist in a concert given by M. de Davidoff, a famous tenor, who was supported by other Russian singers who were also appearing at the Opera Comique.

Kitty Cheatham, the celebrated diseuse took her to England and she toured with her, playing solos and accompaniments. They appeared before distinguished audi-

ences in London, and on one occasion Coquelin, the great French actor, gave readings on the same programme.

Her future stretched brightly before her. Possibly, however, her family had not altogether scriously entertained the idea of her entertained the idea of her entering the wider fire 1 of professional concert work so early. She was too young, they thought, and she had been away long enough. They wanted to see her again, and when her parents recalled her, Gertrude Huntly came home.

When she played at Massey Hall, the when she played at Massey Hall, the leading local musical critics predicted a future for the young Canadian who was not yet out of her 'teens. That winter, when she went to New York, she was seized by neuritis which became alarmingly acute, crippling her hands so that she was unable

to play.

From her childhood, it seemed the most natural thing in the world for her to draw about her a train of sweethearts, and suitors. None had succeeded in winning her until John R. Green, a handsome young barrister in St. Thomas, went down to New York with a set look on his determined face and won the case he had laid before her when he had followed her to Paris. Not long afterwards, their marriage took place, and he carried her off to Cuba, where she gradually grew better in the warm climate. When she had fully recovered, some months later they returned to St. Thomas. There they made their first home and there Douglas, their first child, was born.

THROUGH the period of motherhood that claimed her in the next few years, when a baby girl came to join the little brother, what memories of her colorful student life in Paris filled her thoughts as she went about her howehold teaked.

she want about her household tasks!

There were those who had deplored her marriage, seeing only the loss of an artist



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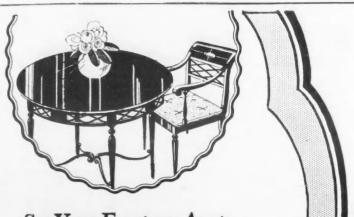
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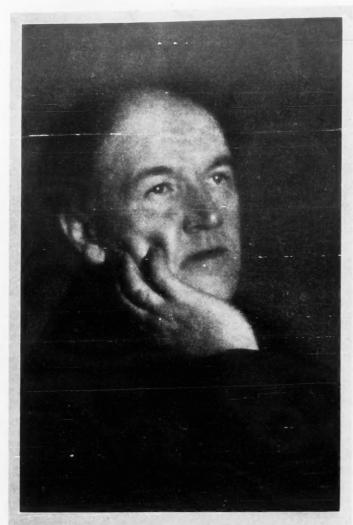
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#### Gertrude Huntly's Story





My very dear puloce

Gertrud Huntley-Green

with the wish she will

not forget me!

Nicoln Sledtner.

Continued from page 9

pianos, with Damrosch conducting. I was out here, then, in Victoria, and I could not help thinking that not one of them had ever played with Moszkowsky on the same programme in public as I had "

programme in public as I had. During the years she spent in Paris, she attended all the important concerts with either Moszkowsky or Geloso, and for relaxation and exercise wandered in the woods with Moszkowsky at Fontainebleau woods with Moszkowsky at Fontainebleau where they played like whimsical children among the pine needles. Laughingly, Gertrude vividly described the maestro sliding like a school-boy down the steep slippery banks under the pines. "He was so tall, and had such very long legs. I can see him now—how funny he looked! He was very slender, and very active and youthful for his years. His hair was brushed straight up. years. His hair was brushed straight up from his forehead, pompadour fashion, and his moustache, too, gave his oval face a sort of dashing energy. His taste in dress was extraordinary, and it added a spice to his striking appearance."

"His favorite combination in clothes was black velvet smoking jacket, with a

Dresden patterned waistcoat in the gayest of colors, a checked shirt, an orange cravat, and black and white check trousers. He would finish off all this with a pair of shiny would finish off all this with a pair of shiny yellow boots! Oh—and he had a weakness for Tréfle perfume—he used to scent his handkerchief with it—projusely! Gertrude was laughing as she gave this spirited description of the Polish Maestro. "Ah—but he had a very distinguished personality." she added, "and his kind eyes held the dreams and vision of the artist."

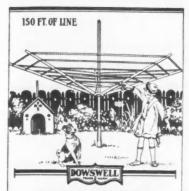
While I digested the picture, we read some of his little characteristic notes in which he arranged with her to prepare some of his pupils for him, and others inviting her to join him at dinner, and concerts.

One shorter than usual written in English,

One shorter than usual written in English,

ran, "Dear little Gertrude, Don't forget to come to me this evening at 8½ (8.40 would be the latest) and we shall go together in the Rosenthal concert. Yours very sincerely, M. Moszkowsky."

Another, written earlier, invited her to



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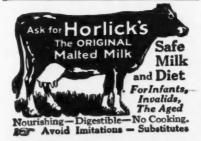
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where she will and with whom she will, time, like other girls have, in which to work out her own salvation or her own ruin even -anything that is her own-time to enjoy

anything that is her own—time to enjoy her youth and good looks and the pretty clothes she can buy with her good pay.

Probably, that girl, who said people dropped you when they found you did housework, exaggerated. Nevertheless, there's no denying, one has to shut one's even tight, and leap them accurate what if eyes tight, and keep them squeezed shut, if one succeeds in believing that a group of young people from various occupations respect housework as much as these other occupations.

But why don't they? They know that housework requires more skill and brains than most other occupations. A girl in the factory does not have to use as much brain power in a day's work as a girl in housework. She may have as much or more, but she doesn't have to use it in her work. The fact is, it takes a good brain, good manners and a good deal of the "Grace of God," to make a good, satisfactory maid.

Then why don't our young people respect it? Simply because of the old feudal conditions generally attached to it—because the worker's life and time is not her own. To them she is not an adult of free will, to live as they do and share their recreations and social life. She is to them a chattel, a shut-in.

It was with this grasp of the case twelve years ago that our housekeeper proceeded to build. It meant inconvenience to her. to be sure, five nights a week in which she could not leave three small children. But then the soon discovered she was paying five dollars a month less for a maid than her neighbors. Weeks when she and her husband wanted to go out more than twice a week, she could afford a tip to someone to come and stay with the children. There was a large student world close to her. There were nice girls glad to bring their books over to the house and study there and carry away in return some extra silver for college fun.

"But," said a good old mid-Victorian roman, "do you want to ruin the girls by letting them out nights like that?"

"Ah, but my husband has a great big factory and a hundred or more of his girls are free every evening," she replied. "Are not my girls as trustworthy as his? Besides I have to compete with John, you know. If the girls like the working conditions he gives them better than the conditions I give

them, they'll all leave me and work for him." And what did actually happen to the girls who had their freedom in the evenings?

One is in training for a nurse in a Toronto ospital. She took her high school work at night. One is the wife of a good and prospering farmer out west. One is a drab on the city streets (she had been raised to that and Mrs. B. had taken her at the request of the Army, kept her four months and returned her). One has refused, for a highly conscientious reason, an offer of marriage from a man too prominent to mention. One was a Norwegian girl, graduate of a domestic science school in Norway. Mrs. B. kept her a year and a half at twenty-five to twentyeight a month. A fair achievement with a Norwegian at that rate of pay! Then the Norwegian at that rate of pay! Then the States and higher pay swallowed her prize. The girl she has had for two years now, will write the first half of her matriculation off in June from a Toronto night school.

One result has been that the girls answering her advertisements have frequently been girls who already had a fair "social status."
One from a New Brunswick farm had tried a teacher's examination and failed. One had been a practical nurse. One was the daughter of a rural music teacher.

These girls (with one exception) have made no protests about "not eating with the family or sharing the life in their living room." They do have the dining room for

their own use, when they have callers.

It was, of course, twelve years ago that this woman tried her own housework and gave herself just one afternoon and every other Sunday off. Conditions have been gradually changing in that time. Music and art students, to-day, in New York are help-ing pay their expenses by staying with people's children at night Many a mistress since then has seen the advantage of adapting herself to changing conditions. Cer-tainly, one of the great benefits modern women and social workers can confer on the present generation is to increase the trend back to housework both for the sake of the girls and for the sake of the home. If one prefers to hang on to the old feudal system, one should remember at least that recreations didn't call so alluringly to come out from the castle gates in old days. Instead, mirth and music came in and sat in the great baronial Hall. But, of course, if one still prefers the old ways one can hardly blame modern life for the present scarcity

#### As the Twig is Bent

Continued from page 4

perience expecting them to follow in his footsteps. To his amazement, they were tootsteps. To his amazement, they were utterly indifferent.

Mabel, the first born, had been forced to

start work at an early age, and at sixteen was self-supporting.

During impressionable years she had had daily contact with the mixed types of girls to be met in laundry work, and, discontented and disgruntled with family discord, had

gravitated toward a very rough element.

She was warm-hearted, impulsive, headstrong. If left to themselves her parents might have held her and have won her to share their new happiness. Under the share their new happiness. Under the guidance of their spiritual leader they attempted to coerce her into the fold.

Constant, almost daily attendance at religious services was demanded. Dancing, fiction, rouge, face-powder, movies, bright clothes, parties, friendships with boys were all denounced as works of the devil.

Mabel wanted to buy a gramaphone. Her father, declaring that she would play worldly music, refused to let her have one, telling her that if she would get her mind on preaching the gospel to lost souls in India it would be more becoming.

She bought herself a dress trimmed with gold braid and buttons. When her father saw it he told her that she'd never wear it in his house, and she never did.

She took it to the home of a friend and used to go there in the evening and put it on. Then they went out together, and often

Mabel wasn't back until the early morning. Violent quarrels between father and daughter raged ceaselessly. One night, in defiance of his commands, she took a motor-trip with some boys. When she returned he thrashed her.

The breach was now complete.
The next night she went out with a girl already over the edge and became involved in a most disastrous occurrence. Her chum escaped and got police aid for her companion.

Mabel was dragged through the courts in

an unpleasant case and later had a child born out of wedlock.

HAVE tried to show you briefly some I HAVE tried to snow you bridge details of the lives of a number of children who, unless some merciful influence intervenes, are headed for the saddest careers that I know, lives spent in constantly recurring conflict with the standards and the laws of their time.
The ages, sexes and circumstances of these

children vary. Their homes range from poor, untidy shacks to welf-appointed, well kept and, in two cases, luxurious establishments.

And yet the social worker would put them in one group, the largest that ever presents itself to remedial agencies. Without one exception they come from families where parents have lacked the ability, the interest or the opportunity necessary, for the proper training of the children whom they have brought into the world.

Of these parents we shall speak again.



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with the world before her to conquer with her gifts. But in the years that followed, even as she faithfully fulfilled the maternal duties her two lovely children imposed upon her, in the precious hours she spent at her beloved piano, Gertrude Huntly's musiciandeveloped and kept pace with her

mental and spiritual growth.

When her husband moved them from St. Thomas to Victoria, the young mother who devoted her time so exclusively to her children and her music, was eagerly sought and welcomed into the highest social and official circles in the western capital. But she appeared seldom, and only on special occasions, for she knew it would not be possible to keep up her music if she entered into the social life of the city. As the children grew older, occasionally she made brief visits to the eastern musical centres, or to California. Sometimes she played concerts on her way through Canada. Frequently she appeared in the neighboring coast cities of the United States, and always to crowded houses. Occasionally she would appear in joint recital with European musicians visiting America when they made

their first appearances in Vancouver, Seattle, or Victoria, such masters as Godowsky, Courboin, Grandjany and Mero were among them. But always, like a homing bird, Gertrude Huntly flew back to watch over her children.

It was while she was away that she received the telegram from home that settled her refusal finally. Douglas was ill. The children knew, had been told the meaning of her absence. They were crying for her to return, fearing she would leave them forever. The wire was signed "Douglas and Trudie". It snapped the last thread of resistance that might have lingered. There was no hesitation now, her mind was made up and nothing could change it now. Let the managers who were waiting for her to sign the contract fume with dismay, let protesting voices call her weak and vacil-lating. Let them all do and say what they liked, the time for her career was not ripe. She could not, would not, wreck her home and the happiness of her children. That night she took the train back to Victoria. That

(To be concluded in next issue)

#### What's the Matter with Housework?

Continued from page 13

"Thursday-John came home late to lunch, unexpectedly. It was my day off, but by the time I got the late lunch out of the way and dressed and out, it was three o'clock. My, didn't the air feel good in my face again! I hadn't been out since Sunday. I arranged with the laundress' daughter to stay with the children, so I gave myself a real half-day off. If I were really a maid I'd have another maid to go out with, and I'd have a beau after five o'clock to take me to the show. So I fixed all that. I arranged to go shopping with Ethel, and I phoned John to meet us both and take us to tea at St. Cecilia's and then take us to the Hippodrome. Ethel wanted to run in to see Grace Carson after, but I remembered I must be in on time. If John had been a real beau I'd have stood outside awhile before I said good-night, because there would have been nowhere but the kitchen to show him in.

"Friday—It didn't seem so bad staying

in all day after being out yesterday. There was a social in our church to-night. But, of course, I couldn't go. If I did go the young people would ask me to attend things in the church that I couldn't attend. And, per-haps, as a girl had once told me, 'when they find out you are doing housework, they don't pay any more attention to you.'

"Saturday—In all day again. Hubby vanted me to go to the theatre, to-night. Hubby But it wasn't my night out.

"Sunday—In all day and company for tea. I let myself out for the evening service tea. I let myself out for the evening service and I had a little sleep in the afternoon. Next Sunday, I get the afternoon as well as the evening off. But by the time I get the dinner dishes done, it will be too late to accept the invitation of Miss Muir's Bible class for girls."

"Then," says Mrs. B., "as I studied my diary, I began to realize one reason why girls don't like housework. There it was

girls don't like housework. There it was in my diary, plain as words could make it. First the stay-in-the-houseness of it; lack of outdoor air, sun and change. Secondly the social status of the girl in housework.

"What in the dickens is this social status that women talk so much about anyway?" asked the man who employed a hundred or

"Well, isn't social status standing among your associates? Sto, I stand; socii, allies or companions. But how can you stand in Jamaica unless you first land in Jamaica? In other words can a girl expect a standing among her 'socii,' or companions, unless she is free to join them at the hours when they are doing their 'social stunts?' If the party is in full swing, or the church social is progressing nicely and Janet isn't there if she is home serving refreshments for a bridge for her employer's friends, how shall she get or keep a standing among her own

"I began to see," said Mrs. B.—"it was to me to raise the 'social status' of the girl doing my own housework. I couldn't give a diploma and uniform, but I determined to work from where I stood.

"First of all I had to let her 'land in Jamaica," with other young people of her age—with the girl from the candy factory and the parcel counter.

"I sat down and wrote an advertisement, offering five evenings a week free. I read it over carefully. Then I remembered that I had once heard a girl say an evening out meant an evening after you had washed dinner dishes until eight o'clock.

"We were fortunate in that my husband was home always by six. By serving dinner promptly, I calculated a swift maid could be through by 7.15. I added to my advertise-

ment—'Five evenings free after 7.15.'
"Be it remembered this was in war times, when household help was almost impossible to get, when I had hitherto advertised for weeks and got no response. But presto. thirteen applicants in answer to this! Many of the girls were of the cheaper type who wanted the evenings perhaps with not the highest of motives, but several of them seemed splendid girls. We selected one who wanted to go to business college at night. She had several years experience in housework, and had had a fair education in a country school.

"The plan worked on both sides. She put her very best into her work because of the educational chance she was getting. She graduated eventually from business college and left us. She is still in a business career— has been fer several years with a prominent publishing house in Toronto."

THIS, then, was the plan our long-headed young housewife had been following ever since. Sometimes, she had a girl going to night school, sometimes a girl going out with her John or Billy, sometimes a girl who spent a good deal of time at the various week-night functions in her church. But, in all the years since there had been but a few days all told in which she had had to do without help.

She had hit the nail pretty squarely on

It's not high pay and higher pay still that is going to induce girls to do housework. It is not the inviting words, "good home" in the advertisement. The girl knows after a little experience that a stranger can seldom step into the life of the home. She knows it means, probably, that the mistress will give her a good room and good advice—reprove her for not buying woollen stockings when she feels she has a perfect right to buy silk

It is just the offer of part of her time that is her real own that she craves, time to go

#### How to Obtain Vogue Patterns

Vogue Patterns may now be obtained in all of the leading Canadian cities. They may be purchased in the shops listed below, where one may secure expert fashion advice about personal clothes problems, and see the colored sketches of all the new models. new models.

How to Order by Mail. Vogue patterns may be ordered by mail from any of the distributors listed below, or from Vogue Pattern Service, 70 Bond Street, Toronto, Ont.

In Ordering, state the full pat-tern number of the pattern you select. When ordering skirts give both the waist and hip measure; when ordering misses' or children's designs state age.

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through a period now fraught with danger and enter adult life with some wholesome instincts of constructive effort that he at present misses.

Another group of offenders and a fairly large one is composed of children who have been definitely introduced to unlawful actions by adults, sometimes by their own parents.

A prominent citizen in delivering an address to the inmates of a Girls' Industrial School told them that if they would always follow the guidance of their parents they

would never get into trouble.

Looking at his hearers I saw Mary, whose mother had pinched her arm black and blue because she had failed to pocket a pair of stockings that her mother had dropped on the floor of a department store for that

There were listening to him, Bessie, whose father was doing time for an offence against her, Pearl, who used to get drunk in the family blind pig, and Marie, whose mother had run what was practically a road-house with her fifteen, sixteen and eighteen year old daughters as inmates.

The scar on Bertha's face put there by a sugar-bowl from the hand of a drunken father, paled into insignificance before the deformed bodies and minds bequeathed to several of his audience by dissolute progenitors.

There are little ones whom we should protect from the actual viciousness of their own parents and others whom we should guard against the attentions of men and women who would exploit them for their

own gratification.

We have an act that states that "any person who knowingly or wilfully encourages, aids, causes, abets or connives at the commission by a child of a delinquency or who knowingly or wilfully does any act producing, promoting or contributing to a child's being or becoming a juvenile delinquent, or likely to make a child a juvenile delinquent . . . shall be liable on sum-mary conviction before a Juvenile Court judge or a justice, to a fine not exceeding five hundred dollars, or to imprisonment for a period not exceeding two years or to both fine and imprisonment.

Lawyers defending adults charged under this act often base their arguments on evidence that the children have committed offences previous to those in which their

clients have been concerned.

The law makes no reference to the child's character. It does not say a good child, an honest child, a moral child—but a child.

Two men were sentenced to a year im-prisonment for association with two young girls proved to have been previously loose.

The case was appealed. The strength of the defence argument was that as the girls had formerly been guilty of the same con-duct as that in which the convicted men had been involved the latter could not be said to have contributed to their delin-

The appeal judge in giving his decision said, "In my opinion the man who confirms in her evil habits a girl so young that she cannot realize the misery at the end of the road she is traveling with him, is contributing to her delinquency under the meaning of the act." And he sustained the decision and sentence of the lower court.

A man had intimate association with a fifteen year old girl, motherless since she was nine. He was charged under this

He made no denial of his relations with her, but introduced as defence witnesses, two men who swore that their conduct with the child had been the same as that of the accused. On her confirming this story the Judge declared that she was a public menace and dismissed the case.

The three men left the hall of justice with

what was tantamount to an assurance that they had the sanction of our courts for association with any fifteen year old girl against whom another man had offended.

The act is good. If we could get from all our judges, and at all times, as we get from some of them and at some times, decisions that would carry out its purpose we could demonstrate to men and women that our children are specially under the protection of our courts and could greatly lessen the most distressing kind of misconduct in which juveniles become involved.

UVENILE COURTS put strong, sustaining arms around offenders brought before

Homes are visited, employment found, sometimes for children, sometimes for adult members of their households, suitable boarding-houses are located, financial assistance is obtained, indifferent parents are persuaded or coerced into interest in their offspring, defiant, disobedient children are brought to time, the aid of church, school and social service agencies are obtained on behalf of offenders, prosecutions are launched against contributors to the delin-

quency of our youth.

A testimony to the effectiveness of this work is shown in the steady decrease in the per cent. of repeaters. The latest report of the Dominion Bureau of Statistics gives these figures for major offences, the minor ones not being tabulated.

ones not	being tabu	nated.	% of
		Delinquents	Repeaters
1922		4065	30.2
1923		4165	26.4
1924		4722	22.6
1925		5246	22.3

The number of delinquents is increasing with our larger population but the percen-tage of repeaters is steadily lessening and it cannot be too clearly understood that the repeaters are the serious problem.

And vet We are already doing much. statistics show that at the end of 1925 there were in detention in Canada 445 persons in industrial refuges for females, 403 in reformatories for females, 2,193 in reformatories for males, 2,602 in common jails and 2,345 in penitentiaries. This represents a tremendous waste of money and happiness.

Brigadier-General W. S. Hughes, Superintendent of Canadian Penitentiaries, in his

latest report stated that the average cost of conviction, maintenance and discharge of one of the inmates of the institutions under his supervision had been estimated at \$2800, to which must be added the value of loss or damage resulting from the commission of the crime for which the inmate was sentenced, as well as the economic loss to

He goes on to say, "If a like amount were spent in an endeavor to help the fallen to do well, as it costs to convict and imprison them. very few indeed would be sent to prison.'
To that I say, "Yea and Amen."
What are the practical steps?

I would say as previously suggested, housing regulations, more generous assistance to enable dependent mothers to stay in their homes and take care of their children, the opening of schools and school-grounds as social centres, the exclusion of children under sixteen years of age from public dance halls, stiffening of regulations with regard to the supplying of minors with liquor, better administration of the contributing to delinguency laws.

Next and fundamentally important we must train and if necessary force parents to carry the responsibility of the support of the children they have invited into the

Other countries have framed Lazy Husbands' Acts that are attempting to cope with this situation.

They have statutes which make it possible to arrest the man who does not attempt to support his family.

They provide him with constructive work. land clearing, road building, etc. He is paid an adequate wage. The state keeps a suitable amount for his board and gives the

rest to his dependents.

It would be feasible to enact a law by which the parents of children found guilty of misdemeanors would be automatically charged with failure to properly care for them and train them and the burden of

proof would rest on the accused.

Drastic? Yes. And such legislation would do more than any other one influence to reduce the number of Juvenile offences.



#### "Come on! Please! Let's go this once!"

BUT no. She is too tired . . . as usual.

And so often the woman who fails to "stay young with her husband" has only herself to blame.

So often her inertia and premature old age are caused by her misunderstanding of the facts about feminine hygiene.

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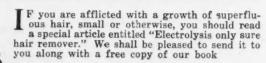
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An Article of Interest



#### "Personality and Charm"

The article, by a lady who contributes to leading Canadian and American journals, is very interesting and instructive. She recommends Electrolysis as the most satisfactory method of destroying hairy growths on the face, neck and arms. She stresses the fact that the work should only be done by experienced operators and thus avoid scars.

Our 30 years' experience and the assurance of permanent and satisfactory results are behind our work in every case. We also treat moles, warts and other facial disfigurements. We invite consultation at office or by mail.

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Another group, smaller but important, is composed of children of imperfect mentality. They are often well-intentioned but most suggestible and may be easily influenced. When they fall into the hands of evil people great catastrophes may ensue, for the actions of the children will not be restrained by

mental perception of possible consequences. We take care of the imbecile, but teachers of feeble-minded pupils in special classes, in the greater part of the Dominion, report that they do the best they can for the few hours of a public school day to teach and train the children committed to their care, knowing that when they dismiss them at the close of the afternoon session, they are often going out to face dangers against which they have no internal defence.

The two previously mentioned lads whose sentences were reduced from life to three years had during their public school careers been adjudged by experts to be mentally subnormal. Detention for life in a peniten-tiary would obviously have been a bitter

injustice to them.

Their release three years from now into a world full of young girls may work out another tragedy.

Custodial care under happy conditions might give to many such young citizens comfort, occupation suited to their capacity, legitimate enjoyment under safe guardianship during early years and in the cases which seem to require permanent detention. would prevent the bringing into the world of babies handicapped from the first breath of life.

A larger group of young offenders are those whose delinquencies seem to have been in large degree caused by unsatisfac-

tory housing conditions.

A survey was made in one of our cities, (not the largest) of accommodation enjoyed by children attending the public schools.

One typical class showed that of thirty-six

pupils, twenty-two lived in rooming-houses five slept alone in a room, seventeen slept in a room with one other, eight slept in a room with two others, three slept in a room with three others, three slept in a room with four others. In a large number of cases, the bedroom was, during the day, the family kitchen, dining-room or living-room. In some cases it was all three.

Of these children, six were ten per cent. under weight, five were fifteen per cent. under weight, and one was twenty per cent. under weight.

One report showed that a landlady being able to rent all other space, slept with two children in the kitchen and had three other children using a bed under the stairs in the

If these rooms were large, sunny and clean this congestion would not be so bad, but it usually occurs in business districts where the dwellings are often ramshackle houses, crowded together, not worth repairing. Large blocks cut off much of the fresh air and constant traffic creates noise and dirt.

and constant traffic creates noise and dirt.

The crime-producing tendencies of such homes are obvious. The children escape as often as possible from their cramped quarters. They drift to sidewalks, the gatherings under street lights, or to shops and dance-halls, anywhere where they may find space and light, and if the weather is cold, warmth. They also find opportunity for mischief that sometimes degenerates into serious misdemeanor. serious misdemeanor.

We have reached a stage of development

in which we could insist that such persons live in surroundings more conducive to the raising of law-abiding citizens. Improve-ments along this line could be brought about by degrees by housing regulations, and if necessary the building by municipalities of

homes for our poorer tenants.

A definite service could be provided for our young population, especially in congested districts, by opening our schools and school-grounds in the evenings for supervised work and play.

There might be opportunity for preparing homework in quietness, books, games, indoors and out, manual work, sewing, and so on; many of the activities of childhood carried on in comfort and security, habits of normal, happy work and play established. Many a child might be brought safely



#### A Few in for Bridge

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MARY T. GOLDMAN'S

such reservations, of course, as becomes a woman.

She rose, very straight, and held out her and. The hand that clasped it was shakthe lips to which he raised it were hot and dry.

"For auld lang syne," he whispered, and

WO people slept ill that night upon the Two people siept in that many for hotel's excellent mattresses. Gil tossed about, now too hot, now too cold, throwing off the blankets and pulling them up again. Sometimes he dozed and dreamt that Kate was melting in his arms, and awoke with a start to find them empty. And this kept up all night, until at dawn he said aloud, "I'll have her before this week is out!" and fell suddenly into a heavy sleep.

In the big bed that she was to share with

Mark, Kate lay wide-eyed on her side, while the moonlight faded from the wall and the dresser mirror no longer glimmered in the dark. She could think only of Gil's lips with their flash of strong, white teeth . . . His kisses had once been very sweet. She cried herself to sleep at last, and hunted franti-cally in her dreams for Mark and could not find him.

NEXT morning, she hurried from the hotel and took the path that led to the water-tower on the island's peak, with the intention of watching from the look-out for the boat that would bring Mark and the boys. She did not deceive herself about Gil, now that it was daylight. She did not love -all her love belonged to Mark realized that she had never loved Gil Peterson. It had been infatuation, no more, but the distinction did not make her the happier. How could it, when she knew that his old power over her was still so strong that she must hide from him until she could stand in cowardly security behind her husband?

A shout made her heart leap. She turned to see Gil running up the hill, and in a panic fled along the path. It dipped over a smooth rock and behind some bushes. She was out of his sight. Like a rabbit she took to the bush, and, lying flat in the bracken, heard him go on out of earshot. The zing of a tree-toad, the tap of a wood-pecker were the tree-toad, the tap of a wood-pecker were the only sounds in the greenness that encircled her. Through the trees the sun shone high in a blue and white sky. Mark would be with her in less than am hour.

After a time, footsteps descended the path, and, thinking Gil had gone, she emerged from her hiding place and finished her climb. Aloof, deserted-looking, the

her climb. Aloof, deserted-looking, the water-tower threw its cold shadow upon the bare crown of the island. With the sigh of one who has reached a safe hermitage, she

entered its open doorway.

Halfway up the winding-stairs she came face to face with Gil. It was over in an instant, his arms tight about her, his lips crushed upon her lips in the dim tower. And then she had pushed him aside and was leaning against the wall with her face in her hands. "Oh, Gil!" she said brokenly "Oh,

He thought, naturally, that she was crying. "My darling," he consoled her, "it was bound to come."

She looked up. He saw that she was in a glow of mirth, eyes sparkling, cheeks flushed. Mercifully, he did not know that she had just made the great discovery; far-away hills are green, far-away cows have long horns, and far-away kisses are sadly over-rated. They have been lost too long in over-rated. They have been lost too long in the mists of the sentimental past. They have grown stale, like tea-cakes left forgot-ten in a tin. Even when steamed and served anew with sauce they are fit only for a dinner en famille. Poor Gil! His kiss had been as dull as this! It had been no more than the kiss of an old family friend! "Gil," she said gently, "have you forgot-ten that you're married?" He shrugged, and with that simple

He shrugged, and with that simple gesture told her that his marriage was not only a matter of indifference to him, but also to his wife.

"Come upstairs," Kate said, stepping past him. He followed her, admiring her upright figure and slim ankles, all in a turmoil of impatience for the top to be

reached, when he could take her in his arms again. But when they had stepped out upon the roof, she pointed to her hand and he saw wedding-ring he had been too complac-

ently blind to notice before.
"You're married," he said incredulously,
"and you never told me?"

"Did you think I had stayed single all the years, my dear?" she cried.

It was exactly what he had thought, of course. He rested his head upon the parapet. Her voice was going on and on, talking softly about Mark. About them spread the blue panorama of the lake sunk cleanly in its high uneven green shores. Of a sudden she cried, "The boat!" in a glad voice that brought his head up with a jerk.
"The which?" he asked. And then he saw that the steamboat which brought new

guests to Hotel Piney every morning was steaming towards them like a fat red water-beetle. "Well, what of it?" he said roughly. "Why, Mark's on that boat. Mark and the boys!"

'Boys?" he repeated in a daze. "My three sons," she explained proudly The world tumbled about his ears. To have felt so sure of her, and then—this. It would have been better to have fallen off the tower.

They watched the boat approach, standing side by side, yet separated by so great a gulf that he could not comprehend it yet.

"Perhaps your wife will be on it, too,"
Kate said.

"Perhaps," he said bitterly. "Don't go. There's no hurry.

"I must be at the dock. I wouldn't have Mark miss me for worlds."

He faced her with hot, miserable eyes. "If I hadn't been a fool you would have been meeting me at the dock!"

She looked at him with compassion. Poor, tiresome Gil. "It was all for the best. We wouldn't have made each other happy. Besides you would have tired of me some day, and hurt me even more than you did." "Kate . . ." he said brokenly.

"Oh, it's all right, my dear. I got over it years ago—when I met Mark. Gil, I must go! The boat is nearly in."

She went through the doorway and looked back with sparkling eyes to ask, "Aren't you coming?"

He came, then, down the stairs behind her, and one end of her scarf blew up against his face, and he kissed it, and she never knew! Out in the sunlight she began to run, and fell on the path and sprawled there gracefully. He lifted her gravely and piloted her to the wharf. They reached it as the gangway was being thrown out. The first to step upon it was a tall, fine-looking man, quite surrounded by three fine-looking little boys.

"Phil! "Mark!" shrieked Kate. Jack! Allen!" Rapturously she flung herself upon

Gil turned away, but not quickly enough, for he had seen the expression on the tall man's face as he took her in his arms. Well, that was that. He made no futile resolution that was that. He made no the resolution to forget her; he knew now that he had never forgotten her and never would. She was a part of his being, though she did not recognize the fact, and he had lost her. He had lost her forever.

"Oh, Gil!" cried a high voice.

Was ever a man so out of luck? Doreen was coming down the gangway with her toy

whippet over her arm.

Kate was not so absorbed in her family as to have forgotten Gil's existence. She heard the cry—as, indeed, did everyone who stood upon the wharf-and she knew through the raillery of his friends that it was his wife. Gil's wife! This dumpy person with the henna-tinted hair and the hard, plain face! And he always used to like such pretty girls. And he always used to like such pretty girls. But perhaps she was a good wife and mother. Kate looked hopefully about for a child or two and saw none. She was only human; she would always be gratified by the turning of the tables against him; but she was not vindictive. "Oh, poor Gil!" she thought, looking pityingly at his gray face with the smile fixed upon it. And then and there Kate Alcott forgave him the past, with no reservations whatsoever, as became a woman.





#### Is Your Garden Accidental or Deliberate?

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#### Shopping in the Home

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The Chatelaine will be a fireside shopping guide for the leading influential families in Canada.



#### For Auld Lang Syne

Continued from page 11

His arms closed about her.
Fortunately, at that instant the music stopped. He released her just before the lights flooded on, revealing them in their

"Gil Peterson!" Kate stammered angrily.

"No one saw," he said coaxingly.

"Oh, yes, I know. You were always very careful—" she caught herself with a hot

'Besides, I didn't." he remarked in a

wheedling voice.
"That's not the point!" she flashed. "You had absolutely no right to k— to try to kiss me. Why we're the merest acquaintances!"

How she hoped she was hurting him!
The music had started; the moon touched them gently once more. He leaned over her, pleaded with her. "A man can't resist you,

One man did," she said coldly, "once." Wheeling about, she passed through the gloom of the encore with him humbly at her the theole. If this were revenge it was not having the effect upon her that she had hoped for. "Where's your spirit?" she chided herself. "You've got him where you longed to have him for years. Go to it, my girl. You have your husband's permission!"

Forcing a laugh, she turned to him. "Let's

Forcing a laugh, she turned to him. "Let's not be silly, Gil."

They sat outside upon the same settee on which she had sat with Clarry. The Moon-waltz groaned and twanged inside—an interminable affair. No one was near them. The lake gleamed at their feet like a pewter plate, and above it hung such a moon as even Gil—a connoisseur of moons—had never seen.

"It's lovely and peaceful here," Kate said, her heart pounding in a by no means peaceful way. So might the big guns pound before

the zero hour.

the zero hour.

He looked at her until she was in danger of wriggling. "You always were very beautiful in the moonlight, Kate."

She put her hand to the brooch Mark had given her. "Yes, Gil. The darker the moon the more beautiful I am. Did you ever see me during a total eclipse?"

"I was in earnest," he said, stiffly.

"Sorry, Gil, I'm not used to compliments any more—from you."

He took her hand, pressed it in both of his, "I suppose I threw away all rights to compli-

"I suppose I threw away all rights to compliment years ago."

ment years ago."

"In a way that was far from complimentary," she said lightly. "Tell me about your wife. Is she very lovely? But of course she must be, or you wouldn't have chosen her—if I can say that without complimenting myself. Still, I didn't get chosen, did I? I—" she added with the laugh that so bewitched him—"I was only a runner-up."
"Don't!" he said, wincing. Her profile was turned to him, as white as marble in the beautiful light of the moon, as cold as marble, too, as if she had never laughed but a moment ago; he saw with amazement that a moment ago; he saw with amazement that

a moment ago; he saw with amazement that her chin was quivering. "You haven't forgiven me, Kate," he said.

Shrewd man! With that one stroke he had cut her off from her defences. A tear rolled from under the long lashes. She could not speak. He pressed his advantage, sitting a little closer to her, his eyes fixed humerily. little closer to her, his eyes fixed hungrily upon the proud curve of her lips. "Please forgive me, for now that I've seen you again and realize how wonderful you are, I can never forgive myself."

What charm he had! When he spoke in those persuasive tones with his fine eyes bent upon her, she could not wonder why a foolish little girl of twenty had broken her heart over him once upon a time. His breath was on her cheek, his lips a scant two inches away. A heaviness settled upon her. Motionless, she felt his face draw nearer

. . nearer . . . She thought of Mark in time, and drew away with a dignity that concealed the chaos within her breast. "You pay yourself a very pretty compliment," she said curtly, "if you imagine that after all these years I have still to forgive you. However, if you must have it so, I forgive you now—with

#### Easy to Banish Fat



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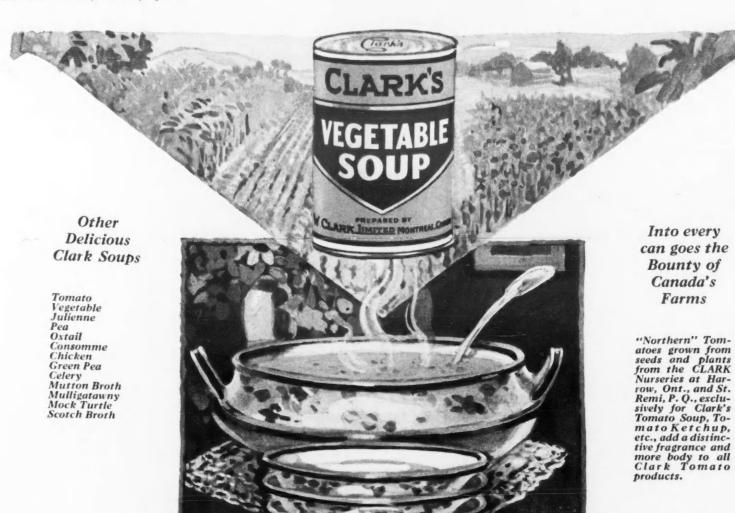
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bread



The dwarf cactus is a twentieth century development.

#### What is this Modernist Movement?

Continued from page 7

petalled flower scintillating with the light. Perhaps a chandelier will be composed of a framework of stiff, narrow rays of wood in two tiers, connected by perfectly clear cylinders of bulbs through which the element glitters. They are almost like test-tubes! Swinging on long chains, or straight vertical rods, snowballs of clustered planes of white glass reflect light in broken rays. Often a cluster of soft white globes, dimpled and misty, hang at different lengths from the ceiling, much after the manner of blossoms on a twig. One common form is a series of square sheets hung one above the other, through each of which the light gleams from above. These square sheets are occasionally formed into cubes or hexagons, each side overlapping the next in a design simple in composition but arresting in effect. Some-times a series of mere squares of glazed glass, set at chosen intervals in the wall, light a whole room.

Although, in the past, a vaulted ceiling might have been enriched with splendid embellishment of woodwork or mural decoration, inset glass is now being introduced, most often illuminated. It does not protrude. It merely leaves open spaces or traces paths of light in the ceiling's surface. Low glass screens are seen quite frequently, and even an occasional glass table.

Lalique, who is acknowledged leader of the craft in Europe, fills homes on both continents with his unusual glass ornaments. In England, a woman glass-blower, Mrs. Graydon-Stannus, F. R. S. A., has made great strides in the art. It was she who blew

the exquisite tiny fixtures for the Queen's Doll's House. Her hand-turned glass plates are wonderfully interesting and decorative, and help to carry out the modernist touch in table-settings. Her glass also is obtainable in Canada.

The queer little dwarf cacti that have become so linked with the new interior decoration, are purely a twentieth century development. It is odd that these ageless plants of the desert, should have been domesticated only now, at the very moment when a background is prepared for them. But ages, even in plants, run in cycles, and if the aspidistra and the rubber plant were signs of the Victorian times, it is no more remarkable that the cactus and its kin should stand as a symbol of the modern era.

So we survey the new decoration, hailing it by its symbols, and consciously receiving so much of it into our lives as seems meet. Much will appear about us that whether we desire it or no, must remain. We can no more stem the tide of this new century movement than turn our faces against the onmarch of time. It was developed past the "fad" stage in several phases; in others it will undoubtedly soon find itself as well. Far better that we should know it for what it is and be able to defend or condemn it from the standpoint of understanding its virtues as well as its shortcomings, than let it come upon us unawares. Whether we like it or no. it is a thing that must be reckoned with and generation we shall learn to know its foibles early! made place for, and if we are wise in our

#### The Loose Rainbow

Continued from page 15

until finally the beautiful flower of blue and white stones dangled in front of the Princess'

The little Princess put out one hand and caught it. And then very gently she pulled and drew it until she had reached the very end and the Rainbow was once more touching the ground Only instead of resting in the lily bed it now had planted itself firmly in the rose bush where the Chancellor had fallen. It caught him on the goutiest of his legs. The Chancellor gave a shrill yelp and the Queen and her maidens decided they

were missing something and revived quickly. His Majesty the King then stepped

forward and touched the Smallest Jester on the shoulder with his sword.
"For bringing back the rainbow," he said,

you will no longer remain the Smallest and Least Important Jester. From now on you are to live in the palace as my son and I appoint you Royal Guardian in Chief of the Rainbow. You will be known throughout the land as Prince Betterthanachancellor."

The Smallest Jester looked somewhat taken aback. He was used to being addressed usually as "Hi!" and occasionally as "You there!" But the little Princess smiled at him.

"Never mind," she whispered, "I'll call you Anthony."

#### Paris Favors a Feminine Mode

Continued from page 23



off the face, but I cannot picture us all going about as if we had just had a shock. Personally, I should say brims would be floppier while still staying mere haloes. I did not invent that. It was

told me as a state secret. The small veil, one sees everywhere. That you know, most likely. They tell me they have become quite common in New York. You can see from the photograph of the Bangkok model that to wear your hat on the back of your neck is anything but dowdy.

Just at present, the Parisienne is trotting

through the alleys of the Bois, when the mornings are sunny, in laced Oxfords with fairly wide, high heels,. That is, the choicest of them. Patou, of course, started that vogue to go with his trotteur models. Usually sac and shoes are matched. Peru-gia is showing afternoon shoes in na-tural colored lizard and black patent leather and other

fancy models, but most of the feet under smart tea tables are in plain black patent leather pumps or slippers with one strap. For evening, plain satin pumps without buckles are seen, and a great, great many in that light blonde color that goes with everything.

Everyone wears artificial jewellery. Nobody cares so long as she gets the effect of the real stones. Some still wear

serpent necklaces—Premet's in near gold, but they usually leave a twin of dirt around the wearer's neck after an evening's dancing on a floor as spacious as a pocket handkeron a noor as spaceous as a pocket handker-chief. Chanel's necklaces of round diamonds or amethysts or topazes are fading out. Smart women will not wear them because they can be copied too cheaply and the department stores are making festoons of them by the thousands. The thing to wear now as the sole ornament on a black frock. now as the sole ornament on a black frock, for instance, is a major-domo's chain of office, much smaller, naturally, in "diamonds." As a matter of fact, this vogue for imitation stones recalls the days of the great Renaissance jewellers, when craftsmanship counted more than the material on which the craftsman wrought. Ear-rings are worn. but shorter than last year. No fragile ear, and you hate to think of a pretty woman's ear being anything but that, could support for long the bunches of grapes and such like of leat earses. like of last season.

Tailored or coat

In conclusion, the Parisienne has decided to wear her own complexion frosted over and delicately flushed. She is sometimes camellia white, but has abandoned the yellow masque which was supposed to counterfeit sunburn or to recall the East, but looked more often than not as if the wearer were suffering from jaundice.

By the way, the crop that made a woman's head look as if it had been varnished is losing favor. Cuts are longer, particularly in the back; and a lot of "bubble" heads have appeared, short curls all over. Those whom ringlets do not suit have the ends of their hair curled under and following the new movement, swirled to one side.

PERHAPS because of the popularity of I this type of haircut, the tight-fitting helmet hat is destined to go through the spring and summer with unwaning popularity—except on those occasions when a large Capeline or Bangkok is called for. Madame Capeline or Bangkok is called for. Madame Suzanne Talbot, on the Rue Royale, is much given to this helmet type; in fact, she is showing scarcely a model with a brim. One very arresting model had side flaps that almost reached the shoulders! Other quite extreme models of the close-fitting toque were overstitched in the bright, shiny, silk straw called pedaline, which looks as though it would become quite popular. It is an innovation this year, and rationally sound, for it is very light to wear.

The essence of these little hats is original-

The essence of these little hats is originality; unusual twists and curves, or the intro-duction of a piece of felt or straw where the other person would not think of putting it.

> There is less feeling about the difficulty of wearing brimless hats—possibly because they are the thing to wear-but women with prominent features are rather accentuating them with these helmet types, than making any effort to distract attention from their very existence.

Among accessor-ies, new mediums for handbags are appearing. So we find Madame Agnes

launching upon a spring-time world a small handlebag of chenille closely crocheted. It is an afternoon accessory. Antelope is a favorite medium for all the French designers' handbags, and

is shown in original shapes. An envelope purse is made from Rodier fabric in pastel colors, contrasting. Brocade is much used for the flat book-like envelope purses of evening, which are carried inconspicuously under the caped or loosely sleeved arm. Lanvin has allowed himself attention to

Lanvin has allowed nimself attention to handkerchiefs in the rounding out of the perfect toilette, and his last word is a powder-kerchief. This evening accessory is a square of chiffon with lace on two edges forming an "L". The powder puff is carried in it. Vionnet, on the other hand, has thought of the tailered evening hanky. His in it. Vionnet, on the other hand, has thought of the tailored evening hanky. His, in printed chiffon with small conventional doodads for border, and an initial that at most speaks of the well-dressed man, is the beight of tailored. height of tailleur.

Speaking of tailleurs, a flower to be worn with them is made of two tones of kasha, and is one of Jenny's accessory offerings. Lelong shows beautifully colored leather belts for the most part lighted up with either gilt leather or metallic buckles.





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# Noman's Own Garden Sy ada Z. Potts

A SKETCH of one's dream garden is a pleasing thing, but a rough draft of what actually exists is extremely useful as the housewife goes up to possess the land. A garden-map would chart the sunflooded areas,

as well as the semi-shaded portions, and the spots which call for vine-screens. Although we are planning for a hurry-up garden, nothing is to be gained, and assuredly much otherwise good material is lost, by rushing out at the first hint of warm springlike weather and hurrying seeds into a ground which is too damp and cold to receive them.

One of the most frequent questions which the impatient gardener-amateur asks is "When can I plant?" Since our climate refuses any well-arranged schedule, only an approximate guide can be given. Even with the recommendation, "Watch the trees, then when the pear is in bloom plant the hardy things, and when the apple trees are in blossom, the less hardy," we are sometimes at a loss. It still suggests the reply of a successful exhibitor to the unsuccessful amateur who sought to know the how and why. "Everything," he said, "depends on everything else, and so we acts accordin'." The condition of the soil after all, remains the all-important factor.

Although we must wait until September, October and early November to plant such bulbs as tulips, narcissi, snowdrops, muscarias (grape hyacinths), the crocuses and others, to permit the root systems to become well established before the frost, some hardy plants (particularly the early bloomers) may be set out, while dormant, in April. Usually from May until the middle of June is time enough to plant out, and this includes the annuals, which must largely predominate in making the garden the first year.

There are decided advantages when the matter of growing annuals is considered. For the beginner who must break ground and make a start now, and, being a woman, desires results to be in evidence in the shortest possible period of time, annuals mean the only way to have satisfaction the first year.

Nothing takes the place of the old time groups, and an effective planting can be secured by selecting the plants which follow each other in bloom through the season. This method also changes the color effect of the garden almost every week, although some of the plants extend their period of bloom over several weeks and hence the difficulty of giving a really satisfactory short list. Approximately the following may serve as a guide:

May—Alyssum or Sweet Alysson, (which if clipped after its first blooming will produce another crop); gypsophila or baby's breath; godetia, which will be found functioning in the fall; marigolds, which continue bravely until the frost; phlox Drummondii; California poppies.

phlox Drummondii; California poppies.

June—Amaranths, candytuft, which, with successive sowings, blooms until October, clarkia, which is faithful until late fall; morning glory; nasturtium; stocks, verbena, scabiosa or pincushion flower; petunias.

July—Hyacinth bean; chrysanthemum, which continues into the next month; cobea scandans; gaillardia or blanket flower; moonflower, which is also in bloom in August; maurandia, which continues into August; asters; Indian and Japanese pinks; salpiglossis; coreopsis; French marigolds; zinnias.

August—Castor bean; giant hemp; Japanese hop; snap-dragons; matthiola, or stocks.

September—Ageratum; candytuft, cosmos or Mexican aster; verbena or vervain; zinnias.

October—Alyssum or sweet alysson; candytuft; clarkia; ten week stocks.

A classification according to color which may guide an amateur who is desirous of producing only harmony in her out-door room, is as follows:

White-flowered—Alyssum; asters; iberis or candytuft; stocks.

Yellow-flowered—Calendulas or marigolds; correopsis; eschscholtzia or California poppy; nasturtiums; phlox.

Blue-flowered—Ageratum; centaurea or sweet sultan; asters; lobelia.

Red (or scarlet flowered)—Clarkia; dianthus or annual pinks; phlox; nasturtiums; verbenas; agrostemma or rose campion; celosia, or feathered cockscomb.

With several colors—Balsam; calendula or pot marigold; mignonette; godetia; petunia; portulaca or sun plant; sweet peas.

Climbers for covering—Morning glories; moonvines; cobeas; Japanese hops; canary bird vine; Madeira vine, and others sometimes listed as hardy.

Tall-growers for the rear—Lavetera or mallow; helianthus or miniature sunflower; cosmos; dahlias; nicotiana or tobacco plant; castor oil beans.

Dwarf for edging—Phlox Drummondii; alyssum or sweet alysson; lobelia; candytuft; pinks; verbena or vervain; eschscholtzia or California poppy; petunias.

Cornflowers, though lacking in foliage, combine splendidly

Cornflowers, though lacking in foliage, combine splendidly with other flowers, and can be relied upon to give bloom for cutting all summer. Mixed with pot marigolds, which bloom from early summer until the frost, or with the California poppies, which if sown in April will flower all summer, good bowl effects may be obtained for the table. Candytuft should be given successive sowings, and the colored varieties included as well as the white. Annual larkspur, if grown in a sunny place, comes in July. The old-fashioned honesty should be grown, not only for its summer service but for its ornamental seed-pods which are valuable for winter decorations. These combined with grasses, or placed with the Chinese lantern plants when their seed-pods have ripened, will fill a want when the garden season has ended.

IN MAKING any garden, fragrance should be made a leading issue. In the old-time gardens, those which live in memory to-day, fragrance was a sought-for asset, and although our new garden must have annuals predominating, fragrant ones fortunately, are as easily obtainable as those for show or cutting purposes.

for show or cutting purposes.

Annuals grown for fragrance—Heliotrope; mignonette; stocks (ten weeks and evening); lemon-scented verbenas; annual wallflowers; sweet sultans (though these are sometimes rather uncertain as to perfume); nicotianas, and fouro'clocks.

Annuals play an important role, even after the perennial border is established, because there is a period in the midsummer when the perennials seem to go on strike, and it is then that the annuals are in full glory. Thanks to the labors of hybridists and seedgrowers, from a few packets of seeds, costing from five to ten cents a packet, a garden plot in the hands of a truly interested person will change from a barren space into a plot of color in four short months. Some of the annuals continue to bloom for ten weeks to three months.

Many city residents are frequently deterred from starting a garden because of a cherished belief that the soil found makes it an impossible thing. Even clay soil can be coaxed to make a very good garden eventually. One difficulty does have to be faced, however, and that is learning when it is advisable to handle heavy soil and when it is better to leave it for a time in order to avoid other conditions which will entail labor in solving. It is possible to lighten the clay by using ashes. Where strawy stable manure is accessible, the gardenmaker is indeed fortunate. However, with the use of commercial fertilizers, green cover-crops dug in. and rotted garden refuse, many difficulties are overcome.

It is a good plan to set aside a section for cutting purposes

It is a good plan to set aside a section for cutting purposes only, since, where flowers are grown for show, the harvesting for indoor use will mar the effect if done on a generous scale.

In planning this first-year garden as when designing the perennial border, there should not only be selection as to color but the time of blooming. Among the earliest blooming annuals to be counted on are the phlox Drummondii and

the French marigolds which will be satisfactory from seed sown outside. Asters are late bloomers, though the early-flowering types will be at their best in August, and from then until October no one need be without them. Zinnias,

which, thanks to the work done by experts, show a fine range of colors, are most desirable if separate colors are chosen and not the mixed seeds planted. They start blooming in August. The scarlet salvia is in full glory in the late summer. Cosmos may be expected, if early varieties are secured, to come into bloom in September. Verbenas and ten weeks stocks can be secured by mid-July and will continue in bloom until the end of the garden season. Snapdragons like a slow cool start and should be sown early outdoors. Bedding petunias can be sown out of doors in May but the better way is to sow indoors and transplant outside when the danger of frost is over, then they will be a mass of bloom in the beds in July.

in the beds in July.

This shows that annuals will, if a careful selection is made, give a succession of bloom from June till the frost, and during their blooming season the planning of the perennial borders can go on and even some of the planting undertaken.

Regarding the perennial borders. If the fall bulbs have not been planted, there is apt to be a barren period as a rule. The following lists may serve to guide in the selection:

Apply a phida or rock received the plant sublata or

April—Arabis albida, or rock cress; phlox sublata or moss pink phlox; bloodroot; iberis or hardy candytuft; iris pumila or Crimean iris; hepaticas; aubretias or purple rock cress; bellis perennis or English daisy; columbines; anemones.

May—Myosotis or forget-me-not; phlox sublata; dianthus

May—Myosotis or forget-me-not; phlox sublata; dianthus or hardy pinks; bleedingheart; Iceland poppies; tree peony; ajuga reptans or bugle blowers; iris.

June—Achillea or millefoil; campanula or bellflower; columbines; penstemons or beard tongues; gypsophila or baby's breath; iris; delphiniums or perennial larkspur; heuchera or alum root; dianthus; doronicum or leopard's bane; peony.

July—Oenothera or evening primrose; campanula medium and latifolia; linum perenne or flax; gaillardia or blanket flower; anchusa or alkanet; delphiniums; eryngiums; lobelia; echinops or globe thistles; dictamnus, or gas plant; August—Liatris or blazing star; platycodons or Chinese

August—Liatris or blazing star; platycodons or Chinese balloon-flowers; bocconia or plume flower; shasta daisy; hollyhock.

September and October—Chrysantnemums, correopsis, or tickseed; snapdragons; aconite; michaelmas daisies; heleniums; foxgloves; thalictrum or meadow rue; funkia, or plantain lily.

There are many others worthy of inclusion, including arenaria; armeria or sea pink; asclepias or milkweed; cerastium or snow-in-summer; lychnis or campion; and potentillas.

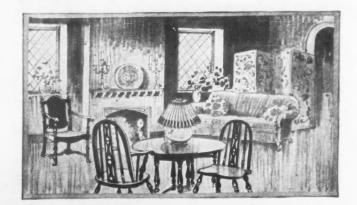
If the space is small, and there is only room for one tree, let it be a Bechtel's double-flowering crab-apple. This is really a delight, not only for its bloom but for its perfume.

OF COURSE no garden is complete without a planting of hollyhocks which used to grow so stately in grand-mother's garden and provided many silk dresses for grand-daughter's dolls. It is unfortunate that to-day the orange fungus loves the hollyhock, and must be dealt with, although we never knew grandmother troubled by the pest. Most fungus diseases arise when the plant's constitution is weak-ened, and it may be we overwork our plants, forcing them to carry their bloom overtime, and even cutting back to secure a second crop. This might not be objectionable if we remembered to feed the plants well while they are working so hard. Most perennials improve wonderfully if treated to some fertilizing immediately after their flowering, and are in better shape to come through the winter.

Grandmother treated the hollyhock as a perennial and

Grandmother treated the hollyhock as a perennial and allowed it to seed itself. The self-sown seedlings of many plants—even so-called annuals—are recognized as sturdier and earlier than those planted with the gardener's aid. However many find it better to consider the hollyhock as a biennial, making sowings each year setting out young





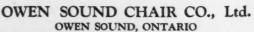


W HEN the shy March sun peeps 'round the casement, summoning thoughts of snow drop, crocus and jonquil, of springtime and all things beautiful—then comes a longing for something different—something as new and lovely as Nature's own re-birth.

Perhaps that inner urge may find a happy outlet in an Owen Sound Windsor or Owen Sound Occasional—just beneath the window—just beside the lamp—inviting by its grace and comfort, host and guest alike.



When buying chairs look for the familiar Owen Sound Windsor and Owen Sound Occasional tags.







## Planning a Woman's Garden

Continued from page 66

plants and thus ensuring a crop of bloom annually.

Just one hint as to where to plant. The external character of plants assists the trained grower to understand their requirements. He takes into consideration the size of the leaf, its texture, the shape of the leaves, etc. A broad-leaved plant is recognized as "a shade plant", while the linear

leaved (long and narrow leaved), which are seemingly the most common, are better prepared for full sunlight and better suited to drier positions.

Truly a garden is a most marvellously illustrated book, and one which is accessible to all who care to learn its pages. The garden-story, if followed through the years, leads readers into an entrancing fairyland.



#### VARYING THE LENTEN MENU

Some unusual recipes for the preparation of sea and lake food

By NELLIE REGAN

FISH contain more nourishment than is generally realized. Even herrings, which are usually very cheap, contain a large amount.

When selecting fish see that the eyes are bright, the scales shiny, and the flesh firm. If you are not intending to cook the fish at once do not place them one on another, but wring a clean cloth out of cold water in which some salt has been dissolved, and wrap the fish separately in this, then lay them on a dish and keep in the coolest place possible.

Cod, haddock, and halibut may be kept a day before using, but mackerel and white-fish and all smaller fish should be used as soon as possible after being taken from the

Although fish should be carefully cleansed, all soaking in water, except in the case of salt fish, should be avoided, as it destroys the flavor.

There are numerous "different" ways of preparing fish, and making its appearance more welcome. Try some of these recipes during the Lenten season for variety.

#### Savory Salmon Steaks

Arrange some half-inch slices of salmon in a baking pan on some thin strips of salt pork, and cover them with the following dressing:

Two cupfuls of breadcrumbs, one medium sized onion, finely chopped, one tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, and salt and pepper to taste. A little lemon juice or vinegar may be added if desired.

After covering the salmon steaks with the dressing, add another layer of fish, sprinkle with flour, pepper and salt, then lay a few more strips of pork on top. Bake in a moderate oven about half an hour.

#### Fish Pudding

Raw or cooked fish may be used for this. Shred finely three-quarters of a pound of fish, removing all bones. Heat a gill of milk or fish stock, and three ounces of butter and pour it over three ounces of bread-crumbs. Add them to the fish with one teaspoonful of chopped parsley and pepper and salt to taste. Stir in a beaten egg, and turn the mixture into a greased bowl; cover with greased paper, and steam slowly for forty minutes to one hour. Turn out and coat with parsley sauce.

#### Spanish Turbot

Cod, halibut, or ling may be cooked in this manner: First, make a sauce by melting in an enamelled pan, two tablespoonfuls of butter, adding gradually one tablespoonful of flour, then stirring in slowly one cupful of water and one pint of stewed tomatoes. When quite smooth, add three cloves and a tablespoonful of minced onion, and cook slowly for ten minutes. While the sauce is cooking, wash the fish and wipe it dry; season with pepper and salt, place in a greased baking dish, and pour half the sauce over it. Bake in a hot oven for forty minutes, basting occasionally with the remainder of the sauce. Serve on a hot dish bordered with mashed potatoes.

#### Herring Pie

Scale and cleanse six fresh herrings, and remove the heads, fins and tails. Line a piedish with a nice crust, then sprinkle the bottom with a little mixed spice and pepper, and a few bits of butter. Now lay in some of the fish, and on these a layer of thinly sliced onion and apple, then the rest of the fish. Pour over them half a cupful of cold water; add a few more pieces of butter and cover with a crust. Bake in a moderate oven.

#### Stuffed Whitefish

Cod, haddock or small salmon are nice cooked in this manner: Select a fish weighing from three to four pounds, and after scaling and cleansing, fill the cavity with the dressing given in the first recipe (Savory Salmon Steaks). Place the fish in a baking pan on a well greased paper. Cut a few gashes in the fish and lay some strips of fat bacon or salt pork on top and bake. Allow fifteen minutes for each pound of fish.

#### Curried Fish

Take one and a half pounds of filleted fish, haddock or cod. If cooked fish is used, just reheat in the curry sauce; if raw. cut in neat pieces and cook in the sauce very slowly for fifteen minutes.

For the sauce, melt one ounce of butter and in it fry lightly one small onion, chopped and a slice of apple, also chopped; then add an ounce of flour, and curry powder according to taste, and cook for a few minutes. Stir in gradually about a pint of fish stock or water, add salt to taste, bring to the boil and simmer for half an hour. Serve with boiled rice.

# Westinghouse



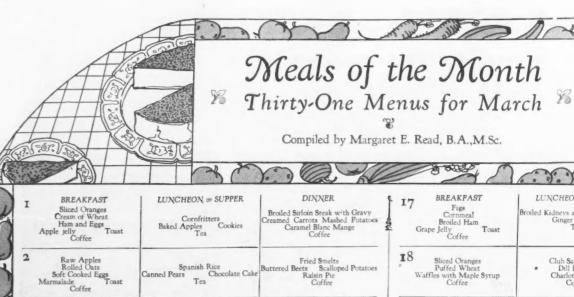
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This Westinghouse model has three heating elements and occupies a floor space 28% of an and inish in every respect equal to the larger ranges.

Hamilton, Ontario

Type "HSI"

This Westinghouse model has three heating elements and occupies a floor space 28% of a state of the stat



Spanish Rice Canned Pears Chocolate Cake Tea

Cabbage Salad
With Cheese and Sour Cream
Dressing
Corn Muffins
Tea
Syrup

Welsh Rarebit Lettuce Sandwiches Canned Peaches with Whipped Cream Plain Cake Tea

Julienne Soup Creamed Peas on Toast Jelly Roll Tea

Baked Beans Steamed Brown Bread Canned Pineapple Tea

Shepherd's Pie Preserved Cherries Parker House Rolls Tea

Noodles and Cheese Fruit Salad Small Cakes Cocoa

Mushrooms on Toast ned Peaches Hot Bran Muff Cocoa

Salad—Celery and Cherries Stuffed with Filberts Cinnamon Toast Ivory Cake with Marshmallow Icin Tea

Cream of Tomato Soup Celery Stuffed with Cheese Coffee Cake Preserves Tea

Meat and Rice Croquettes Creole Sauce Slicsd Oranges with Cocoanut Drop Cookies Tea

Broiled Finan Haddie Milk Sauce Jellied Figs and Nuts with Whipped Cream Tea

Griddle Cakes Maple Syrup Lemon Blanc Mange with Meringue Tea

Oyster Stew Dressed Lettuce Chocolate Eclairs Tea

S COMMON

Stewed Prunes
Cornmeal
Calf's Liver and Bacon
Strawberry Jam
Coffee

4 Half Grapefruit
Shredded Wheat
Comb Honey Hot Bran Muffins
Coffee

Whole Orange Roman Meal Porridge Scrambled Eggs Grape Conserve Toast Coffee

Sliced Bananas Cream of Wheat with Raisins Sausages Apple Sauce Hot Rolls Coffee

Figs in Syrup Cornflakes Shredded Codfish Cakes Marmalade Toast Coffee

Baked Apples Cornmeal Poached Eggs on Toast Citron Preserves Coffee

Orange Juice Oatmeal Porridge Pancakes with Maple Syrup Coffee

California Apricote
Roman Meal
Ham Omelet
Raspberry Jam
Coffee

Baked Bananas Grapenuts Bacon Plum Conserve Coffee

Oranges
Cream of Wheat
Chipped Beef with Cream Sauce
Blackberry Jam
Coffee

Cinnamon Prunes Muffets Bacon and Eggs Strained Honey Toast Coffee

14 Grapefruit
Oatmeal with Bran
Jelly Omelet
Toast Coffee

Cre un of Wheat with Dates Small Steak Marmalade Coffee

16 Whole Orange Roman Meal Fried Eggs Plum Jam Coffee

	DINNER Broiled Sirloin Steak with Gravy Creamed Carrots Mashed Potatoes Caramel Blanc Mange Coffee	West of	17 G	BREAKFAST Figs Cornmeal Broiled Ham rape Jelly Coffee	LUNCHEON or SUPPER Brofled Kidneys and Bacon on Toa Ginger Pudding Tea	DINNER Irish Stew Parsnip Fritters Bailed Potatoes Cucumber Pickles Bunana Cream Pie Coffee
Cake	Fried Smelts Buttered Beets Scalloped Potatoes Raisin Pie Coffee		18 w	Sliced Oranges Puffed Wheat affles with Maple Syrup Coffee	Club Sandwiches Dill Pickles Charlotte Russe Cocoa	Roast Chicken with Dressing Asparagus Giblet Gravy Currant Tips Jelly Mashed Potatoes Ice Cream Cake Coffee
	Pork Chops Canned Corn French Fried Potatoes Chow-Chow Cottage Pudding with Lemon Sauce Coffee			ked Apples with Ginger Rolled Oats Creamed Haddock rawberry Jam Toast Coffee	Chicken Soup with Rice Hot Biscuits Honey Tea	Swedish Steak  Buttered Kidney Au Gratin Beans Relish Orange Bread Pudding Coffee
d	Prime Roast of Beef with Yorkshire Pudding Creamed Turnips Mashed Potatoes Glorified Rice (with Maple Syrup and Whipped Cream)		20 Appl	Orange Juice Cream of Wheat Pork Chops e Jelly Hot Rolls Coffee	Potato Salad Muffins Cheese Preserves Tea	Planked Halibut Buttered Beets - Duchesse Potatoes Cold Slaw Apricot Fluff Coffee
	Gold Roast Beef Jellied Toinato Salad Baked Potatoes Celery Relish Steamed Chocolate Pudding with Hard Sauce Coffee		2 I Frenc	Bananas Puffed Rice th Toast and Maple Syrup Coffee	Fish Souffle Apple Sauce Ginger Cookies Tea	Boiled Loin of Mutton Caper Sauce Mashed Turnips French Fried Potatoes Upside Down Cake Coffee
	Stuffed Young Hearts Creamed Paranips Franconia Potatoes (parboiled and roasted) Cup Pudding with Fruit Sauce Coffee		22 Plu	Prune Cup Roman Meal Sausages m Conserve Toast Coffee	Curried Eggs and Vegetables Graham Nut Bread Apricots Tea	Fried Sweethreads Scalloped Tomatoes Creamed Potatoes Chocolate Walnut Blanc Mange Coffee
	Minute Steak with Fried Onions Tomatoes on Toast Boiled Potatoes Orange Snow Coffee		23 Ras	Oranges Corn Meal Spanish Omelet spherry Jam Toast Coffee	Jellied Tomato Salad Spice Cake with Caramel Marshmallow Ling Tea	Broiled Salmon Steaks Spinach Scalloped Potatoes Tomato Relish Lemon Pie Coffee
	Meat Pie Creamed Potatoes Chili Sauce Fig Pudding Coffee			Raw Apple olled Oats with Bran Bacon rmalade Toast Goffee	Fried Mush, Maple Syrup Sliced Oranges and Bananas Hot Chocolate	Hamburg Steak Scalloped Onions Mashed Potatoes Floating Island Oatmeal Cookies Coffee
	Baked Stuffed Haddock Sauce Tartare Canned Peas Au Gratin Potatoes Brown Betty Coffee		25 Gra	pefruit with Maple Syrup Post Toasties Soft Cooked Eggs Not Rnils Coffee	Oyster Patties Fruit Compote Sponge Cake Tea	Dressed Pork Tenderloin Fried Apples Baked Potatoes Lettuce with Russian Dressing Bavarian Cream Coffee
ns.	Meat Loaf Tomato Sauce Creamed Cabbage Scalloped Potatoes Tapioca Cream Coffee		26 Pres	Figs Roman Meal Ham and Eggs Toast Coffee	Scalloped Salmon Duchesse Potatoes Sweet Pickles Hot Chelsea Buns Tea	Lamb Stew Dumplings Canned Peas Lyonnaise Potatoes Raspberry Tarts Coffee
ng	Crown Roast of Pork Sauted Pineapple French Fried Potatoes Deep Apple Pie Coffee		27 Peac	Orange Sections Shredded Wheat Small Steak th Jelly Toast Coffee	Cabbage, Apple and Raisin Salad Brown Bread Gocoa	Boiled Tongue Tomato Sauce String Beans Riced Potatoes Apple Sauce Ginger Bread
	Cold Roast Pork Hot Apple Sauce Mashed Potatoes Mustard Pickles Poor Man's Pudding Coffee			ed Canned Pineapple Oatmeal Porridge Plain Omelet kberry Jam Toast Coffee	Fried Tongue Scalloped Corn Canned Plums Rye Muffins Tea	Shoulder of Veal Currant jelly Lima Beans Au Gratin Potatoes Fruit Salad Coffee
95	Breaded Veal Cutlets String Beans Ginger Cream Coffee		29 Strav	Whole Oranges Cream of Wheat Liver and Bacoon aberry Jam Toast Coffee	Baked Potato Celery Cheese Molasses Pudding Tea	Cold Veal in Aspic Potato Salad Canned Peach Shortcake Coffee
S	Hungarian Goulash icalloped Corn Boiled Rice Sour Pickles Carrot Pudding Coffee		30	Baked Apple Cornflakes Griddlecakes Coffee	Bean Loaf Chili Sauce Preserves Cake	Baked White Fish Creamed Asparagus French Fried Fotatoes Chocolate Ice Cream Coffee
1	Baked Spareribs Franconia Franconia Potatoes aked Apples with Whipped Cream Coffee	- 23	Cons	Sliced Oranges Grapenuts Broiled Ham erve Coffee	Stuffed Egg Salad on Lettuce Apple Dumplings Tea	Porterbouse Steak Snothered in Onions Spaghetti with Tomato Sauce Waldorf Saladi Maple Bread Pudding Coffee
	(Vegetable Dinner) Potato Croquettes Cramed Lima Beans Carrots and Peas Cabbage, Cheese and Pimento Salad Date Puffs Coffee	11	1	Friday. Provision is holy week or other Ler	gin on a Thursday, the second of made for a meatless day on eve ten fast days see suggestions f the article, "Varying the Lent	ry Friday of the month. or preparations of fish

#### NINE ORIGINAL BREAKFAST DISHES

No longer need the first meal of the day be stereotyped because of lack of time

By ELLEN NAGER



Some savory and delicious dishes, combining meat, fish and eggs. At the left, Scotch eggs, fried in sausage meat; at centre, bacon rolls stuffed with chicken livers: and at right, eggs on haddie.

N MANY households the first meal of the day has become stereotyped. It is prepared mechanically and eaten without relish, because there is no appeal to the palate. There is no reason why luncheon. dinner and supper should be the only meals wherein the dishes are varied. In most cases, I suppose, the great drawback is the lack of time in the morning. There is no time to step out of the rut. But the dingdong monotony of eggs and bacon may be varied considerably by preparing dishes over night. In this way a great saving can be effected, not only in time, but in utilizing scraps of food that might otherwise be wasted.

Here is a list of dishes that can be partly prepared over night.

#### Scotch Eggs

Over night-Divide a half pound of sausage meat into four equal portions. Remove the shells from four hard boiled eggs and cover

them with the sausage meat.

Morning—Roll the prepared eggs in egg and bread crumbs, and fry a golden brown in deep fat. Cut the eggs through the centre and serve on rounds of toast.

#### Steamed Haddock With Tomatoes

Over night-Cut a haddock in neat pieces and cook in milk and water for ten or fifteen minutes. Drain, and place in a baking dish. The amount of haddock will depend on the number of persons to be served. Open a can of tomatoes and turn into an agate or enamel

saucepan ready for heating.

Morning—Heat the tomatoes, pour them over the haddock and cook in the oven for ten minutes.

#### Mock Sweetbreads

Over night-Mince three-quarters of a pound of cold cooked veal and mix with it a quarter of a pound of finely chopped suet, a quarter of a pound of breadcrumbs, a little grated lemon rind, and pepper and salt to taste. Bind with a beaten egg. Divide, and form into little cakes.

Morning—Roll the meat cakes in bread crumbs and fry slowly in hot fat until a nice brown. Serve with brown gravy.

#### Fish Croutons

Over night-Add to half a pound of any cooked fish, free from bone, one hard boiled egg, chopped, a little anchovy essence and seasoning. Make a sauce with an ounce of butter, half an ounce of flour, and a little milk or fish stock. Cut some neat pieces of bread for frying. Chop a little parsley.

Morning—Pour the sauce over the fish mixture and heat gently. Fry the pieces of

bread to a golden brown, drain on paper. then heap on them the hot fish mixture; sprinkle with parsley and serve. Toast may be used instead of the fried bread.

#### Eggs on Haddie

Over night— Take a nice firm finnan haddie, wash it and remove the centre bone. Lay it flat in a pie dish.

Morning-Cover the finnan haddie with fresh milk, and break and drop on top new laid eggs, one for each person to be served. Dust with pepper and put small pieces of butter on top. Cook in a hot oven for fifteen minutes.

#### Curry Balls

Over night-Mince half a pound of any cold meat, add to it half that quantity of cooked rice, one small onion chopped very fine, a little lemon juice, and, if the meat is not very fat, a dessertspoonful of butter, melted. Mix together, one tablespoonful of flour and a half teaspoonful of curry powder, and add to the meat mixture. A little stock may be added if necessary. Form into little balls.

Morning-Drop the curry balls into hot fat and fry to a tempting brown.

#### Baked Ham and Eggs

Over night—Mix one cupful of bread crumbs and one of minced cooked ham, adding enough milk to moisten. Thoroughly grease some custard cups and line with the

Morning—Break an egg into each of the prepared cups, top with a little piece of butter and bake till the eggs are set. These are nice served with a white sauce, turned out on buttered toast. Garnish with parsley.

This is a nice way to use chicken livers. Over night—Wash the chicken livers, cut them in two, season with salt and pepper and fold each piece in a thin slice of bacon. Fasten with toothpicks.

bacon rolls may be Morning-The broiled over a full fire for ten minutes or mav be cooked in the oven.

#### Meat Fritters

Over night-Cut cold roast meat into rather thick slices, say about a quarter of an inch thick and about one and a half inches square, and flour them lightly.

Morning—Make a batter with one cupful of flour, a half teaspoonful of baking powder, and a good pinch of salt, mix with milk or water to the thickness of thick cream. Dip the pieces of meat into the batter and fry quickly in deep, hot fat.



Modern Mothers now treat colds externally

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ONE great worry to mothers about their children's colds is that they come so often. They know constant "dosing" frequently upsets the little ones' delicate digestions. Yet, colds should not be neglected, because they may pave the way for

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ficult breathing. (2) At the same time, Vicks stimulates the skin like a poultice, or plaster, "drawing out" the soreness and pain.

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It is an obstinate cold indeed that can resist this double direct action. Most colds are gone by morning. Equally good for adults and children.



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Knit Socks at Home

## You Need Never Be Without Money

NEVER to be without money sounds almost too good to be true doesn't it? Yet, nothing could be more true. Picture this scene for yourself—You are seated at a table in your own home with an Auto Knitter, a wonderful hand operated knitting machine that knits socks by simply turning a handle. Fifty turns and the cuff is made, ninety more and the leg comes through, a few rows back and forth shapes the heel and toe, and ninety turns completes the foot. In fifteen minutes a perfect sock can be knit!

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#### Previous Experience is Not Necessary

No previous experience is necessary; no special talent or ability is required. In fact, it makes no difference at all what your circumstances may be or where you live. If you would like to turn your spare hours into actual dollars, we can show you how. "I searched in vain for some way to make a little extra money at home," writes Mrs. A. Lempky who lives in a small Ontario town. Then someone told her about Auto Knitting, and she began the work in her spare time. And she confides in a letter to us: "We have realized our far off dream of buying a little home of our own." Mrs. Lempky is but one of a great many-Hundreds of Thousands of Dollars have been earned by Auto Knitter workers in Canada.

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form of occupation offered is canvassing—but very few find themselves suited for selling, and to others it would be quite distasteful. Other plans offered are equally as unattractive and undignified.

It is, therefore, easy to understand why those who take up Auto Knitting are so happy in their work. For they are engaged in an occupation that is not only interesting and pleasant, but it is private. Here is what Mrs. R. Follick of Manitoba has to say about its privacy: "What I like is the privacy of the work, not even my neighbours know that I earn money this way, and I am sure of my pay cheque because the Company take all of the socks I knit."

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katchewan must be that she took up this work four years ago. Here is part of an interesting letter from her: "I am the mother of five children and do not get much time to knit, but I have made as much as \$45.00 a month besides doing all my own housework."



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Coat No. 9293

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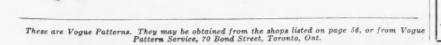
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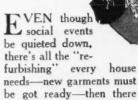
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Frock No. 2792

Printed and plain batiste fashion this frock for a little girl. There is fulness below the yoke in front and in the back and the sleeves may be long or short. The tiny collar is becoming. Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 vears

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The increasing interest in the ensemble is inspiring new and diverse forms, and this model is particularly chic. It is of silk crepe and consists of a one-piece frock and a pleated cape. The frock has a belt across the back that terminates at the left side front Price, 65 cents

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A pleated flounce, extending to the hip-line at the left side front and ending at the right side back, lengthens the frock of this ensemble. The extra side jabot may be omitted. Over the frock is worn a cape with a scarf collar and graceful lines. Sizes 14 to 44 Price, 65 cents

Frock No. 9290

Printed silk fashions this two-piece frock, which features tucks at the neckline and has short kimono sleeves attached. An ensemble effect is given by

Frock, price, 65 cents

Coat No. 9291

The coat, collarless, in either of two lengths, has set-in sleeves and patch pockets. Its addition makes an admirable bridge ensemble. Sizes 14 to 44

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Sizes 14 to 44

Price, 65 cents

Frock No. 9289

Printed silk trims this two-piece jersey frock. An inserted yoke on the belted overblouse ties in a scarf effect in front, and the sleeves are raglan. The separate skirt has side pleats. Sizes 14 to 44

Price, 65 cents

Coat No. 9294 Skirt No. 9300

Tweed fashions this coat and skirt. The sleeveless coat has a long circular or shoulder cape, a notched collar, and button closing. The skirt is slightly circular. Sizes 14 to 40; skirt, 26 to 40

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Frock No. 9313'

Tucks grouped about the hip-line form a girdle effect on this evening frock of crepe faille. They are released at the left side in a cascade that falls in a smart uneven hem-line; two back necklines are suggested. Sizes 14 to 40

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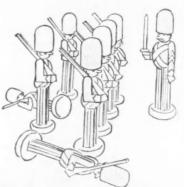
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## Tooth Brush

Always sold in the yellow box

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So safe and comfy!

SIMMONS CRIBS